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An Alarming Prediction of What Can Happen Here!

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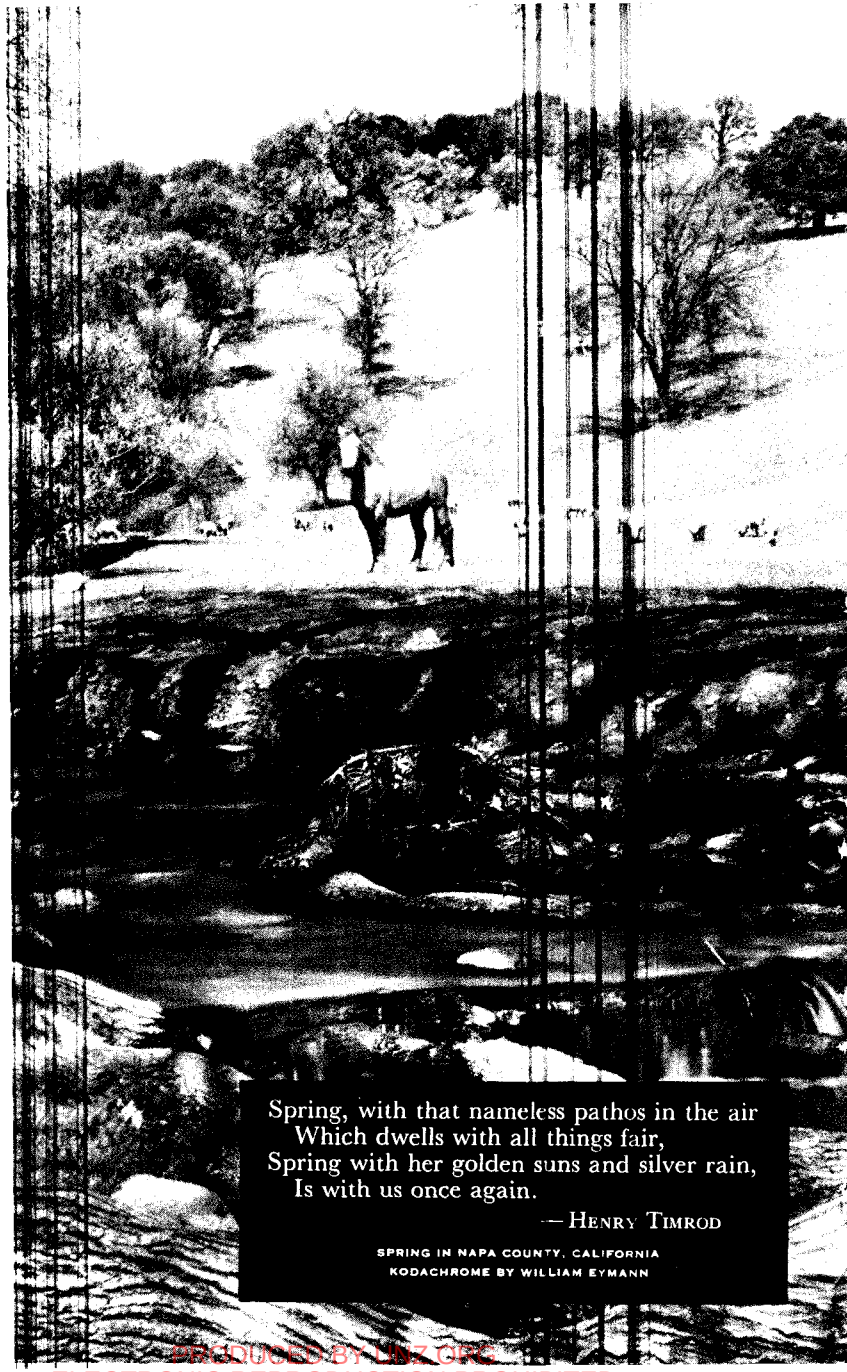

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

—HENRY TIMROD

SPRING IN NAPA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA
KODACHROME BY WILLIAM EYMANN

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Spring Fever . . . . . WESLEY SNYDER

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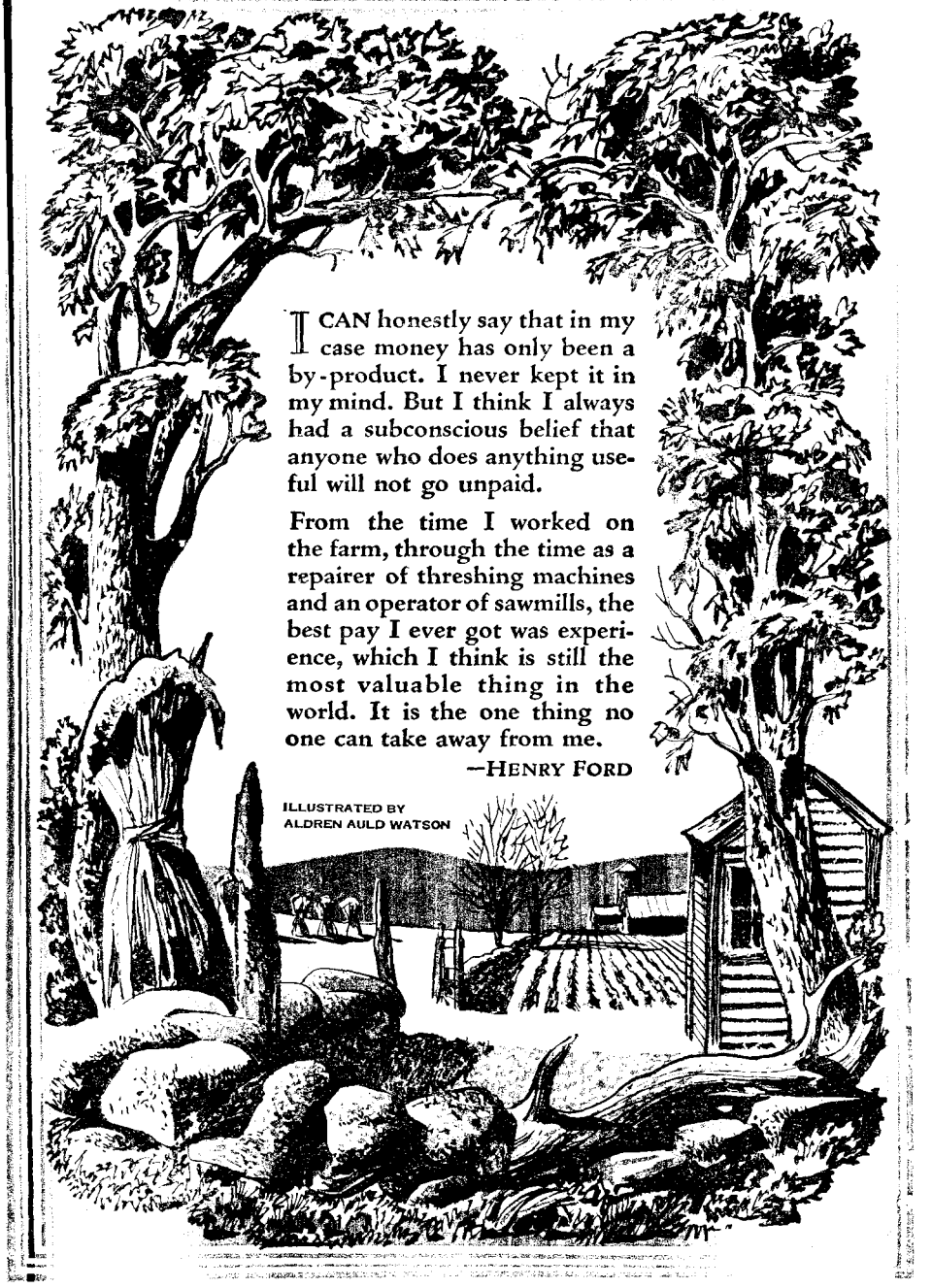

I CAN honestly say that in my case money has only been a by-product. I never kept it in my mind. But I think I always had a subconscious belief that anyone who does anything useful will not go unpaid.

From the time I worked on the farm, through the time as a repairer of threshing machines and an operator of sawmills, the best pay I ever got was experience, which I think is still the most valuable thing in the world. It is the one thing no one can take away from me.

—HENRY FORD

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ALDREN AULD WATSON

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Vol. 24, No. 1 May, 1948

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

BROADWAY'S

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

IN TEN YEARS of going up and down Broadway, reporting on its somewhat lurid personalities, I have heard many strange stories. But of them all, the story of a ballroom dance team, whose billing was Federico and Rankin, is by far the strangest.

Barbara Rankin was a dancer from Union City, New Jersey—a slim girl with laughing blue eyes and a figure as fluid as an otter's. She had studied ballet since childhood: she had also been trained in toe-dancing, tap-dancing and acrobatic specialty dancing. She danced in the choruses of Albertina Rasch and Russell Markert at the Music Hall, Radio City. She danced in vaudeville theaters. She danced in two musical shows.

Then she met Federico Chiaroni, a lithe, swarthy, brooding gentleman from Milan, and a superb dancer. Their feet and their bodies kept perfect rhythm. They formed a ballroom team—and then they fell in love. It was hard getting started—the Depression was killing the night-club business. For a year, they played the smaller and more obscure night spots in the Middlewest. Then came their first break.

They were booked into the Trianon Room of the Hotel Ambassador in New York, one of society's smart spots. Federico's suavity and sullen handsomeness, Barbara's fragile grace and winsome beauty, mingled attractively on the dance floor. Their salary rose from $75 a week to $350. The future glowed. They polished their routines, developed sophisticated touches. In 1938, they went to the French Riviera. They played the best places at Nice and Cannes and Monte Carlo.

They also played a theater in Marseilles, and there an event took place that disrupted their peaceful progress. Federico was returning to the hotel one afternoon when he stopped to watch a street magician, a mountebank who was performing stunts so he could attract a crowd and sell a medicinal remedy. He

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was doing the ancient trick of the egg-in-the-bag. An empty bag is turned inside out. Then the egg is thrown into the bag. And now, look, the bag is still empty. Right before your eyes.

There was a curious light in Federico's eyes when he told Barbara of the mysterious feat. How had it been done? He didn't know—but overnight, Chiaroni became obsessed by conjuring. At every opportunity, he would watch a magician, any magician. Then he would return to their room and attempt to solve the riddles. Soon he lived only for magic and began to neglect his dancing.

There were moments, as they were pirouetting on the floor with the blue spotlight hugging their bodies, when Barbara could feel Federico's fingers growing limp. She would pinch his arm, whispering, "Darling, concentrate — the music, tempo—please!"

But he continued to miss the tempo. He often forgot a sequence of steps in a routine. His mind was only upon those wretched tricks.

Federico lived in a world of his own. He read. He studied. He analyzed. He brooded. He started to construct magical boxes out of which he could produce endless quantities of silk handkerchiefs. He tried to build a bottle out of which he could pour an inexhaustible amount of water, a bottle so ingeniously made that it would stand the strictest examination.

Finally, one night, he told Barbara he was going to invent three perfect tricks, completely different from any conceived hitherto. Kellar, Thurston, Blackstone, Cardini — these luminaries of magic had done tricks. But he, Federico Chiaroni, would do the impossible. He would invent miracles!

Barbara wondered if he had gone mad. But there was a desperate sincerity in the way he spoke. She loved him. So, consequently, she believed in him.

THEY HAD SAVED a few thousand dollars. Chiaroni proposed to retire for a while and perfect his miraculous tricks. Then he would return to the spotlight—but as a magician, a wonder worker in flowing black cape. His wife would never have to work again.

So now they lived in a small New York apartment and rationed their money. Chiaroni took a job in the machine shop of Ludwig Krug near Union Square. Although he knew nothing of carpentry or mechanics, Chiaroni was determined to learn how to turn a lathe, how to do fine work on metal and wood.

For more than three years he worked in the factory. For more than three years he built his tricks. He made one model after another, then discarded them despondently when they did not perform as they had performed in his visions.

One night, Barbara came home and found him pounding a hammer against a queer contraption of gears and wheels and springs. He was beating the machine like an angry child. Finally he smashed it.

"It was all wrong," he said disconsolately, "all wrong, but someday I'll get it right. There's only one more principle for me to figure out. From then on, it's diamonds and velvet for you, my dearest. . . ."

Yes, he finally figured it out. He made his tricks. And Barbara

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helped him choose suitable accompaniments for the orchestra to play while he was performing the tricks. But, like most women, she was bored by the Mumbo-Jumbo of conjuring. She thought magic a tedious, silly business. Yet she never let her husband know how she felt.

They worked out the act—a quick 12-minute act—and Barbara composed clever patter for Chiaroni. He rehearsed before a mirror alone for two weeks. Then for five more weeks he performed just for her.

They sharpened the timing. They added a gesture here, a movement there. Finally he was ready to audition the act before a group of ten executives of the Music Corporation of America.

They were thunderstruck. Never had they witnessed anything so baffling, so dazzling, so sophisticated. Next day they told him they had booked him into the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf Astoria, to open on November 25, 1945. But his agent added that since Chiaroni had never done the act before a large audience, it would be a good idea to play a one-night club-date before the all-important Waldorf opening.

The club date was at the Hotel Astor roof on November 18—the annual dinner and dance of a benevolent society. There were three acts—a comedy, a girl singing trio, and Federico the Magician.

The moments seemed to crawl, but finally he was introduced. Barbara, breathless, thrilled, was watching offstage. He stepped to the center of the stage, spoke into the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to offer a trick never before attempted on the American stage."

No sooner were the words out than his knees gave way. He slumped to the floor, dragging the microphone down. The audience gasped with horror. A doctor rushed to the platform, pushing aside Barbara who was trying to undo Chiaroni's white tie. But nothing could be done. Chiaroni was dead—dead of heart failure.

Next day the *Daily News* ran a small news story. Winchell reported the melodramatic incident in five lines. *Variety* carried the usual obituary. Then Chiaroni was forgotten.

BARBARA PACKED the miracles away. Nobody would perform them again—ever. Let them go to the grave with her husband.

Then, about a year later, Krug, the machinist to whom her husband had apprenticed himself, suggested that she master the tricks and perform them herself. Barbara resisted Krug's appeal for a long time. He pleaded with her not to allow Chiaroni's years of painstaking labor to be wasted. Gradually, the idea of fulfilling her husband's ambition for him began to possess her. She learned the tricks.

In April, 1947, billed as Frederika, she opened at the Iceland, one of Broadway's largest night clubs. I was there on opening night. Barbara Rankin is a delicate person, but as she stepped into the spotlight she looked majestic.

I have seen all the great conjuring tricks of our day. I have watched all the great living magicians. But that night, in a Broadway night club, I saw three miracles.

I saw an unopened pack of cigarettes handed to a man seated at a

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ringside table. I saw him tear off the cellophane wrapper. I saw Frederika extend the package to the man. I heard her command a cigarette to rise out of the pack. I saw it rise. I saw two, three, four, five cigarettes rise; I saw Frederika take these cigarettes and throw them to somebody in the audience. Then I saw her toss the pack with the remaining cigarettes to still another spectator.

She then displayed a small straw basket. It was empty. She took a piece of rope, cut it into four pieces, put it in the basket and closed the lid. Then she backed away—at least a dozen feet away. The basket slowly opened of its own accord. Then the rope, all in one piece, slowly climbed out of the basket, like a cobra hypnotized by an Indian flute player. The rope continued rising until it stood its whole length. Then it lowered itself back into the basket.

And the last of the miracles:

Unbelievable, but here it is. A deck of cards was shuffled. Frederika placed it in a pocket of her gown. Then she invited persons in the audience to call out cards. *Four of hearts! Ten of spades! Six of clubs! Jack of diamonds!* She wrote down the names of the cards on a large blackboard.

And then—as the spectators held their collective breath—the chosen cards, one by one, slithered out of the pocket, leaped in the air and were caught, one by one, by Frederika and shown to the audience.

Nobody there had ever seen anything like it before. She exited to tumultuous applause and cheers. A few moments later I went to her dressing room.

She was leaning over the make-up table, her head resting in her hands. Then she looked at me, her limpid eyes moist.

"They certainly gave you a great hand," I said.

"Yes," she replied, "but do you think it was loud enough for *him* to hear?"

The Easiest Way

DURING HIS TENURE as Mayor of New York City, the late Fiorello H. LaGuardia took an interest in the individual problems of every citizen. One day he received a letter from an elderly lady.

"Dear Mr. Mayor," she wrote. "Every night when I go to bed I listen to the radio for a half-hour before I fall asleep. Almost invariably *The Star-Spangled Banner* is played. What I should like to know is, am I supposed to get out of bed and stand at attention?"

Stumped, Mayor LaGuardia consulted several city officials and even contacted the U. S. Flag Association, but no one could supply the correct answer.

Finally the Little Flower wrote the lady: "Dear Madam: I have not been able to obtain the information you requested, but I do have a suggestion to make. From now on, when you go to bed, why not turn off the radio?" —E. E. EDGAR

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by Dr. HENRY C. LINK

There's such a thing as being too cautious; sometimes success in life depends on a willingness to take risks

GO *AHEAD*

Take a Chance!

OFTEN WE HEAR PEOPLE say: "Never take a chance." And yet the difference between success and failure in life is largely a matter of taking chances. The sure thing is not always the best thing.

A young friend of mine, upon leaving the Navy, was offered two jobs. One was in a large company at a generous salary; the other in a small concern at much lower pay. Since he was married and had a child, the large company's offer appealed strongly. His wife was keen about it, too, not only because of the salary and security, but because of the cultural advantages offered by the city in which the office was located.

Nevertheless, the young couple finally decided on the small company, situated in a small town. Today, two years later, they are more than happy: the young man has had two salary increases and will acquire a partnership in the business a few years hence.

"Lucky guy!" is what many of us might say when we observe a success like this. "He took a chance and it worked. But 99 times in 100, it wouldn't!"

To give up a sure thing for something uncertain is really taking a chance. But this young man did not take a blind risk: his success was not mere luck. The small town he chose was his own home town!

"Why," he asked himself, "shouldn't I be able to do a better job among people I already know? Why shouldn't I make use of the 20-odd years I have spent learning about this town and the surrounding territory?"

So this young man took a chance on something within himself. Moreover, he had the courage to give up a good risk for one that, on the surface, seemed not so good.

What is the difference between a good chance and a bad one? One answer grows out of the many problems in aptitude testing and vocational guidance which have come to my attention. A typical example was the man who, at 30, was still floundering. He had been graduated from an engineering college yet had failed in four jobs.

"Fortunately," he said, "I have a small income, so I didn't have to worry too much about working. In fact, I have thought of investing part of my capital in a small established business where I could be

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sure of a steady job. What do you think of that idea?"

Our tests showed that this man had engineering talents above average. His failures were due largely to his lack of stability, and this, in turn, was caused by the fact that he didn't have to work. He agreed with our suggestion that he make another effort to hold a job in an engineering firm. If he was successful in this for three years, only then would we advise investing his money in a business.

Two years later he returned. "I was ashamed to come back sooner," he said, "because instead of getting a job, I put money into an engineering firm. Inside of a year it failed: I lost my money *and* my job. Then I had to earn a living. I got a job and have just had my first promotion. That's why I have come back, since now I feel sure I am on the right track."

I agreed with him, because he had finally learned to take a chance on himself, instead of on his money. In fact, I have advised dozens of men and women not to risk their money just to establish themselves in jobs. The business willing to take a stranger's money may need good management more than it needs fresh capital.

THE DREAM OF CREATING wealth without pain or effort is common to nearly everyone. That is why millions bet on the horses or the numbers every day. But far worse than the money cost of these chances is their effect on a person's ambitions and work habits. Winning $20 on a $2 bet may excite a man far more than getting a $4 weekly wage boost, but it is the latter that spells ultimate success to his family.

A waiter who used to serve a group of us at luncheon grew more and more absent-minded. One day someone asked him about his choices at the races that afternoon. Immediately his face lit up and he talked enthusiastically about horses and jockeys.

If this waiter had given his customers only a fraction of the attention which he obviously gave to the dope sheets, he would have been a superb and highly paid waiter, perhaps a head waiter, even a restaurant owner.

Gambling, for most people, means taking a chance on something entirely outside themselves. When a man has bet on a horse or bought a numbers ticket, it is a bad chance: the result is out of his hands. But when he takes a chance on a job or even on a wife, there are many things he himself can do to make his choice good.

Many of us, however, are too inclined to think of taking a chance in terms of the One Big Chance. By doing so, we overlook the many small chances that stare us in the face every day.

For example, a girl is invited to a party where she knows the guests are going to play bridge. She has turned down many such invitations before because she doesn't like the game and is afraid she will play badly. But this time her friend is insistent.

"What can you lose?" she argues. "Come on. Be a sport!"

The girl decides to take the chance. Much to her surprise, her bridge partners turn out to be tolerant and helpful. With beginner's

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luck, she has an exciting time and finishes the evening convinced that bridge is not so bad after all. Because she took a chance, a new source of enjoyment has been added to her life, not to mention the lives of her friends and family.

SOME PEOPLE COMPLAIN that they lack friends. Typical is the secretary who had come to New York a year before and found a good job but no friends.

"Why don't you invite some of the girls in your office to have luncheon with you?" I asked.

But it seemed that she didn't like any of the girls she had met.

"How can you be so sure that you don't like them," I pursued, "until you have given yourself and them a chance to get better acquainted?"

She finally accepted my suggestion, and one of the girls not only became a good friend but in the end her sister-in-law.

Friendships are like all habits: they can be cultivated only by practice. The first step is to take a chance. Yet many people turn down opportunities to make new acquaintances because they are afraid of being rebuffed, of saying the wrong thing, of committing a social error. To such people, I say: "It is better to make seven mistakes than to make one."

The person who takes a chance which turns out badly too often says: "Never again!" At that point he stops growing. If, on the other hand, he tries again and again, in spite of previous failures and rebuffs, he is bound to learn something with each failure.

Some people are afraid to take chances, and others are simply too lazy. One of the commonest excuses I hear is the simple statement: "I don't like it." For example, "I don't like the water," "I don't like to dance," "I don't like to go to church," "I don't like to be with so-and-so."

To such people, I say: "The worst reason in the world for not doing certain things is that you don't like them. Whether you like them or not is beside the point. The important question is: *should you like them?*

"The successful and happy person is the one whose likes and interests are always expanding. The person who says 'I don't like it' has put a psychological fence around himself. And the fewer chances he takes, the higher this fence is likely to become."

Every marriage involves taking a chance. In fact, we know what the chance is, statistically, for there is currently one divorce for every three marriages. The element of chance is recognized by the marriage ritual, which says, in effect, that happiness is not a matter of luck or the perfect partner, but

---

Dr. Henry C. Link, psychologist and author, is probably best known for his book, *The Return to Religion*, which is now in its 48th printing. Dr. Link received his Ph.D. from Yale in 1916 and is now vice-president of the Psychological Corporation, an organization founded to make the services of professional psychologists available to individuals, institutions, and industrial concerns on a businesslike basis. Consulted by many individuals in regard to their vocational, educational and personal problems, Dr. Link's usual advice is, obviously: "Go ahead! Take a chance!"

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something that calls for sincere and unflagging effort.

An excited young man once phoned me for an immediate appointment. "Tomorrow will be too late!" he said. It turned out that he was to be married next day.

"But I am not sure that we are really in love with each other," he told me, "and so I am afraid to go through with the ceremony."

There seemed to be no obstacle to this marriage except the man's own feelings. However, he had apparently been timid in other situations and was chronically afraid to take chances. Our talk seemed to bolster his courage and the marriage came off. The couple have now been happily married for ten years and have three children.

There is a great deal of pessimism in the world today, much of it well-founded. People are afraid of a war with Russia, afraid of labor unions, afraid of another depression. Because of these fears, they are afraid to build a new house or expand their business or take a new job or even get married.

Recently I heard a group of college girls discussing their future. Said one: "I am determined not to have any children because it would be a crime to bring them into a world where they may be destroyed by an atomic bomb." This girl's pessimism, if persisted in, would not only reduce her chances of a happy marriage but would deny happiness to her unborn children.

No matter what the state of the world, individuals must continue to take chances, for only by so doing can we improve a bad world or make the present one more tolerable. The optimist who takes a chance at least earns the opportunity to build a happy life; whereas the pessimist who is afraid to take a chance seals himself off in a no-man's land of gloom.

A Good Cause

EVER SINCE HE came back from the Army, a druggist in the small New England town where I live has allowed the sponsors of various causes to put coin-catchers on his soda fountain. Whether the money was to go to the Red Cross, a cancer committee, war orphans or the local volunteer fire company, his customers invariably dropped their change in the slot without even bothering to look at the name of the fund to which they were contributing.

Wondering whether people really were as casual as they seemed to be about giving away money, the druggist fixed up a carton of his own, and set it on the counter. Printed down the front, in large letters, were these words: "MY VACATION FUND." Below, he printed in smaller characters: "All contributions accepted."

When he opened the box a day or so later, it contained about 40 cents, mostly in pennies. Still experimenting, he added another line: "No Pennies, Please!"

By closing time that night he had collected ten cents more—all in pennies.

—JACK DEVINE

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by MARTIN ABRAMSON

College is different at SARAH LAWRENCE

Innovations are a campus tradition at a small but remarkable college near Manhattan

IN THE PRESIDENT'S oak-paneled office, the student-faculty committee of Sarah Lawrence College sat glumly around a table. The committee had met to discuss a laudable program: establishment of free scholarships for worthy high-school graduates with thin pocketbooks. But there wasn't enough money to finance it.

Suddenly one girl had a bright idea. "We could save money if students would take over the housekeeping chores around the campus," she said. "That would help to finance some scholarships."

Faculty members were dubious. But student members leaped on the band wagon. "We'll hold a referendum," they said. "The girls will surely go for it."

The girls did go for it, without a single negative vote. This action was all the more phenomenal when you consider that Sarah Lawrence's student body is made up primarily of female members of some of America's wealthiest families, to whom floor-scrubbing and window-washing are quite foreign. But phenomena are merely routine occurrences at this small college in suburban Bronxville, New York, only 30 minutes from Manhattan.

For 20 years, Sarah Lawrence has been the scene of some of the most unusual scholastic experiments in the history of education. Viewed from any perspective, it is one of America's most remarkable institutions of higher learning.

"This country," says President Harold Taylor, "is full of standardized colleges which punch out graduates just as an assembly line punches out bolts. But here at Sarah Lawrence, our program is geared to place total responsibility on the individual. We want each student to develop her own talents in her own way."

Some of the aspects of this program of rugged individualism make the college seem like an educational Garden of Eden to the average American collegian. No midnight

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oil burns in Bronxville before final exams because there are no final exams. Also no marks, no required curriculum, no basic courses of any kind. No textbooks, no study sessions, no faculty regulation of student conduct, practically no discipline except that which may be imposed by the students' own council.

Do you like a certain teacher? He's yours—just select him. Do you want new courses introduced? Just put it up to the student-faculty committee, where a freshman and a prexy have equal votes.

Does all this add up to a college where students spend afternoons lying in the sun and evenings at dances? Hardly. Over the years, the Lawrence theory that the American will go out of his way to learn if he can be freed from educational regimentation has been proven time and again. Lawrence-bred women almost invariably make their mark in the post-college world.

Edwin Embree, as general director of studies of the Rockefeller Foundation, had occasion to analyze America's college system. "Better general education is going on at Sarah Lawrence than at any other place in the world," he asserts.

IF SARAH LAWRENCE, architecturally, resembles a country estate more than an institution of higher learning, it is only because it was designed that way. Originally a country home for William Lawrence and his wife, Sarah, it went collegiate after Mrs. Lawrence's death.

Lawrence had long been convinced that the average college student, particularly the girl, was not getting proper training. With some prodding from Henry Noble MacCracken, at that time president of Vassar, he decided to convert his estate into an experimental college for young women.

The fact that the school would have only a small endowment, thus necessitating high tuitions, and that it was practically on New York's doorstep, made it a subject of derision in its early stages. "Just a finishing school for rich girls who'll spend most of their time partying in Manhattan," townspeople said.

Actually, its nearness to New York has been one of Lawrence's main sources of strength. This experimental college, which from the first advanced the theory that school life should not be separated from the world we live in, has used the great metropolis as a living, breathing campus.

Philosophy students study its slums and the products of its underprivileged areas; students of economics see how big corporations are run; drama students poke around backstage at Broadway theaters; journalism students prowl great newspaper offices; social-science students work in clinics while zoology students do odd jobs at the zoo.

Labor students work in its factories; girls taking nutrition courses prepare diets for underprivileged youngsters while political-science majors hold forums in its auditoriums—and in auditoriums of neighboring Westchester communities.

The average Bronxville student selects three courses a year. But since the courses are not departmentalized, the scope of study may approximate seven or eight courses taken by a contemporary at the average American college. The Lawrence student who majors in

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psychology, for example, will scarcely limit herself to boning up on current trends in human behavior. She will also, in time, follow the human being back to his embryo stage, learn about the characteristics he has inherited, learn how he has developed down through the ages.

Four times annually, instructors send notes to the director of education, commenting on their charges' progress. They decide how well their girls are doing simply by discussing the subject with them.

"If I wanted to know, for example, what a person knew about European history," explains President Taylor, "I would merely ask pointed questions, and have her ask me questions in return. On a written test, a student may cram and come out with an 'A'—but with very little over-all knowledge."

AT THE END OF EACH YEAR, Sarah Lawrence students are invited back—or they aren't. The college originally ran a two-year program, but in 1935 it blossomed out as a regular four-year institution. Degrees are awarded upon graduation, but there is no "top man" or "bottom man" in the class.

Even admittances are not governed by ordinary procedures. A girl gains entry to Bronxville—where only one applicant in ten is accepted—mostly by the way she answers certain questions put by the admissions committee.

"What books have you read lately which you disliked, and why?" "What would you do if you were unable to get into college?" "What problems of government are you most concerned with?"

All this adds up to a type of learning which is now being impressed on scholastic leaders as a new era in education.

The success of the Bronxville experiment has even had repercussions abroad. Recently a member of the Lawrence faculty went to London, together with various American colleagues, for a meeting of the UN's Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. They were greeted by some of Europe's cultural leaders who asked them what universities they represented.

No answer evoked more than moderate interest until the Bronxville representative called out, "Sarah Lawrence." Almost as one, the Europeans bombarded him with questions about that "famous little American college where they do everything differently."

To the uninitiated on his first trip to Sarah Lawrence, its departure from normal leaps out from all over the landscape. Undergraduates, strolling around the ivy-covered buildings, are invariably clad in patched blue jeans, topped usually with GI shirts. On one side, the visitor may spot a girls' squad pruning hedges or washing steps; on the other, students may be looking after young children, for a nursery on campus is part of the psychology student's program.

Further along, he will notice students holding class with teacher on the grass and sipping Cokes at the same time. The Lawrence faculty, he will find, is made up of men and women who are leaders in their fields of study—but who are invariably as informal as their extrovertish students.

No cars are allowed on the campus—or sororities either. Girls at

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Lawrence are fiercely proud of their democratic traditions and would resent any attempt to introduce inequities. Their attitude on race relations is so staunchly American that it has embarrassed some "best" families who sent their daughters to Bronxville on the theory that they were enrolling at a typically "exclusive" college.

Free scholarships have been going to young people of all nationalities and races—Chinese, Cuban, Greeks and Negroes. Included in the roster of 38 male veterans, who joined with the 310 girl students in 1947 under GI privileges, was one Negro. He was elected a member of the student council.

In so unusual a college, it follows that the president should be an individualist. He is. At 32, Dr. Taylor is one of the youngest college presidents in the U.S. and probably the most unprexylike in appearance.

A Canadian by birth, Taylor got a philosophy degree from the University of Toronto in 1935. Later he settled down with his English wife at Madison, Wisconsin, to teach philosophy at the University of Wisconsin. After five years there, he was spotted by a Bronxville representative seeking a successor to retiring Constance Warren.

Like everything else at Lawrence, there is nothing sacrosanct about the President's office. Girls in blue jeans use its floor and window sills as vantage points from which to argue almost any subject with Dr. Taylor. Recently, a wide-eyed sophomore dashed in to talk about setting up a radio station for the benefit of radio and drama majors.

Dr. Taylor agreed that the idea sounded good. "I'll talk to some of the teachers," he said, "about getting materials."

"Oh, I've taken care of the details," the girl told him. "Here's a chart showing where the equipment can be placed. I've got a couple of friends at Harvard who are ham operators. They'll bring down all the stuff we need."

Soon afterward, the boys arrived with ramshackle equipment in a ramshackle car. A few hours later the job was completed. Next day, Lawrence students staged their first broadcast from their own station.

"It's things like that," says Taylor, "which have convinced me that when you trust a student and allow him to build his own personality, he will not let the faculty down, but will instead develop mental and emotional maturity in the shortest possible time."

Positive Identification

THE FLUSTERED woman shopper, her arms full of bundles, approached the floorwalker. "I'm looking for my husband," she said in anguished tone. "I was to have met him here two hours ago. Have you seen him?"

"Possibly, madam," the urbane floorwalker replied. "Has he any distinguishing characteristics?"

"Well," she murmured hesitantly, "I guess he's purple by now."

—*Wall Street Journal*

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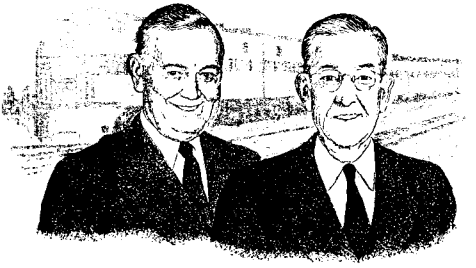
by MICHAEL EVANS

Meet the Century's MILLION DOLLAR BABIES



A fabulous pair of Tommies contribute that extra something to a super train's plush comforts

AROUND THE NEW YORK Central Railroad you sometimes hear them called the Gold Dust Twins. They could equally well be called the Million-Dollar Babies. Yet, unless you move in the upper travel brackets, you have probably never even heard of Tommy O'Grady and Tommy Walsh—a fabulous pair who have made a career out of knowing such odd facts as that Louis B. Mayer likes warm baked apples and that Marshall Field orders one Martini before dinner and expects to find two in the cocktail shaker.

If you are interested in whether Col. Robert R. McCormick likes to read the Chicago *Sun and Times* over his breakfast coffee (he doesn't) or how many eggs Oscar Levant has in the morning (two), the best sources of information are Messrs. O'Grady and Walsh. They can also tell you that Spencer Tracy awakens at 5 A.M., drinks a pot of coffee and goes back to sleep; that James Petrillo doesn't like to shave until noon; that Bing Crosby likes his wheat cakes piping hot at 6 A.M., and that Morton Downey will sing all night if he has a barber-shop quartet to keep him company.

The two Tommies are stewards on the Twentieth Century Limited —crack New York-to-Chicago train which in itself is the No. 1 public-relations project in modern railroading. Acting on the old railroad principle that "businessmen ship as they ride," they have succeeded in turning a railroad ride into an occasion—an experience which soothes the Freudian egos of Hollywood, gratifies the sensibilities of New York and Chicago industrialists, flatters important people from every section of the country and gushes good will for the New York Central like a well in a Texas oil field.

If, after watching them at work,

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you guessed that these two men are worth a million dollars a year to their railroad in new business and many millions more in happy and satisfied Big Name customers, you would hardly be wrong. Perhaps it is the genius of America. Or possibly it is the luck of the Irish and of the New York Central.

Whatever the reason, you cannot write of Tommy O'Grady without writing of Tommy Walsh—and vice versa. By no accident the late Texas Guinan once threw herself on Tommy Walsh, planted lipstick on both cheeks and said: "Tommy O'Grady, you old sucker, what a kick I get out of kissing you again!" And when Tommy Walsh's youngster, Peggy, was ill, Tommy O'Grady was constantly accepting sympathy and offers of medical assistance from Century riders who thought Peggy was *his* daughter.

The eminence of the Century as a super train is a sore point with other railroads. Once, the superintendent of another line's dining-car service decided to find out why the Best People ride the Century.

The superintendent bought tickets under an assumed name and set out for Chicago with his wife. "It was uncanny," he said later. "We went in to dinner and the steward met us with a smile. He said, 'Good evening, Mr. Jones, it's nice to have you aboard.' How he spotted me, I'll never know.

"This steward was fantastic. He gave a personal greeting to almost everyone who came into the car. I was worried about staying so long at the table, but about the time I thought I should leave to avoid arousing suspicion, he came over and started a conversation. I spent two hours at the table, and when I left he asked me whether I wanted breakfast served in my compartment and did I prefer orange or tomato juice!"

What the superintendent saw in operation was Tommy Walsh—a man who has welded aptitude to system. But Walsh and O'Grady are so alike in personality, appearance and philosophy that when you know one of them, you know both. There is, however, good reason for the similarity.

Both Tommies were born in Chicago, both came up the hard way, both have a strong touch of blarney. Both started as brash kids who talked their way onto the Century—and both are still afraid to admit the lies that got them aboard the crack train, for fear some "front-office guy" might put a black mark against their record.

O'Grady, now 64, talked his way into bossing a dining car in 1919. Walsh, now 47, made the grade in 1923. And although the Tommies are, in a sense, prima donnas, actors, star performers and competitors, each remains today the other's best friend.

TO UNDERSTAND THE VALUE of the Tommies to the New York Central, you must realize that railroads make most of their money hauling freight. Passenger revenue is usually trivial in comparison. But the idea behind the Twentieth Century is crassly this: if you run one of the finest and fastest daily trains between New York and Chicago and charge extra fare, you are bound to attract the richest and most important travelers in the country. In turn, these people—following the

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premise that "you ship as you ride" —will think of the Central when they have freight to send.

Others could build as fine a train as the Century—and a number have done just that. But what makes the Century different is the Tommies. How do they accomplish their miracles? Part of it—a big part—is system.

The train secretary jots down the name of every passenger going aboard and swiftly circulates to the stewards a list of all compartment occupants. Passenger agents and ticket salesmen obtain names of prominent travelers in advance. Thus, when either Tommy is expecting a customer with peculiar dining habits, he tries to lay in the required specialties beforehand. Usually, however, the ample Century larder suffices.

A half-hour before the train leaves, the Tommies make a quick scouting expedition to greet old friends and size up newcomers. O'Grady estimates that he knows 75 per cent of the passengers on an average run and that he can call at least 15,000 people by name.

Walsh makes a practice of adding several new passengers to his memory catalogue every evening. He engages them in conversation, learns their names, businesses, whether they like steak rare or medium. If they board the train again months later, he still has the information at his fingertips.

O'Grady makes a special study of difficult customers—those with petty complaints. Once he spent several Century runs pondering the case of a banker who was obviously dissatisfied with his dinner but never protested openly.

"The fellow just sulked," O'Grady recalls. "But I cultivated him until I found he was finicky about his meat. It had to be just so or he wouldn't eat it. But he would not ask the waiter for another portion because he thought his food would be thrown away and wasted."

To reassure him, O'Grady said that uneaten steaks were turned over to the waiters. Then the banker began to enjoy life.

A number of simple maxims govern the operation of the Tommies. To Walsh, the first rule is "the customer is always right." For instance: "If a passenger calls me Tommy O'Grady," says Walsh, "I never correct him. Part of the kick that he gets out of riding the Century is in being on intimate terms with the steward. Maybe he wants to impress somebody. The last thing I'd ever do is to destroy that build-up."

Another Tommy axiom is that "It's never too late and never too early" for service. "People pay extra money to ride the Century," says O'Grady. "If they want ham and eggs at 6 A.M., we'll give it to them with a smile."

Both men encourage team spirit among their personnel. O'Grady's top waiter has worked with him for 27 years and spends part of each year teaching in a school which the railroad operates for training waiters. He can talk for 15 minutes on the theory and practice of placing a water glass on a dining-car table.

"I lock up my butter but never my cash drawer," O'Grady says. "Somebody might steal my butter, but never my money."

Walsh never locks his cash drawer either. "When people ask me for

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their favorite waiter," he remarks, "I tell them: 'You don't have one waiter—you have eight waiters. Every man on this car is at your service.' " Then he adds: "Everyone is a Big Shot to us—that's why they are on the train."

There is a practical consideration behind this equality rule. The Century carries a quota of prima donnas hard to match. If a trigger-tempered Paramount star thought that her M-G-M rival was getting preferential treatment, the train's good-will potential would suffer. And the same thing would happen among business potentates.

"But we don't have priorities," Walsh says. "If the car is filled you have to wait your turn, whether you are Robert Montgomery or a director of U.S. Steel."

O'Grady puts it like this: "Suppose there is a quiet young man on the train. Nobody knows him. He sees us give attention to a Big Shot across the aisle while he is lost in the shuffle. But ten years from now that young man may be a Big Shot himself. We want him to be our friend then. After all, a railroad stays in business a long time."

The Tommies read newspapers avidly, paying special attention to the gossip columns. "We get lots of theatrical people," says O'Grady, "and they're always being divorced or remarried. We have to know the score. Some Hollywood couples get divorced and remain good friends. Others have to be seated at opposite ends of the car."

The Century not only dominates the lives of the Tommies—it is virtually their entire life. "It doesn't make any difference how I feel before I get on the train," Walsh says. "Maybe I am half sick, but as soon as I'm in the car everything changes. It is like an actor going out on the stage. I want everyone who comes into the car to feel good."

THE FRIENDSHIPS THAT O'Grady has made on the Century have carried over into his life away from the train. The late Capt. Joseph M. Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News*, became one of his best friends and once wanted to set him up in a restaurant in New York. But O'Grady wouldn't leave Chicago. The late Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, czar of baseball, was another Century-won friend. He used to take O'Grady to watch the Cubs play from the Wrigley box.

After O'Grady served as steward on the famous "Red Train" which took high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church to the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, the late Cardinal Mundelein worked closely with O'Grady in planning the education of his two sons.

In 1934, the Century almost made O'Grady rich. He had a Sweepstakes ticket on a favorite, and a quartet of Century riders—Al Smith, A. D. Lasker, Comdr. Eugene V. McDonald and Martin J. Alger—formed a board to advise him which offer to accept among the many bids for shares in his ticket. They agreed that he should accept a $30,000 certified check, to be presented when the train reached New York at 9 A.M. But the fortune went glimmering when Tommy bought a paper in Albany, which told him that his horse had been scratched.

The value of the Tommies to the New York Central is not confined

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to the dining car. Probably the outstanding railroad publicity story of the last ten years was originated by O'Grady. This was the discovery of "Curly Top," a little girl in Elkhart, Indiana, who waved at the train every day, rain or shine. Curly Top—Violet Kathleen Schmidt—became a national human-interest story after O'Grady told Frank Judd, a New York Central publicity man, how the train crew had adopted her as the "Sweetheart of the Twentieth Century."

The Tommies, of course, are realistic operators. The better they serve as stewards, the better they get along, for the benefits which they and their crews garner through good service are not trifling. Tommy Walsh summed things up when he modestly remarked: "It's a wonderful life for a man with a limited education."

He Owned All the Money in the World

FABULOUS FORTUNES sometimes have simple beginnings. Back in 1897 a San José, California, hay and grain dealer, Henry B. Stuart, loaned $100 to George Jones, a salesman friend. Jones signed a promissory note pledging to repay the money with interest. According to the terms of the note, executed on January 18, the sum was to be paid back in three months, together with monthly interest of ten per cent.

Soon afterwards, Jones left the state. As the day for repayment came and passed, Stuart put away and forgot the slip of paper on which was recorded an apparently commonplace transaction.

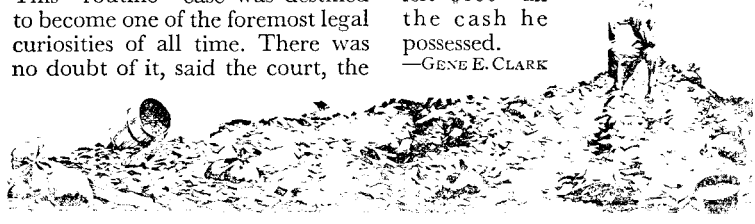
Twenty-four years later, in 1921, Stuart came upon the note, read it carefully, and promptly filed suit in Superior Court to collect his $100 plus accrued interest. This "routine" case was destined to become one of the foremost legal curiosities of all time. There was no doubt of it, said the court, the note was valid. Henry B. Stuart was awarded a judgment of just under 305 trillion dollars.

Stuart set out to collect, but an attachment on Jones' account in a San José bank netted $19.69.

As the months passed, the incomprehensible sum grew like a beanstalk. By 1938 Stuart had earned added interest amounting to $320,082,349,558,305, considerably more than the original judgment. The matter was strictly a case for the adding machines. His fortune skyrocketed to the astronomical figure of $624,022,682,470,990—more money than there is in the entire world.

Stuart had become, on paper, the richest man who ever lived, but he never collected more than the $19.69. In 1938 he died, leaving his widow a $2,500 estate. To his son, B. F. Stuart of Oakland, he left $100—all the cash he possessed.

—GENE E. CLARK



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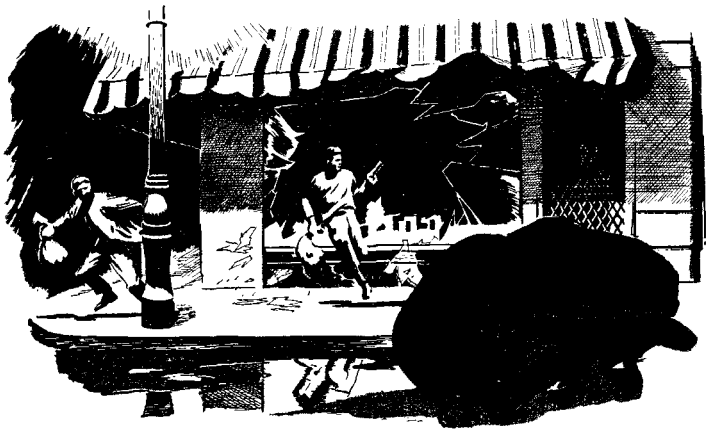
Here is a report on appalling conditions in Japan and the Far East that are driving boys and girls to crime



Needed: *Boys Towns for the World*

by THE RT. REV. MSGR. EDWARD J. FLANAGAN
(Founder of Boys Town, Nebraska)

A RAGGED YOUTH DARTS from a doorway and approaches one of our soldiers in the American occupation zone in Korea. "Gimme cig!" he says. "I gotta have smoke or go crazy."

The soldier makes a grab for the scrawny rascal, but he slips away and scampers down a dimly lighted alley . . .

In Manila, you hear a crash, the shattering of glass, and cries of terror. A gang of youthful Philippine hoodlums escapes through a broken shop window, each carrying loot. The elderly merchant lies, beaten and bleeding, on the floor . . .

In broad daylight a few blocks away, a man stops to get his shoes shined. He smiles sympathetically at the little urchin. Suddenly, from behind, three of the youth's cronies rip the man's clothes, grab his wallet, jerk the watch off his wrist, trample him in their escape . . .

And in Tokyo, outside an American post exchange, a Japanese child hobbles around on a makeshift crutch. But whenever the GI's come out with cigarettes, candy or money, he performs tricks. His injury is just an act. Only 12, he openly admits membership in a black-market gang.

These are tragedies that I myself have seen in recent months in

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Korea, Manila and Japan. They are typical of what is happening in Italy, Germany, France, China and other countries where the aftermath of war is driving homeless, helpless and almost hopeless youth into new paths of crime.

This youth crisis is an ominous threat to any lasting peace. It can nullify all our attempts at democratization, provide fertile seeds for communism, incite and inspire new Hitlers. If we hope to make our programs of rehabilitation, reorientation, regeneration and reformation truly effective, we must undertake the long and delicate task of helping these poor lost youths to help themselves.

Last year, at the request of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, I went to the Far East to study youth problems there. I thought I had seen crime in its lowest forms destroying youth right here in America, and I was prepared for the worst. But the youth problem in Manila, Korea and parts of Japan is not just "very bad." It is appalling, desperate and frightening.

Today, hundreds of thousands of homeless youths aimlessly roam streets and alleys, pursuing a life of dirt and filth and sin. They wear rags, pick garbage cans for food, live by begging, stealing and black-marketing. Still worse, many of the welfare measures now operating as cure-alls are worse than the disease itself.

General MacArthur and his officials of AMG are doing everything possible to relieve the deplorable conditions, but the youth problem is beyond the scope of military, political or economic forces. It is an issue that only the peoples themselves, through their own homes, welfare agencies, institutions and civilian police forces, can possibly remedy. All we can hope to do is show them the way.

IN JAPAN, DESPITE an apparent will to ease the crisis, everyone seems to be waiting for the national government to present a program. Recreational or play facilities are nonexistent at the children's homes and orphanages that I visited. Lack of sanitation and health facilities is alarming.

In one home operated by the Japanese Justice Department, I talked with 250 teen-age boys and six girls. They were living together under filthy, lax and immoral conditions. In another reform institution, I found 75 boys living under even worse conditions. One of these youths, through an interpreter, confided to me: "Father, I envy those who have the ability to believe in something, even in war. I have nothing, simply nothing!"

Aged 16, he lived behind a barbed-wire enclosure, a virtual concentration camp. Sanitation was comparable to a sewer. On his face was the same look I have seen on the faces of American boys—puzzled, bewildered, alone, helpless. Yet I have watched such lads, after someone has given them something to live for, turn out to be fine citizens. Hundreds of boys who have gone through Boys Town are shining examples.

In still another Japanese home I found, under the guise of vocational training, 50 underfed boys working an eight-hour day, six days a week, manufacturing farm implements. Facilities were unhealthy;

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work was strenuous; guards, not foremen or instructors, watched them. They would follow any Hitler-like dictator who offered them an escape—and I couldn't blame them.

Wherever our AMG officials find such a situation existing, they try to wipe it out. But the fact that the condition exists at all indicates that we have failed to show the Japanese people *how* to mold their youth of today into democratic citizens for tomorrow.

In Korea, the situation is further complicated by dual occupation, which separates the natural resources of the north from the agricultural areas of the south. Refugees flee from the north zone (Russian) to the south (American) at the rate of 1,500 to 3,000 a day.

Today, southern Korea is suffering from the saddest circumstances of any liberated nation in the world. Its economy is not only overtaxed but destroyed; its people are in need of full or supplementary assistance. Out of this dilemma comes the great army of homeless, bewildered and impoverished children who are growing up in streets and alleys, begging and stealing and black-marketing to keep themselves alive.

Perhaps 50 per cent of the children do not go to school, and those who do, attend for only half a day. The reason is obvious—lack of buildings—due to the fact that under Japanese control, no educational facilities were provided for children unless their families agreed to learn the Japanese language.

Attempts are being made to relieve the educational crisis, but there seems to be no operating program. And failure to implement such a program in Korea implies the loss to society and to God of countless thousands of human beings who are now being desecrated by selfish neglect.

Yet there is a ray of hope for bettering the lives of these youths, not only in Korea, Japan and Manila, but wherever similar conditions exist. It is contained in a program which I proposed to General MacArthur, a program based on my years of experience at Boys Town. Briefly it is this: to give every country a Boys Town, or Boys Towns, to help divert the youthful mind from crime to a belief in righteousness.

MY RECOMMENDATIONS ARE outlined below. Unless such a program is put into effect promptly, the beaten nations, no matter which course of government they pursue, will crumble for lack of a strong foundation among the youth of today, who will become the statesmen, businessmen and citizens of tomorrow.

1. *A survey should be made in occupied countries to determine accurately the number of homeless boys and girls.*

I talked with AMG officials, social-welfare workers, educators, women's club leaders and public-minded citizens, but none seemed to know the precise number of homeless youths. Therefore every prefecture or district must be canvassed. Census takers could come from our military forces, as well as from the hundreds of people who seem anxious to work rather than remain idle.

2. *Wherever possible, foster homes should be provided for neglected children. But it must be understood that no*

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child placed in a foster home shall become a victim of the traditional Japanese system which sanctions child participation in family enterprise.

When I first proposed this at a press conference, one correspondent interrupted. "Father," he said, "it won't work because the Japanese people do not love children other than their own."

Before I left Japan I had proved otherwise. In Tokyo I discovered a well-to-do woman who had turned her home into an orphanage and was caring for 60 boys and girls picked up at a railroad station.

3. *Institutions should be made more attractive and homelike. Programs should be planned to develop the mind, body and heart of the child as though he were residing in his own home.*

A movement is now afoot in Tokyo to establish a Boys Town for 1,000 homeless children, in buildings turned over to the Japanese Government by reparation authorities. Not only will children be cared for here, but welfare workers will be trained in the philosophy we have practiced at Boys Town, Nebraska. After training, they will be offered employment in institutions in Japan and Korea.

4. *More emphasis must be placed on making religious training available to every child.*

Spiritual teachers should be permitted to come into these institutions, so that children may be inspired with Divine Faith. In this respect, it was encouraging to find that, everywhere, Christians are working together.

In Sendai I started to introduce the Mother Superior at the Good Shepherd Convent to a Protestant Army chaplain who had accompanied us to the Home for Girls. The Mother Superior beamed when she said: "You don't need to introduce your friend, Father Flanagan. We know him well. He has helped us often."

5. *The practice of using children in institutions for cheap labor, under the guise of vocational training, should be eliminated and adequate vocational programs developed.*

Such a program has always been in effect at Boys Town. We have youngsters working in manual arts, learning trades to qualify them for jobs in the outside world. Their work is not sold for any profit other than their own. Proceeds go into better equipment, improved facilities, more instructors.

6. *There should be less regimentation in the care of children.*

In each Japanese prefecture, prominent citizens should be named to a youth-welfare council to inaugurate the kind of training exemplified by our Boy and Girl Scouts. Thus, while still maintaining a form of regimentation to which Japanese youth has always been accustomed, the program would embody new practices in education, individual thinking and vocational training.

7. *Adequate medical care should be available in every home or institution.*

Although there is a dreadful shortage of medical men and nurses in Japan today, we could well afford to offer bonuses to our young doctors and nurses to help staff institutions. In addition, good health programs should include active sports and outdoor activities. There is no better way to build strong bodies, minds and spirits.

8. *The institutional practice of plac-*

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ing new boys in solitary confinement for five or more days is condemned.

The task is to build a boy's spirit, not to break it. At Boys Town we accept newcomers as new citizens. When he came to Boys Town, one boy who had been subjected to solitary confinement demanded, "Where's the jail?" Told that Boys Town was not that kind of school, he changed his entire attitude.

9. *Place more emphasis on rehabilitation and less on punishment.*

There is no more fruitful activity than teaching the working principles of a democracy. Students should be active in the kind of government we have at Boys Town. Let them nominate and elect their own mayor, city council and other authorities. Teach them government by letting them be a part of that government.

It is my sincere belief that if the above program is carried out, we have a great opportunity for shaping Japan and Korea into strong, healthful and faithful allies of democracy. And should the plan be successful there, it will work everywhere in the world.

The difference between conditions in the Far East and in Europe is only one of degree: disillusioned youth of every race and creed will respond to a program which holds out the hope of rehabilitation through kindness and cooperative effort.

I have said many times before—and I say again here—that there is no such thing as a bad boy. Isn't it even more important that we look forward to the day when there will be no such thing as a bad nation, either?

Wise and Otherwise

Looking back, we believe that 1946 will go down in history as the year when ballpoint pens sold for $15. —*Printers' Ink*

He took misfortune like a man—blamed it on his wife.
—HELEN ROGELL

A change of trouble is as good as a vacation. —LLOYD GEORGE

Nature does her best to teach us. The more we overeat, the harder she makes it for us to get close to the table.

I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with a lot of pleasure. —CLARENCE DARROW

The worst thing about opportunity is that you can't see the darn thing until you look back ten years.
—HAROLD G. HOFFMAN

To some men a kick in the pants is more of an urge to accomplishment than a dozen pats on the back.
—*The Walker Log*

If you think you are crazy, you're not; but if you think everybody else is—you are! —EDWARD A. LAWRENCE

If you're 40 and marry a girl of 20, you'll be 60 when she's 40. But if you're 20 and marry a woman of 40, you'll both reach 60 at about the same time. —*Pups*

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KING COTTON

ON THE FOLLOWING [illegible] presents a pageant of cotton in a nostalgic album of illustrations painted especially for this feature by Jim Lockhart. Representing many months of research and more than 6,000 miles of travel through the Cotton Belt, here is a memorable tribute to one of America's most important industries.

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BALING COTTON—ABOUT 1790

In the early [illegible]c, most farmers in America's Southern States saw lit[illegible]t was difficult to grow and harvest, and a man nee[illegible]n a single pound of it.

AN EARLY COTTON GIN IN SOUTH CAROLINA

The Age of [illegible]ing Washington's second term, when the cotton g[illegible]is machine cleaned 50 to 1,000 pounds a day and p[illegible]merica's first important products.

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INSPECTING THE SEASON'S FIRST C

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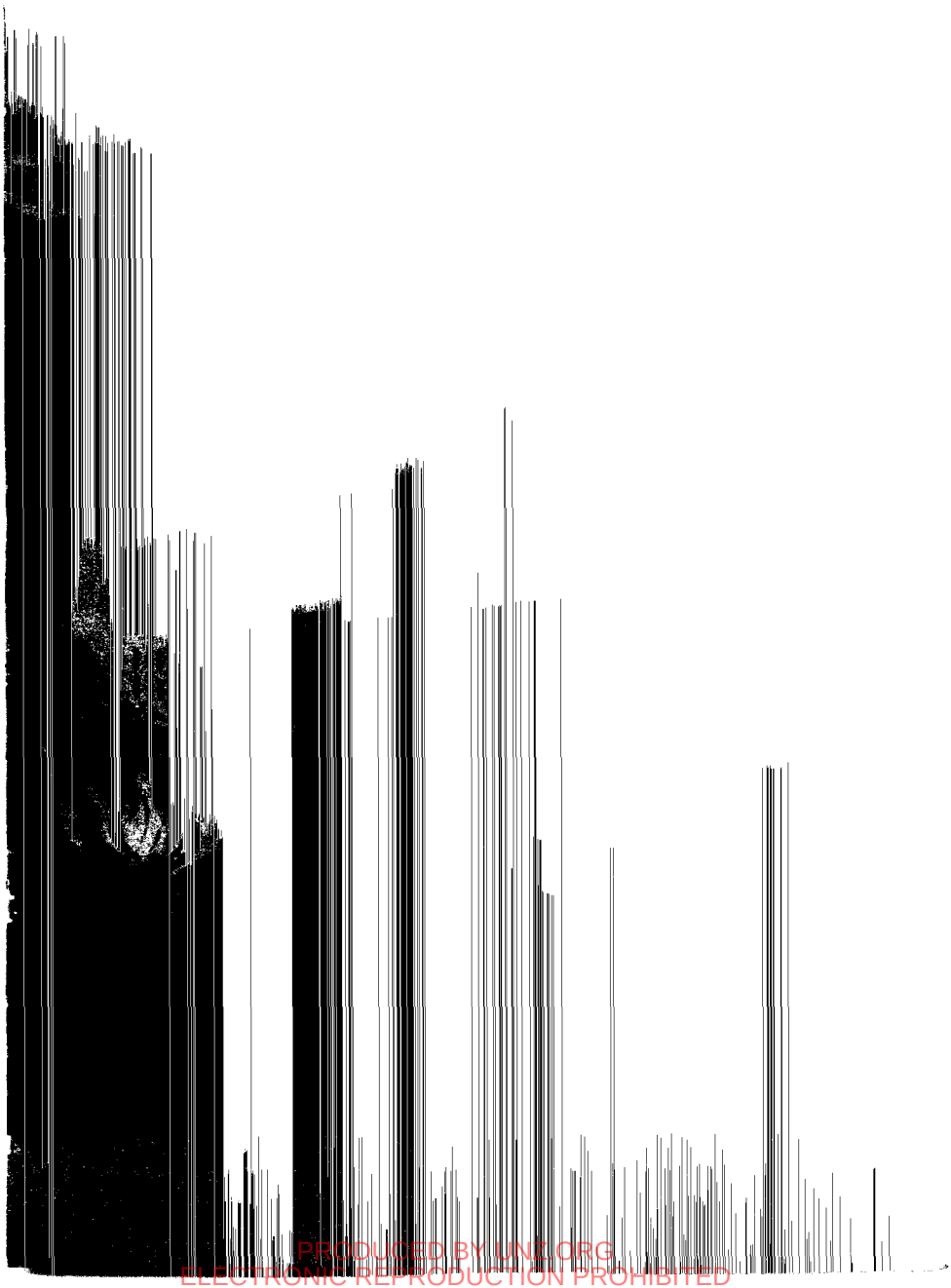

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PICKERS WEIGHING THEIR DAY'S WORK—LAKE VILLAGE, ARKANSAS

Today on plantations in the South and West cotton has entered a new era. Science has made this simple plant one of the most versatile ever grown—yielding everything from clothing to drugs and plastics.

TAKING COTTON TO THE TOWN GIN—McGEHEE, ARKANSAS

And today, too, small cotton farmers are facing the challenge of machinery. On vast plantations mechanical pickers and planters are proclaiming the dawn of a new and brighter empire for king cotton.

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ON THE WAY TO THE COTTON MARKET—DERMOTT, AR

The traditional South of one-mule cotton farms may soon history with plantation houses and slavery. In Texas, mac already proving many times more efficient than hand labor.

COTTON CHOPPERS RETURNING FROM WORK - LO

Yet this spring men and women throughout the South will the cotton fields as they have for more than 150 years. C they will produce almost one-half of the world's cotton.

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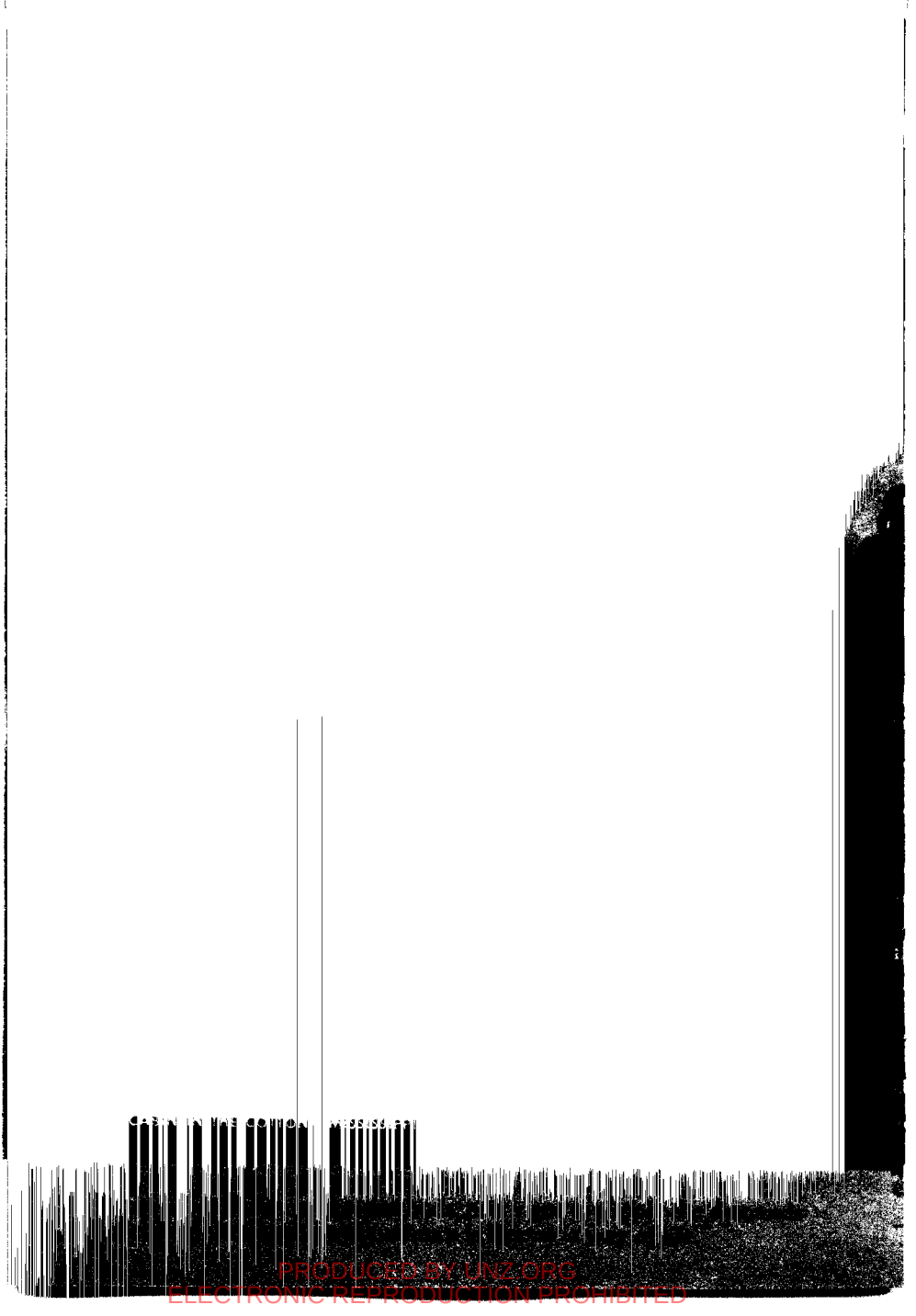

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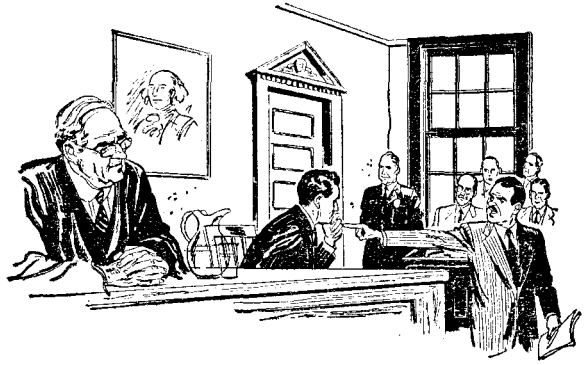
Waxie Gordon and the Boy Prosecutor



by ELMER L. IREY and WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

Elmer L. Irey, former Intelligence chief of the Treasury Department, reveals how his men joined forces with Thomas E. Dewey to bring a lord of the underworld to justice

MARCH 15, 1931, WAS Income Tax Day. It was also the day that Thomas E. Dewey, 28 years old, was sworn in as Chief Assistant U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

There has always been an occupational distrust between the Treasury's Intelligence Unit and all U.S. District Attorneys. We blame them for losing our perfectly prepared cases; they blame us for expecting them to win convictions on hearsay. As for 28-year-old New York District Attorneys. . . .

We knew we would have a lot of work to do with the Boy Prosecutor because our Chicago triumphs against Al Capone's mob brought a great public howl that New York be subjected to a similar fumigation. Like Dewey, the Intelligence Unit was young, and being young, it was confident and cocky. While the bailiff was leading Capone from the courtroom, a reporter asked me: "When are you going after the New York mob, Mr. Irey?"

"I'm leaving for New York tonight," I answered.

I was, in fact, leaving for New York that night, but not to start a war against Gotham hoodlums. We had started that war months before and I was going East to see how things were coming along.

Hugh McQuillen and his fine New York force had been working with Dewey for more than a year

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before Capone was convicted. I had reinforced McQuillen's agents with three crack men—Eddie Palmer from Atlanta, Paul Anderson from Washington headquarters, and Clifton Mack from Boston. There is always plenty of work for strange faces in big investigations.

Palmer, Anderson, Mack, McQuillen and his men already had done a good deal of work with Dewey. I, too, had conferred frequently with him and believe he was one of the most competent District Attorneys the Intelligence Unit ever worked with. But Dewey presented a minor morale problem because some of my men found his glacial perfection a bit trying.

Dewey was the perfectionist to end all perfectionists. He never varied in his working customs. An agent, his brief case jammed with results of a good investigation, would meet with him. Dewey's first question was always: "What's the situation?" The confident agent would explain all the documents and offer his opinion that the evidence was sufficient to convict.

Dewey would re-examine all the evidence. He would look off into space for a couple of minutes, then he would bestow a smile—a medium smile—on the agent and methodically tear the perfectly good evidence to shreds with endless questions.

Wearily the agent would leave, determined to get more evidence. He got more, of course, and that was what Dewey wanted.

Dewey left nothing to chance, including a man's promise. It is common for a man to plead guilty when he knows we have "the goods" on him. Most guilty pleas come as no surprise, because the defendant's lawyer, looking for all favor possible, will tip off the District Attorney of his intentions. Most D.A.'s then stop working on the case, and turn to something else. Not Dewey.

If we learned a guilty plea was coming up, we would tell Dewey. He would look off into space, flash his controlled smile and say, "That's fine! But go on digging up evidence. We want to be ready if he changes his mind." When we had collected the amount of evidence that Dewey considered sufficient, he would examine it and say, "Now I think the evidence is clear." Then a petite smile and some gazing off into space. When he returned to the world around him, he would say to the uncomfortable agent, "We can proceed now."

THE ONLY THING WRONG with Dewey was his youth. I explained to my men that he feared no lawyer, crook, judge or jury. But he was scared to death that somebody might accuse him of being a boy on a man's errand. That was the reason for his endless demands for more evidence. He couldn't afford to lose: a defeat for any other district attorney was just a defeat, but a defeat for a man not yet 30 might well be a career-wrecker.

Man or boy, he was certainly quite a trial lawyer. While preparing a case, everything was teamwork; but when he went to trial his entire attitude changed. The doors would swing open and Dewey would march out, followed by his assistants. My agents referred to this dramatic walk down the hall to the courtroom as "Tom's Parade."

His courtroom technique was superb. I don't think Dewey ever

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forgot anything in his life. He generally kept his fine voice low but he could do tricks with it. And he never lost his temper unless he thought it good tactics to do so.

Some of my more gregarious agents found him smug and overbearing. However, we all admitted that we knew charming District Attorneys who couldn't convict a murderer if he shot his victim in the courtroom before judge and jury. We also knew District Attorneys who never tempered justice with either mercy or ethics.

Dewey was not "conviction hungry." He wanted to win every case he entered, but he wasn't building a record by convicting stupid police-runners. He wanted the big boys and he got them. Ergo, a fine District Attorney, although not much fun personally.

One of Dewey's big cases came up when we moved in on the men who owned New York's underworld, Arthur Flegenheimer and Irving Wexler. They were known to their adoring public as Dutch Schultz and Waxie Gordon, respectively, but there was always debate as to who was bigger.

Dutch had once tried to obliterate Waxie in a hotel in Elizabeth, New Jersey, but his lead missed, although it mowed down a couple of ranking associates. Shortly after that, some other hoodlum solved the Dutch Schultz situation, so Gordon himself became our immediate interest. Waxie was a convicted pickpocket in 1905. He was jailed for petit and grand larceny, assault and other crimes. He made millions from Prohibition, and was a 20th-century top-drawer hoodlum.

He lived richly but quietly; his son attended the best schools; he himself was on intimate terms with the best people, many of whom figuratively pulled their cowlicks when he passed; he was a suave patron of the arts, if leggy musicals can be considered part of the theater; and he became very annoyed indeed with anyone who interfered with his larceny.

In the early 1920s he had his own gang operating out of New York's lower East Side. He saw to it that his boys received the best available legal aid, and if the lads went to jail they knew that when they came out Waxie's checkbook would be at their disposal.

In 1924, Gordon and Max Greenberg, a St. Louis thug, took over a Fourth Avenue hotel. The same year, our Narcotics Unit had Waxie indicted for shipping opium to Duluth, but we couldn't get a conviction. When police began raiding the hotel as a house of prostitution, he moved to a Broadway office building in the heart of Times Square, and ran his bootlegging industry from there. And it was quite an industry, for Waxie controlled the beer business in New Jersey and most of New York City.

One of our agents made a pass at Waxie in 1931, just to see what would happen.

"Mr. Wexler, you pay $6,000 a year rent, you own four big cars, travel extensively and maintain a large summer home. How come you have paid less than $100 in taxes in the last three years?"

"Look," said Waxie. "I'm a man who keeps no books, and I never signed a check in my life. You revenue guys have been trying to get me ever since you framed me on

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that narcotics rap in 1924. When you get your figures together so they prove something, come on back and I'll be glad to talk to you."

So we started to get a few figures, with Agent Walter Murphy leading the exploration. They were hard to come by because Waxie had told the truth when he said he signed nothing. But Capone hadn't signed anything either.

Waxie's main source of income, we knew, were two Jersey breweries that he had acquired "on his muscle." We sent agents into Hoboken, distributing center of the metropolitan beer industry. We also started checking the banks in that area and ran into a real headache, because most of them were dependent upon the huge deposits of beer-peddling hoodlums. The Depression was at its height and, to accommodate the hoodlums, bankers were destroying records, perjuring themselves and doing all sorts of unusual things to make deposits difficult to trace.

"Leonard J. Sampson" deposited $287,000 in checks from beer distributors in one month in 1930; "L. J. Sampson" banked $600,000 in another bank in two months; "Harry Weber" deposited $1,192,000 in eleven months; "Frank Wagner" put in $250,000 in six weeks; and "J. B. Cowen's" figure was $200,000 in seven weeks.

We knew the names were phonies, and we knew nobody was selling beer in Jersey except Waxie, so the conclusion was simple. But the problem once again was to prove what we knew.

The above figures were deposits up to May, 1931. At that time Waxie paid us a slight compliment by acknowledging a $35,000 income for 1931 and paying a $2,605 tax on it. That was quite a jump for a man who had been averaging $33 in three previous years.

We checked auto license applications and other handwriting of Waxie's intimates and established that a group of his henchmen, including even the gang major-domo in charge of fetching coffee, cigarettes and the *Racing Form*, were using fictitious names at the banks.

Again we visited Waxie in Hoboken. He was a very busy man, and curtly repeated, "Come back and see me when you got some figures you can prove."

NOW WE STARTED AUDITING Waxie's books the hard way. We knew what he was getting for a barrel of beer—$50—and we knew it cost $4 to make, but knowing and proving are two different things. We checked bank accounts of real-estate companies, brewery suppliers, trucking concerns and such, and found a wall of deceit erected by the theoretically honest businessmen who feared Waxie almost as much as they dreaded loss of his patronage.

We discovered a top-notch trucking concern had had its books rewritten at Gordon's demand, and we came across a pair of brothers who moved gracefully in Park Avenue society but were frightened stooges of the great ex-pickpocket. They sold him his malt.

When we turned a few screws they talked, and we learned how much beer Waxie was making. They told us they had met Gordon once. He had run behind in payments, so the brothers humbly

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called at his brewery. Waxie said he was short of cash, but would pay off the $100,000 debt in a month. He did, at the rate of $25,000 a week.

It took very little room and less talent to make vast quantities of Prohibition gin, rye or Scotch. A closet sink, bottles, labels, alcohol and flavoring were all a man needed to turn out $12-a-bottle liquor by the case. But beer was something else. Barrels, malt, hops and bottles were needed in vast amounts. Breweries rarely took up less than a full city block, often two.

Breweries were obviously a problem to the hoodlums, for building one during Prohibition was a little too raw. So the answer was obvious—buy old breweries which had closed or buy breweries that were making near-beer. Near-beer was legal, but could not be made without first making real beer.

Dutch Schultz had a brewery in Yonkers and worked with Owney Madden, who operated a plant in Manhattan. Waxie's two breweries, in Paterson and Union City, ran day and night, but only a truck or two of near-beer left in a week. Hundreds of thousands of gallons of real beer left via the sewers to bottling and barreling plants a half-mile away. Waxie pumped it out through pressure hoses.

Both Schultz and Gordon kept a gruesome collection of henchmen to ride the beer trucks and keep hijackers at bay.

IN EARLY 1933, WE WERE about ready to indict Waxie for income-tax violations in 1930 and 1931. We had similar designs on Schultz, so we kept an anxious eye—and ear—on their movements. Our eyes told us nothing except that Dutch and Waxie were no longer around, but our ears told us that there was trouble brewing in New York gangland. Beer was about to become legal, and barons Schultz and Gordon found themselves in the strange position of having more potential customers than they could supply. Each man made requests, then demands, of the other for beer. They had empires to protect.

Beer became legal in April. On April 4, we heard one Schultz henchman tell another, "The Dutchman says he'll take care of Waxie when the time comes." The time came on April 12, when Waxie clambered out a window of an Elizabeth hotel while in the next room somebody stuck a gun in the ear of one of Waxie's chief lieutenants, Max Greenberg, and blew his head all over the ceiling.

Five days later the murdering Murray Moll was cut down in the heart of Schultz's Bronx territory. The St. Louis boy who had made good in the Big City could have been in the Bronx for one reason only. He was just the lad to go looking for the Dutchman in his own back yard.

Gordon's cup of woe spilled all over a few days later when the grand jury indicted him for tax evasion. He was now in the uncomfortable position of being on the lam from practically everybody. We wanted him before Schultz got him, simply because it is extremely difficult to collect back taxes from gangsters' estates.

We delegated Pat O'Rourke to bring Gordon in. A little bird—of

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the genus pigeon—told Pat that Waxie was holed up somewhere in the Catskill Mountains in northern New York. So Pat and another agent, Joseph Harvey, spent a week in Catskill villages with no luck. But when they got to Bethel, they learned that an old associate of Waxie's ran a boardinghouse nearby. They also learned that there were some men who annoyed neighbors at night by driving a speedboat on White Lake.

Pat and Harvey decided to look over the house in which these mysterious men lived. Late one night, as they crept through the underbrush, Pat stepped in a puddle and fell with a splash. In a second, every light in the house went out, which was all that Pat wanted to know. Honest people don't douse lights when they hear noises.

Pat and Harvey quietly withdrew, knowing that if they stormed the house there would be unseemly bloodshed. Evidently the noise kept the house awake all night, because the three men were sleeping peacefully when Pat, Harvey and four State Troopers strode in next morning with guns drawn.

Pat walked over to one of the men and said, "Get up, Waxie. You're under arrest."

"I ain't Waxie Gordon," the man snapped. "I'm William Palinski—in the tobacco business. Them's my friends Joseph Bloom and Herman Peters."

"Fine. We're taking you and your friends to jail. Come on!"

Gordon continued insisting he was Palinski and that the arresting officers would be sorry because "I got friends in Albany." But Pat grew weary of the chatter.

"Look, Waxie, you oughtn't to keep saying you're Palinski and walk around in silk shorts with I.W. embroidered on 'em. I.W. means Irving Wexler, Waxie."

Waxie looked at the unmentionables and shut up, but Pat continued: "Now your friend Mr. Herman Peters is Hymie Pincus, who used to pick pockets with you before you got to be a big shot. Now he plays pinochle with you. And 'Joseph Bloom' is good old 'Flea Bag Joe' Aaront, your bodyguard. Joe is wanted in New York."

They left quietly for New York. The silent drive was broken once by Waxie whispering, "I know you, Pat O'Rourke. Maxie Greenberg tole me about you."

"Nice fellow, Maxie," replied Pat. "Too bad they got him."

Gordon continued whispering, "I'll give you five grand if —"

"Ssh, Waxie! I been in the government too long to start taking it now." The rest of the ride was made in silence.

Bail was set at $100,000, and reduced to $75,000, which Waxie promptly produced. Tom Dewey knew he had the biggest one yet in Waxie, and he started to prepare the case. We had thought him a painfully thorough workman in previous prosecutions, but he was just ad-libbing compared to the job he did getting ready for Waxie and his high-priced counsel.

One thousand people were interviewed by Dewey, his aides and agents. Briefs of everything they said were prepared for Dewey's eyes and he chose 150 from the 1,000 potential but by no means willing witnesses. On November 20, 1933, "Tom's Parade" swept ma-

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jestically into Judge Frank J. Coleman's courtroom with the Boy Prosecutor's mustache sprouting canary feathers.

But if young Tom was confident when he told us, "Now the evidence is clear," we knew—and he knew too—that the conviction of Waxie was no sure thing. Gordon, like Capone, had signed nothing; but he had also never admitted anything, a slight legal *faux pas* Capone made during his last-minute tax negotiations.

The witnesses were generally reluctant when closeted with us, and absolutely petrified when confronted in the courtroom by beady-eyed Waxie. If it seems strange that there should be pre-trial trepidation about convicting a notorious pickpocket and bootlegger, remember that he was not on trial for any of these lurid crimes but had to be brought to justice via the technical income-tax laws. And these laws, like all good laws, should presume even the rottenest of men innocent until proven guilty.

IN ADDITION TO HIS 150 witnesses, Dewey had more than 1,000 exhibits ready. Recognizing the weakness of any tax case presented to a jury as an excursion into higher mathematics, Dewey prepared charts showing where the money came from, who got it and why it eventually became the defendant's property. Even if the jurymen couldn't remember figures, they could look at charts.

It was against Waxie that Dewey first introduced the "secret witness" technique that he later used so effectively against Lucky Luciano. There was a door to the left of the judge's bench and whenever it opened Waxie and his legal defenders watched with horror as some new face emerged.

Joseph Bissell, urbane but reluctant, was one who came through the door. Bissell was the society *bon vivant* who sold Waxie his malt and hops. Waxie went white when he saw Bissell and remained in that condition as the genteel hops peddler admitted selling his products to Frankie Dunn, deceased by gunfire, and Bugs Raymond, ditto.

There was further testimony from one of Bissell's employees anent the firm's knuckling under to Waxie's demands that the books be altered, and that fictitious accounts be set up to cover the vast quantities of malt and hops sold to the Gordon enterprises.

Robert Dalzell, of the Dalzell Trucking Company, slid into the courtroom via Dewey's door, and told how his company had had a new set of books made to cover dealings with Gordon.

It was also refreshing to us to see the "honest working girl" fearlessly get up on the stand and help put a thief away. She was a girl of Polish extraction who ran a hash house, the Sugar Bowl, across the street from one of Waxie's breweries. She testified that Waxie had arranged with her to allow his beer-truck pilots to phone from her place. He paid for the calls, but told her he could not have his drivers eat there because they were so busy that they had to eat as they drove.

Under the "Bugs" Donovan regime, things were more leisurely, and drivers and brewery employees all ate in the Sugar Bowl. In telling her story she frequently prefaced

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her remarks with "Now before 'Bugs' Donovan was murdered. . . ."

This brought Gordon's counsel screaming to his feet, protesting. Judge Coleman said to the girl, "You must *not* say 'before Donovan was murdered.' Just say 'He didn't come around any more.' "

The girl asked plaintively, "How could he come around, Your Honor? He was murdered!"

We were anxious to know the identity of the brewmaster, and our girl friend helped us when Gordon's counsel said to her scornfully: "You know everybody, don't you? You know Bills and Petes and Eddies and Franks. Next you'll be telling us you know an Oscar."

"Sure," the girl answered. "Oscar Brockert. He was Waxie's brewmaster." The defense promptly excused her.

Brockert now took the stand and reeled off the cost of everything that went into making beer. As he got a nickel a barrel commission, he was able to tell the jury that the brewery made between 5,000 and 7,000 barrels a week.

HAVING ESTABLISHED that Waxie was making and peddling beer, what it cost him to make it, and how much he made, the next step in determining his income was to find out how much he got for his beer. A quaking crew of speak-easy owners writhed helplessly trying to avoid admitting that the checks they had made out to Waxie's stooges were for beer. But in time, most of them confessed.

When the men who had sold Gordon his malt, his trucking service, barrels, insurance, machinery and telephone service got through testifying how much they were paid, and the men who had bought the beer testified how much they paid, Dewey charged Gordon with a tax delinquency of $187,834.17 for 1930 and $359,580.91 for 1931.

Dewey took a leaf from the Capone prosecution and played what might be called the "silk shorts" technique. He proved that this man who claimed he made $6,000 a year paid $10 for underwear, $13.50 for custom-made shirts, $160 for suits and $225 for tuxedos. He also mentioned rent of $6,000 for an apartment with a $3,600 bar; the purchase of two Pierce Arrows, two Lincolns and a Cadillac; and the expenditure of $3,800 for a library filled with classics, all magnificently bound. Just for the fun of it, Dewey proved that none of the priceless books had ever been opened by anybody.

Waxie took the stand in his own defense and admitted he had been a somewhat wayward child, but in 1916 had turned honest. In 1929 he had been hired as a beer salesman by Max Greenberg and Max Hassel. At first he had had a tough time earning $125 a week, but in 1931 things had picked up and he had won a bonus. He had paid all his taxes. In fact, he insisted, he always overpaid.

Dewey looked at Waxie—and it was brutal to behold. "You turned honest in 1916?"

"I did."

"This is the record of your partner, Max Greenberg. It shows that he was arrested 40 times. Is that the kind of a man you wanted to keep honest with?"

Then Dewey went over Gordon's extraordinary expenses and asked Waxie to explain how he managed

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to pay rent in New York and resorts, attend annual gangland conventions at Hot Springs, and generally live like a king when he had never made more than $9,000 a year from 1925 to 1931.

"I won $100,000 on the horses in 1910," was Gordon's explanation.

Dewey nodded and then asked Gordon to explain why he bothered to pick pockets for quarters when he had $100,000 in cash. When Gordon got through explaining this idiosyncrasy, Dewey had no further questions.

It took the jury only 40 minutes to find Waxie guilty on all counts and the judge sentenced him to ten years, plus a $20,000 fine and court costs. He served the time, less good behavior, and returned in 1941 to New York where he told the press he was a changed man, an honest man. But he was tossed out of San Francisco when police recognized him as he climbed off a plane. Then he went into the soft-drink business but got caught diverting 30,000 pounds of precious wartime sugar to the black market. He drew a year's sentence on a guilty plea.

When Gordon was convicted on tax charges in 1933, the press was so charmed that for days it failed to refer to us as "G-Men" or FBI agents, and called us "Revenue Agents," which we weren't, of course, but it was close enough. And Dewey issued a statement:

"This case could not have been won without the brilliant and successful work, for days and nights and on Sundays during several months, of Assistant U. S. Attorneys Terry, Tarbell, Ten Eyck, Rogers, Grumet and the special agent in charge of the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury Department and his remarkable staff."

It is nice, 15 years later, to have this opportunity to add that "the special agent in charge" was Hugh McQuillen and his "remarkable staff" included Walter Murphy, Leo Keyes, Bill Frank, Martin Kunkel, Eddie Palmer, Paul Anderson, Clifton Mack and, of course, Pat O'Rourke.

The Value of a Smile

A NEWSPAPER account recently told the story of a boy who had been struck by the broken end of a live wire, which touched one side of his face, burning and paralyzing it. In court the boy's lawyer asked the little fellow to turn toward the jury and smile. He tried. One side of his face smiled, but the injured side just puckered up in a pitiful contortion. The jury took just 12 minutes to award the boy $20,000. The amount was thus certified as the legal value of a smile.

If a smile is worth $20,000 after you lose it, it must be worth that much while you still have it. A friendly smile and a genuine interest in our fellow men are essentials for success in life.

—*Mutual Moments*

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The Big Boom in BABY FOODS

by JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

How a young father's revolt against the drudgery of preparing Junior's meals launched a multimillion-dollar business

EVERYBODY LOVES A BABY. But the most loving of all are the baby-food manufacturers—and with good reason. Right now, they are chortling over the discovery that the stork is delivering new mouths to feed in the U.S. at the record rate of seven every minute.

At that tempo, 1947's total of 3,900,000 new citizens will help put the baby-food business in the $120,000,000-a-year bracket, a 3,000 per cent increase over ten years ago. Another ten years before that, however, anyone who had suggested selling strained carrots, chopped apple-sauce and puréed liver soup in miniature cans would have been hooted right out of a grocers' convention.

This multimillion-dollar industry, which has grown even faster than the infants it nourishes, started in 1920 as a one-man extracurricular project, then expanded into an offshoot of conventional cannery interests and finally established itself as an independent specialty business with complex technological, merchandising and nutritional problems all its own.

Pioneers in baby victuals have tended to follow a classic pattern—that is, they have been victims of gentle wifely nagging. In Rochester, New York, in 1920, a harassed young father named Harold Clapp took his infant son to the doctor's for a checkup while his wife convalesced from a difficult childbirth.

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For the underweight baby, the doctor prescribed a porridge of vegetables run through a sieve.

The father dutifully went home to prepare the dish, but four hours later he was still pushing spinach through a colander. At this point Mrs. Clapp observed dryly: "Sieving spinach shouldn't be such a dreadful task for a strong man." That gave Harold Clapp his idea.

In the restaurant where he worked as night manager he used kitchen facilities to prepare baby food. His son thrived and neighbors began to beg, "Cook some for us, too." Even strangers started ringing his doorbell in quest of "baby soup." Clapp quit his job and set up a kitchen in his home basement, packaging his product without a label and delivering it by horse and wagon, like the milkman.

Soon, however, the demand grew faster than his horse could trot, and drugstores signed up as retail outlets. Then doctors, who had given their blessing from the beginning, suggested additional items: prunes pitted by hand, spinach, beets, carrots, green beans and peas.

In 1926, Clapp incorporated with a capital of $10,000, opened his first factory in a shed and continued to sell through drugstores. But his product was so high priced—60 cents for a small can of liver soup—that only well-to-do babies could afford the luxury. In 1931, Clapp sold out for $1,000,000 to American Home Foods, Inc., which still produces menus for infants under the Clapp name.

Meanwhile, in 1927 in the town of Fremont, Michigan, Dorothy Gerber, wife of the president of the Fremont Cannery, faced with dismay the prospect of preparing vegetables for her second baby. "How about running Sally's food through the big strainers and cookers at the plant?" she asked her husband. Dan Gerber was willing, but first he wanted to make sure that Dorothy wasn't exaggerating the difficulty of coaxing peas through a sieve.

Next day Gerber sat at his desk, working with cooked peas and a strainer. As his wife had predicted, the peas in their jackets resisted his most energetic shoves. Long after he had ordered that Sally's lunch be cooked in the canning machines, he was haunted by the image of thousands of mothers giving daily battle to mountains of recalcitrant vegetables.

Consulting food experts and pediatricians, he learned that the only baby food on the market—Clapp's—was sold at almost prohibitive prices by druggists. Promptly, Dan Gerber got down to work. The grocers he approached, however, were standoffish.

"Mothers won't feed your canned stuff to their precious darlings," they said. "Even if a few do, the volume in baby foods won't ever be enough to offset the nuisance of handling all those tiny tins."

Dan Gerber persisted. Unable to convince the grocers, he violated the rules of merchandising by advertising in advance of distribution. In October, 1928, he ran his first ad in a consumer magazine, asking women to send a dollar for an assortment of baby foods and to supply the name of their nearest grocer. Overnight the Fremont post office was deluged with dollar bills.

Copies of orders were forwarded

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to incredulous local grocers, and within a few weeks Gerber had won spotty national distribution in food stores. Today, Gerber's is the giant of the baby-food field with annual sales of $20,000,000 and plants in Oakland, California, and Fremont.

GERBER'S INITIAL SUCCESS provoked competition. American Home Foods put the Clapp products in grocery stores; established canners like Libby, Heinz, Beech-Nut and Campbell hopped on the band wagon. And in 1946, Swift and Company added a new chapter to infant feeding by producing meats so thoroughly pulverized that a six-week-old baby can suck the steak right off the spoon.

This revolutionary product was the brain child of Dr. H. W. Schultz of the Swift Laboratories who, following in the footsteps of Clapp and Gerber, was urged by his wife to take the drudgery out of scraping raw beef at home. Dr. Schultz finally did, after exhaustive laboratory tests and months of research by nutritionists, pediatricians and meat packers. Gerber's immediately teamed up with Armour and Company, to present Swift with competition.

In one expansionist move, the baby-food folks invaded the cereal field. For generations, patient mothers had been cooking oatmeal for hours. Clapp, Gerber and Heinz scaled the time down to zero by packing precooked cereals with extra iron and B-1 vitamins, ready to eat with the addition of warm milk or formula.

A far cry today from a worried father's soup-simmering project, baby-food enterprises insist on controlling their product from seed to shelf. A tour of the Gerber growing fields in Michigan and California is an eye-opening experience. Scores of selected farmers in these areas are supplied with pretested vegetable seeds, in an effort to produce bigger, better, tastier and more nutritious vegetables.

In addition to seeds the farmers receive a strict schedule for planting, tilling and harvesting. Also, they are subjected to regular inspection by company representatives. Individualists who chafe at such supervision are comforted by generous financial terms. Farmers are paid a guaranteed base price for their output, plus half the cost of fertilizer.

Harvesting machines, many of unusual design, are likewise supplied by the company. One ingenious picker, for example, shaves spinach off the ground with top speed and cleanliness. The spinach travels up a conveyor belt and is automatically packed into crates. The crates are dropped to a truck, which heads for the canning plant. One clocked crop took exactly 27 minutes from the earth to the first washing vat.

Another machine, equally unorthodox in the mechanized canning industry, scoops up peaches at one end, blanches them, whirls them until the meat falls off, and shoots the pits into a trough. This gadget handles 3,900 peaches an hour, in contrast to the 220 which can be prepared by hand in the same time.

All tubing through which baby foods pass to and from pressurized kettles is dismantled every eight hours, subjected to chemical analysis for bacteria, cleaned under

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steam pressure and replaced. Among other routine procedures, sample cans from every pack are stored at a variety of controlled temperatures, weighed regularly and analyzed to determine losses in food value.

Competition in the baby-food field, while keen, has a quality all its own, as expressed by this dialogue between a plant manager and a visitor who was visibly impressed by elaborate precautions to insure uniformity and purity:

"Do your competitors," the visitor asked, "have all this equipment and go to such trouble with their products?"

The plant manager looked up in astonishment. "I certainly hope so!" he answered.

Key to this attitude is the industry's collective fear that even one insignificant mistake may alienate several million mothers and drive them back to their tedious boiling, sieving and scraping. To prevent any such dire possibility, the companies have added to their payrolls dozens of technicians, including chemists, biochemists, chemical engineers, dietitians, doctors and process engineers.

For psychological effect, company representatives check grocery shelves periodically to make sure no dusty or dented cans are on view. And one company even supplies its sales force with cars painted white and nursery blue, to match the color scheme of its labels.

IN ACHIEVING TODAY'S volume of sales, baby foods and super markets have been inseparable factors of success. The industry concedes frankly that without the super market, the business would still be in rompers. Old-fashioned independent grocers had insufficient room to stack supplies of baby foods, but super markets, with acres of floor space and aggressive salesmanship, use lavish stocks as bait for the trade of young mothers.

To keep customer relations on a highly personal basis, many markets have mounted bulletin boards near the baby-food displays. Here they tack up news items of particular interest to mothers and eye-arresting baby pictures.

In one Cleveland market, mothers began pinning snapshots of their bouncing offspring on the board. When one of these youngsters won a state-wide baby contest, the store adopted the child as a mascot, used his pictures in advertisements and zoomed baby-food sales to a new high.

Thousands of mothers also insist upon sending Susie's and Jimmy's photographs to the baby-food companies. They even ask the companies for medical advice, consult them about child-behavior problems and want to know what attitude the corporation takes on thumb-sucking and spanking.

Like the super markets, the packers cultivate this intimacy. Sally Gerber, who launched her parents on the road to fame and fortune, is now employed at the Fremont plant, answering questions from fretting mothers. At Clapp's a director of nutrition sends out chatty letters to new mothers, telling how to make little Betty a devotee of strained squash.

The original talking point about baby foods was convenience—less work for the overworked housewife;

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today chief emphasis is placed on nutritional values of foods scientifically cooked under high pressure in spotless laboratory kitchens, to conserve vitamins and insure purity and uniformity right around the calendar.

A recent survey of the baby-food market showed that 84 per cent of America's families use some kind of prepared baby edibles. Curiously enough, among families with no children under three years of age, 16 per cent purchase juvenile provender anyway. A partial explanation lies in the fact that hurried housewives are turning to baby foods for soufflés, puddings, stews and gelatine salads.

Chief adult consumers, however, are elderly folk, dental cases and victims of chronic gastric disorders. Not uncommon is the sight of a 200 pound he-man with a peptic ulcer, self-consciously spooning apricot and farina from a mite-sized can which he has quietly purloined from Junior's pantry shelf.

Specialists in geriatrics, the branch of medicine dealing with old age, now rival the pediatricians in devotion to strained spinach and related delicacies. This is a very agreeable state of affairs for the baby-food people. Because when they regretfully bid farewell to a customer nearing his third birthday, they can comfort themselves with the thought that they will be doing business with that same customer all over again, after he turns a ripe, and probably toothless, 75.

Grounds for Divorce

DOUBTING THE SINCERITY of her husband's vows, a Los Angeles woman filed for divorce immediately after the wedding. She said that she and her husband had hardly departed the altar when he took her to his favorite bar, collared the bartender, and said, "Well, I told you I'd marry her. Give me the $5." —V. J. CROWDUS

A PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, woman filed for divorce on the grounds that her husband made her do her reading in a closet so that his slumbers would not be disturbed. —HAROLD HELFER

BECAUSE HER HUSBAND shot tin cans off her head with a slingshot, a Connecticut wife was given her freedom. —W. E. GOLDEN

A WISCONSIN WIFE told the court that the retired Naval officer she married insisted that they sleep in a hammock. In 23 years of married life, she complained, she'd fallen out of the hammock 16 times. She felt she was getting too old for such insecure sleeping arrangements.

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Operation Screwball

by VESTEL LOTT

When members of the Bonehead Club meet in Dallas, anything goes if it adds to the confusion!

THE GOVERNOR OF TEXAS received a glowing and flowery introduction, but as he rose to speak every member of the audience strode from the room! It could happen only at the Bonehead Club in Dallas, an organization that for 29 years has been devoting its nonsensical best to the unmerciful razzing of members and guests.

By its own admission, the Bonehead Club has no object and accomplishes nothing. Its motto: "We shall learn more and more about less and less till we shall know everything about nothing."

Some things it does in reverse. Independence Day is celebrated in December, Christmas in midsummer, with two Santas (one for each Pole), two trees and two sets of gifts. For one installation ceremony, Christmas, Fourth of July, Groundhog Day, Father's Day and Mother-in-Law Week were combined. When radio's Dr. I.Q. visited the club, prizes were awarded for incorrect answers.

The club was formed in 1919 by a group of Dallas businessmen who were tired of heavy seriousness and light lunches. They dedicated themselves to deflating stuffed shirts. To this end they decided that everything goes—everything, that is, but intelligence.

The number of members has always been the same—57: one Big Chief and 56 Vice-presidents. The Big Chief is the one voted the most likely to maintain a high standard of uselessness. Dues are $6 a year. The Money Grabber, armed with a sawed-off shotgun, passes the hat when extra funds are needed.

The club has its own institution of lower learning—Bonehead University—which awards degrees to students upon entrance. It is a 57-story structure, built from the top down, with only the first floor and the basement still to be constructed. These will be added when members agree on a site.

Last year the University received a 140-pound watermelon from Gov. Ben Laney of Arkansas. But the faculty decided, after due deliberation, that it couldn't be a watermelon for two reasons: (1) melons

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don't grow that large because even Texas has never produced one heavier than 134 pounds; (2) that it just isn't so.

If several speakers appear on the same Bonehead program, all are required to speak simultaneously. Even if one speaker succeeds in gaining the floor, he cannot be heard above the bedlam raised by club members.

Myron C. Blalock, national Democratic committeeman for Texas, once addressed the club, only to learn that he had been talking into a dead microphone. Another time, as former national Democratic chairman Robert Hannegan started to speak, he was advised his time had expired.

The club's favorite antic is to introduce a prominent speaker, then walk out. But sometimes the tables are turned. For instance, when Dallas Police Commissioner Louis F. Turley started to speak, club members made the usual rush for the doors, only to find all exits guarded by police. They had to return and hear a lengthy address to the bitter end.

There is no limit to the club's activities. It elects governors and senators, calls off political elections and moves the state capital. Unable to agree, it elected 57 delegates to the United Nations. If the Dallas baseball club has a poor season, the Boneheads simply call off the subsequent season and award the pennant to the Dallas "Steers." They ignore Atlantic City's Miss America and hold their own Miss Bonehead contest, with members as contestants for the title and bathing beauties as judges.

The late Dr. J. J. Taylor, editor of the Dallas *Morning News*, set some kind of high—even for the Boneheads—when he proved in a club debate that a chicken is a vegetable. His logic was unimpeachable: a chicken is an eggplant; an eggplant is a vegetable; therefore a chicken is a vegetable.

The Boneheads didn't originate the "Bundles for Congress" idea when the plan for a congressional bonus first came up, but they did improve on the original suggestion. They collected overalls without pockets, on the theory that Congressmen had no money to put into pockets anyway.

With all the current talk about sending rockets to the moon, it's a safe bet that the Bonehead Club will be the first to name a lunar ambassador. And when their emissary gets there, it's an even safer bet that he will send home for his 56 boneheads-in-arms.

Two Classes of Men

WROTE DWIGHT MORROW once to his son: "The world is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's far less competition."

—G. G. BERNARD

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American Woman

Our traditions, our progress, our basic vitality are rooted deep in the generous and devoted spirits of our mothers and daughters. Here, then, with 12 pages of memorable photographs, Coronet salutes the American woman—her essential dignity and strength and her boundless gift of the eternal wonder of life.

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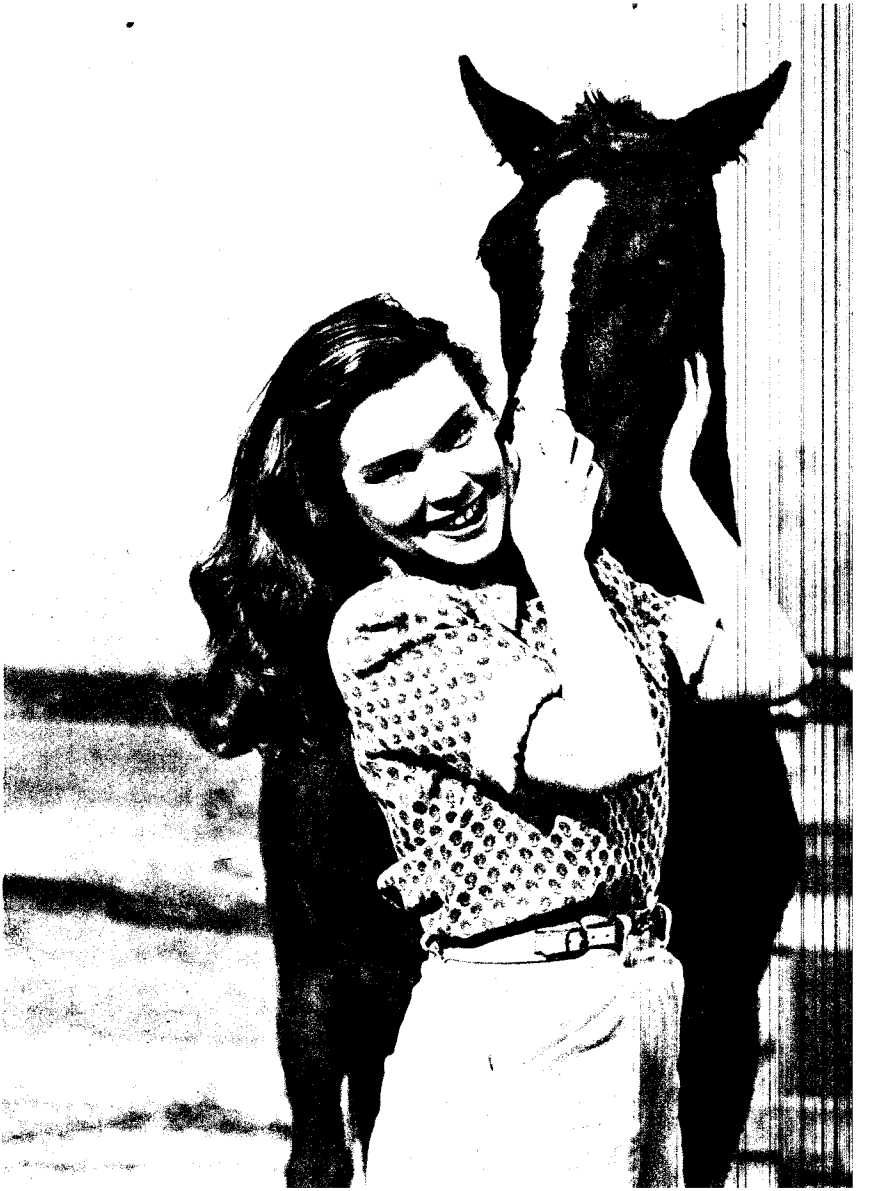

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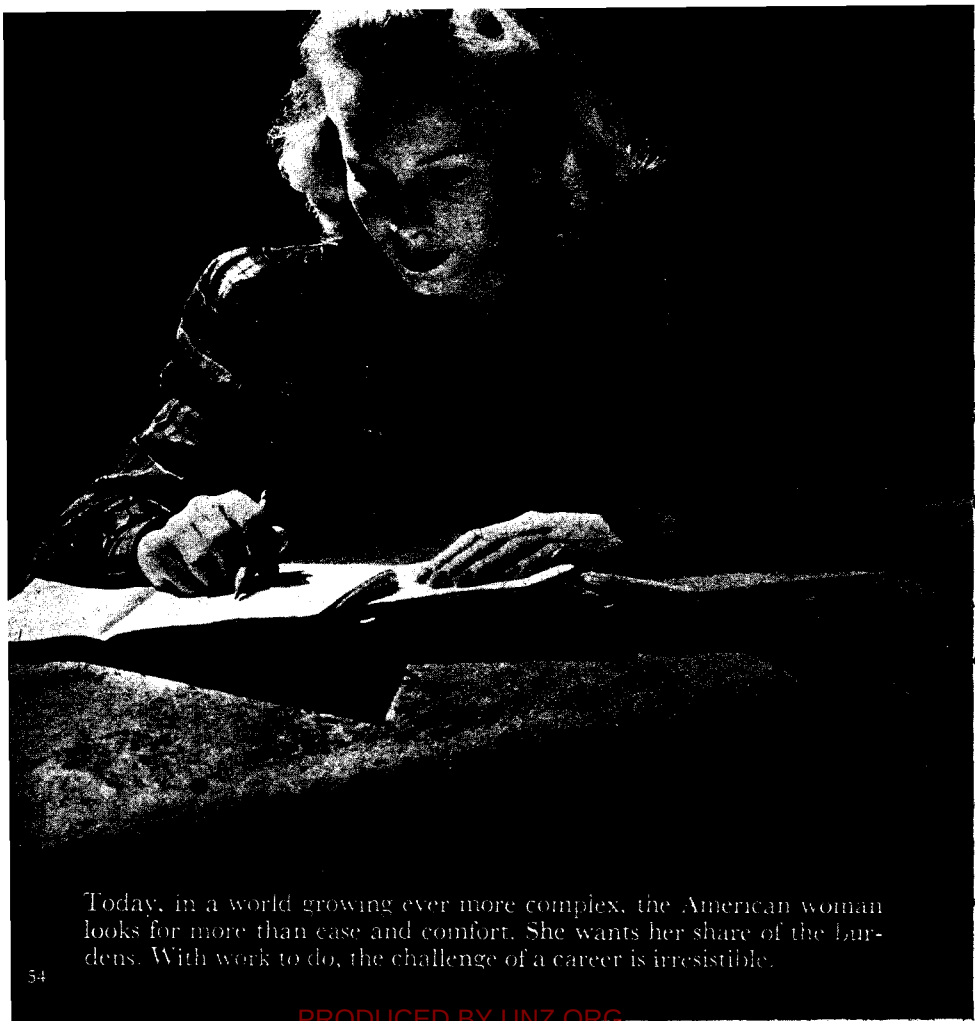

Today, in a world growing ever more complex, the American woman looks for more than ease and comfort. She wants her share of the burdens. With work to do, the challenge of a career is irresistible.

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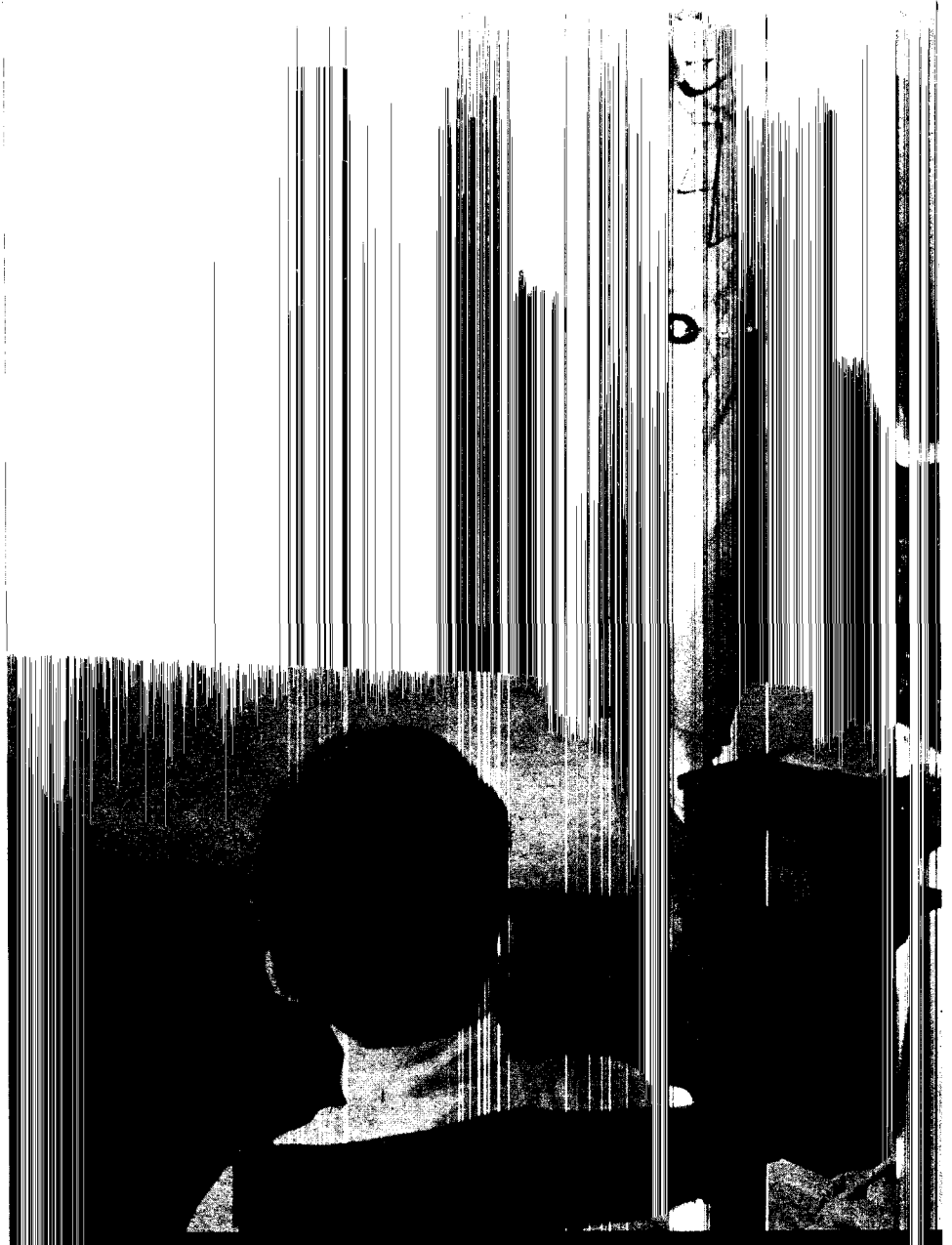

Yet America's women are not satisfied with simple knowledge or skill. To every job they bring sensitivity and deep insight. In our schools they endow young hearts with the warm essence of humanity . . .

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In every field—in commerce, in medicine, in law and government—America's women are demonstrating almost equal mental ability. They are today among the most honored women on earth.

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Proudest of all American women are those who know the joys of motherhood. To bear children, to fulfill the responsibility of guiding sons and daughters to maturity, these are among life's perfect blessings . . .

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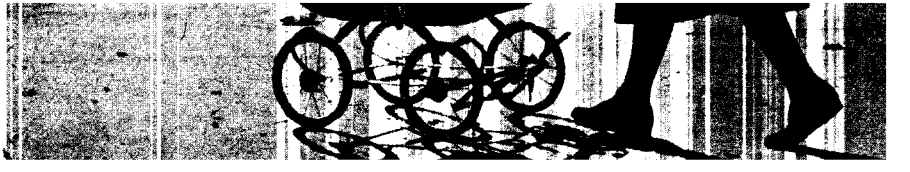

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...t seem the house grows silent, the chores are done, and after the rus... ...of countless youthful pleasures and a thousand tiny tragedies there ...seems endless time for rest.

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Unafraid of sentiment, rich in love and understanding, the American woman, in age, binds the generations together with the simple power of her kindness and faith . . .

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Tough on any Postman

This is more of a guessing game than it is a quiz—unless you can actually decipher these ten autographs of world famous persons. In each case you have a choice of three famous people and only one guess. If you are very lucky you'll get 6 right and if you are psychically inclined you may get more than 7. In any case it is fun to see what you can do with them. Only two of these signatures are those of living men. Answers on page 104.

1.

a. Voltaire *b.* Columbus *c.* Liszt

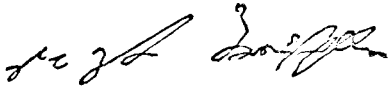
2.

a. Joan of Arc *b.* Dickens *c.* Chopin

3.

a. Balzac *b.* Kaiser Wilhelm II *c.* Wilson

4.



a. Beethoven *b.* Da Vinci *c.* Grant

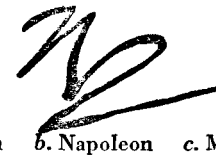
5.

a. Edison *b.* Gladstone *c.* Thackeray

6.

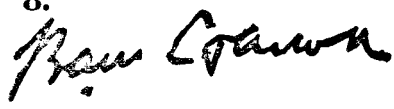
a. Eisenhower *b.* Stokowski *c.* Franklin

7.



a. Newton *b.* Napoleon *c.* Marlowe

8.



a. Stalin *b.* Cervantes *c.* Marshall

9.

a. Mendelssohn *b.* Eliot *c.* Shakespeare

10.

a. Einstein *b.* Hitler *c.* Rembrandt

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The World's First Painless Dentist

by THOMAS CONWAY

JUST A HUNDRED years ago, one of America's most magnificent failures ended a tragic, misunderstood life in Tombs Prison, New York. He was Horace Wells, the world's first painless dentist. For most of his life, Wells sought a magic drug that would conquer pain and finding it, found only greater pain for himself.

Horace Wells found a magic drug to ease pain, but he died by his own hand—a magnificent failure

Public apathy drove Wells to disgrace and suicide, but today his once-derided painkiller—nitrous oxide or "laughing gas"—is making a comeback. In recent research it has been used in combination with ether and pentothal sodium, a triple combination which some scientists believe approaches the ideal anesthesia in many cases.

Wells was born in Vermont in 1815, and after studying in Boston, set up offices in 1836 in Hartford, Connecticut. A handsome young professional, with an Homeric brow and a stubborn disposition, he dabbled in Mesmerism as a possible painkiller. Then, in 1840, he turned to nitrous oxide. Colorless and slightly sweetish, N_2O causes partial asphyxiation and acts on the nervous system, yet has no bad aftereffects.

Years before, Sir Humphrey Davy had foreseen its use in painless surgery. In 1842, Dr. Crawford W. Long, a Georgia doctor, reported that he had successfully employed an anesthesia in an operation. But Long did not seriously push his claim until Wells had quite literally driven himself mad with his great crusade.

In December, 1844, Wells attended a "scientific" demonstration of laughing gas in Hartford. Over his wife's disapproval he volunteered to try the gas himself, and had his first moment of fun with it. Afterwards, she told him he had made an unprofessional spectacle of

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himself. During the demonstration, another volunteer bounded about the hall under the influence of the gas and badly barked his shin. When he came to, he did not recall the pain.

"I believe," Wells said promptly, "that a man, by taking that gas, could have a tooth extracted or a limb amputated and feel no pain."

Next day, he persuaded the lecturer, Gardner Q. Colton, to administer gas while another dentist, Dr. John M. Riggs, extracted one of Wells' wisdom teeth. For some minutes after the operation, there was silence. Then Wells jumped up and exclaimed jubilantly: "It did not hurt me more than the prick of a pin! It is the greatest discovery ever made!"

When the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* reported the discovery, Wells told his story to one dentist after another, and advertised that he would undertake painless extractions without charge.

Dr. John C. Warren, surgeon and Harvard professor, let Wells demonstrate before his class. The patient on whom he was experimenting yelled, and Wells was booed. Today, we know that such conduct under anesthesia does not necessarily indicate pain. But Boston branded Wells a charlatan.

Home in Hartford, however, he became a prophet with honor. Patients wrote fervent testimonials, telling how Wells' method had conquered pain. Yet the balm of anesthesia failed to smooth the brows of its creators.

Wells' old pupil and partner, William Thomas Green Morton, performed a painless extraction with sulphuric ether, and was anesthetist when Dr. Warren removed a jaw tumor at Massachusetts General Hospital in 1846. This is generally considered the first surgical operation with anesthesia, unless one accepts Dr. Long's earlier, unpublicized report.

But soon, Morton and his disputatious adviser, Prof. Charles Thomas Jackson, began fighting each other, and then both attacked Wells. Jackson went crazy. Morton, while buggy-riding in Central Park, had a stroke and died. And Wells, unable to win recognition here or abroad, fled to New York in 1847, so discouraged that his mind began to break.

This was the year that Sir J. Y. Simpson of Edinburgh announced the anesthetic value of chloroform. Wells adopted the new medicine—as an intoxicant. Soon he became a dangerous man.

For several nights in January, 1848, a mysterious, dark-cloaked stranger prowled Broadway, spattering saucy streetwalkers with acid. Several girls reported being attacked and one was painfully burned on the neck.

On the night of January 21, Wells was caught. He gave his name as Jonathan Smith, and insisted that an unidentified friend had enlisted his help to drive streetwalkers off Broadway. But detectives soon identified him as the queer dentist and packed him off to the Tombs. First, however, they allowed him to collect personal effects from his hotel room. Wells chose a razor and a bottle of chloroform.

When the turnkey locked his cell on the night of January 23, Wells was busily writing. In the morning he was dead. In a corner of the cell

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were his gold watch, a candle frugally snuffed out and several notes. One said:

"I state unhesitatingly that I would no sooner deliberately, in cold blood, go into the street and commit the gross acts of wantonness that have been committed for the last few evenings than I would cut my right hand from my body. . . . My character, which I have ever prized above everything else, is irrevocably gone, and I am now in the most miserable condition in which it is possible for man to be placed. . . ."

For a time, he noted, he had to stop writing. Then: "I cannot proceed—my hand is too unsteady, and my frame is convulsed in agony. My brain is on fire. . . .

"Great God! has it come to this? Is it not all a dream? Before 12 o'clock this night I am to pay the debt of nature. . . . Yet, if I was to go free tomorrow, I could not live and be called a villain. God knows I am not one."

They found him sitting on his bunk, his left leg stretched on a straw mattress. He had cut an artery and bled to death. Two silk handkerchiefs, held in place by his hat, were masked about his face. They reeked of chloroform.

At last, anesthesia had done service to Horace Wells. It had eased the pain of committing suicide.

Junior Jesters

A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER, testing the practical knowledge of her pupils, laid a 50-cent piece on the desk and said: "Can anyone in the class tell me what this is?"

A small boy in the front row held up his hand.

"It's tails," he said firmly.

—*Twaddle*

A LITTLE BOY running down the street turned a corner suddenly and ran full-tilt into a man.

"My goodness," said the man, "where are you running so fast?"

"Home," replied the lad, "and I'm in a hurry because my mother is going to spank me."

"In a hurry because your mother is going to spank you?" said the startled man. "Are you so anxious to get a spanking that you run home for it?"

"No," was the logical reply, "but if I don't get home before my father gets there, he'll do it!"

—DAN BENNETT

A MINISTER WAS LECTURING his Sunday-school class of boys on "Thirsting after righteousness." After half an hour's work trying to put across the idea to his pupils, the minister said, "Some people thirst after knowledge, some after fame, and some after money. Now, can any of you boys tell me what you thirst after?"

One lad piped up, "I thirst after salted peanuts."

—*Sunshine*

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by CAROL LYNN GILMER

Indiana's Lady Bluebeard

Here is the grim tale, still clouded in mystery, of a woman whose mass-murders shocked the nation

THE SPINE-CHILLING story of one of America's most baffling mass-murders begins in 1900, when a big, closemouthed Scandinavian woman named Belle Sorenson moved onto a prosperous farm near La Porte, Indiana. Inspiring awe and not a little fear in the hearts of neighboring housewives, she kept her affairs grimly to herself. But she did a man's work on the farm.

During hog-killing season, she was often seen wielding a cleaver with aptitude and apparent relish. And her furniture mover reported that Belle had carried a 300-pound piano from his van into the house.

Belle was so unattractive that to call her plain would have been flattery. About 50 years old, she weighed more than 200 pounds, and had stringy, sand-colored hair. Her expression was one of sullenness—almost of evil. Yet, in some way, Belle must have been highly alluring to men.

It was common gossip that Peter Gunness, a middle-aged laborer who had come from Minneapolis to marry her shortly after she arrived in La Porte, and who died in an unfortunate accident a few months later, was Belle's second husband And men visited her home in an almost constant procession.

Before long, La Porte stopped wondering about Belle and took for granted the air of mystery that surrounded her farm. Her hired help changed frequently; but since most of the farmhands came from out of town, it was assumed that they left as quietly as they arrived.

About the only one who ever went to work for a neighboring farmer after leaving Belle's was Roy Lamphere. And though Roy sometimes hinted darkly at a dreadful secret that would get Belle into trouble, no one paid much attention. Other farmhands said there had definitely been something be-

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tween the two until Belle switched her attentions to Andrew Helgelein, a visitor from Aberdeen, South Dakota. The fact that Andrew subsequently disappeared was not considered startling. Visitors, like farmhands, didn't stay long at the Gunness place.

Then suddenly, in April, 1908, Belle and her affairs became the sole topic of conversation in La Porte. On the night of the 28th, the Gunness farm burned to the ground. In the ruins, Sheriff Albert Smutzer found a woman's headless corpse and the charred bodies of Belle's three children. A ring with the initial "S" was found on the woman's hand, and since Belle's name had once been Sorenson, the body was identified as hers. In the search for the murderer who had set fire to the house to cover his deed, all evidence pointed to Roy Lamphere.

A boy volunteered that he had seen Roy running from the fire shortly after it started. Belle's lawyer recalled that when she made her will, leaving $45,000 to her children or, if they did not survive her, to a Norwegian foundling home in Chicago, she said she feared Lamphere was insane and intended to kill her.

Promptly, Roy was arrested on charges of murder and arson, and the case seemed practically closed. Actually, it was only beginning, for although La Porte didn't know it, the most grisly aspects of the Gunness case were yet to be uncovered —an incredible story of horror and greed that sent a cold shudder through the nation.

Early in May, a man named Asle Helgelein arrived in La Porte and told Sheriff Smutzer a strange story. In January, his brother Andrew left Aberdeen in answer to a matrimonial advertisement inserted in a Norwegian-language newspaper by one Belle Gunness. According to Asle, Andrew had departed for La Porte with $3,000 in cash, for Belle, in her correspondence, had requested that he bring a substantial sum to "prove his good faith."

Since then, Asle had heard nothing from his brother. He had written Belle, but she replied that Andrew had "gone back to Norway." When Asle wrote again, stating he was positive Andrew had done no such thing, Belle sent a plaintive message, asking Asle to come to La Porte with "as much money as he could bring," and join her in a search for Andrew.

And so Asle had come—but not in answer to Belle's invitation. He had read about the fire in the newspapers, and was determined to unravel the mystery. His brother's body had not been found in the ruins, but Asle went to Belle's farm to investigate for himself.

The first thing he saw was a soft plot of earth in back of the ruins, and he asked one of Belle's farmhands about it. The youth said he had dug trenches there several times, after Belle had said they were for debris that could not be burned. But he had never filled in the trenches himself.

Asle and the sheriff's men had heard enough. "Start digging," a deputy ordered. As the farmhand's spade dug deep, the youth gasped and looked up in horror. A moment later he lifted a bloodstained gunny sack from the hole. Inside were the dismembered remains of a human body. In the skeleton fingers,

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gripped with terrifying reality, was a hank of sand-colored hair. Asle said, "It's Andy. I'm sure of it."

Thus the first evidence of Belle's brutal butcheries was discovered. By the next day, eight more bodies had been unearthed. And still later another was found buried in the barnyard. All the corpses had been hacked to pieces and tied in sacks; all were men except one, which the coroner judged to be that of a girl about 16.

Crowds of morbid onlookers came to view the place where Belle had lived like a gigantic spider in a web of death. Soon, a special bus line was running to the farm, and hawkers were selling photographs of Belle and her children. On a record day, 6,000 visitors came to see the miserable proceedings.

THE TASK OF IDENTIFYING Belle's victims was not easy, for flesh had rotted from the bones. But from a welter of rumor and gossip, Sheriff Smutzer pieced together a story.

Nearly everyone recalled the death of Peter Gunness, Belle's husband. Someone remembered that he, like Andrew Helgelein, had come to La Porte in answer to a matrimonial ad. Soon after they were married, Belle had taken an insurance policy on his life. And very soon after that, he had been killed. Belle explained that a sausage grinder had toppled from a shelf and struck him on the head.

But she had not found it necessary to invent explanations for the disappearance of subsequent victims. Some had come as farmhands; others had been lured by matrimonial ads. Belle had disposed of them quickly and efficiently—often before their presence was noticed by neighbors. As she murdered them one by one, their cash went to swell her growing bank account.

The girl's body was soon identified. When Belle had moved to La Porte, her family included, in addition to children by her first marriage, a foster daughter named Jennie Olson. Belle had told neighbors she sent the girl to a California boarding school in 1906. Evidently Jennie had learned too much about her foster mother's activities—and the dreadful knowledge had cost the child her life.

As more and more information on Belle's crimes came to light, the case against Lamphere became more and more clouded. Roy had stubbornly protested his innocence: he claimed that the headless body was not Belle's at all—that Belle had killed her children, planted another victim to take her place and set fire to the farmhouse.

Roy's theory was greatly strengthened when two of Belle's sisters arrived in La Porte to contest her $45,000 legacy. Upon examining the headless body, they said the dead woman couldn't be Belle. Belle had been 50 pounds heavier and five inches taller. In addition, the body's fingernails were manicured, in contrast to Belle's rough, unkempt hands.

The sisters also contributed information about Belle's earlier life which indicated that arson was as much her forte as murder, and that the lady Bluebeard was certainly ruthless enough to kill her own children, as Lamphere claimed she had done.

Belle had been born in 1860 on a farm in Norway. As a child the

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only fairy tales she liked were blood-curdling accounts of horrible deaths and unnatural mysteries. At school, the husky Belle had defeated every boy in fist fights. She was greedy and selfish; other children hated her.

She came to America in 1882, and worked for nine years as a housekeeper in and around Chicago. Then she married Mads Sorenson, a well-to-do widower with one young daughter, Caroline. They lived in Austin, Illinois, long enough to have children of their own and to take Jennie Olson into their home as a foster child.

But the marriage ended in tragedy. Caroline was suddenly taken ill and died the next day. A little later, Mads, too, died as quickly and mysteriously. There were rumors of poisoning but no investigation was made.

Belle collected Sorenson's insurance, but it didn't last long. A few months later, her house burned. With the $5,000 insurance accruing from this project, Belle moved back to Chicago and bought a confectionery store. By some strange coincidence, the store was also destroyed by fire, and Belle again collected. It was then that she bought the La Porte farm and went into the wholesale murder business.

Despite all this evidence, Lamphere was not cleared. Why, police wondered, unless he were implicated, had he not exposed Belle's many crimes when first he was arrested? Certainly he knew of them. And he might well have been an accomplice in some of the murders performed by the husky Belle.

One theory had it that the bodies had been hacked by a saw, and that this sort of work was more in the line of a carpenter, like Lamphere, than of a hog-killer like Belle. Still, no solid evidence was discovered to support this theory, so if Roy Lamphere were to go to trial at all, it must be for the murder of Belle and her children.

About this time a La Porte dentist named Ira P. Norton offered to help in identifying the headless body. He had worked on Belle's teeth, and if her bridgework could be located in the ruins he would be able to identify it. Another search uncovered a set of teeth deep in the charred earth. Dr. Norton announced that indisputably they belonged to Belle.

But even with this testimony, the case against Lamphere had been so weakened that when he was brought to trial for the murder of Belle and her children, he was acquitted. He was convicted, however, on the arson charge, and sent to prison, where he died a year later. Just what secrets died with him will never be known. But it seems likely that he could have answered some of the many questions in the Gunness case which remain unsolved to this day.

In his only statement regarding Belle's activities, he claimed that, in all, Belle had lured 42 men to her house, and none had escaped. Some dismembered victims had probably been sunk in a swamp which bordered her land, for the robust Belle would have had little trouble carrying a dead man several miles. Perhaps other bodies had been disposed of in the huge hog-boiling vat in the cellar.

The problem of just how Belle performed her murders was a ques-

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tion long discussed. Some people claimed she had first chloroformed her victims, then broken their skulls with a meat cleaver. Others said she killed them while they were asleep. And, because the remnants of books on hypnotism were found in the ruins, still other people maintained that Belle put her victims into a hypnotic trance before bashing in their heads.

The question most hotly debated, however, was what had actually taken place at the Gunness farmhouse the night it burned. Despite the dentist's testimony, many people indorsed the belief that Roy Lamphere repeated time and again until he died—that Belle was still alive, but in hiding. Yet, as the years went by and no trace of Belle was ever uncovered, this theory lost in popularity.

Whether Belle died, or went into hiding, the efficient machinery which she had set up to lure victims to her farm went on operating long after she vanished. A year after her farmhouse burned, La Porte police opened a letter addressed to Mrs. Belle Gunness, signed by a Wisconsin farmer. He was very interested in the enclosed clipping, he wrote, and would come to La Porte immediately.

The clipping, which Belle had inserted in a matrimonial column shortly before the fire, read:

"*Personal:* Comely widow who owns large farm in Indiana desires to make acquaintance of a gentleman, unusually well provided, with view of joining fortunes. No replies by letter considered unless sender is willing to follow with a personal visit."

Signs of the Times

Sign in a tiny drive-in restaurant near Detroit: "Seats 1000—8 at a time." —Don Stanford

In a Western city there is a sign which reads:
"167 Persons Died Here Last Year
From Gas—
11 Inhaled It
9 Put a Lighted Match To It
147 Stepped On It."
—John Newton Baker

Announcement in the weekly bulletin of a church in Andover, Connecticut: "Children's Day will be observed next Sunday. Any parents wishing to have children at this time must see the minister not later than Friday."
—Carl A. Hansen

A Hollywood doctor has named his new home "Bedside Manor."
—*Tales of Hoffman*

On a display of California peaches: "Don't pinch me until I am yours."
—George G. Florio

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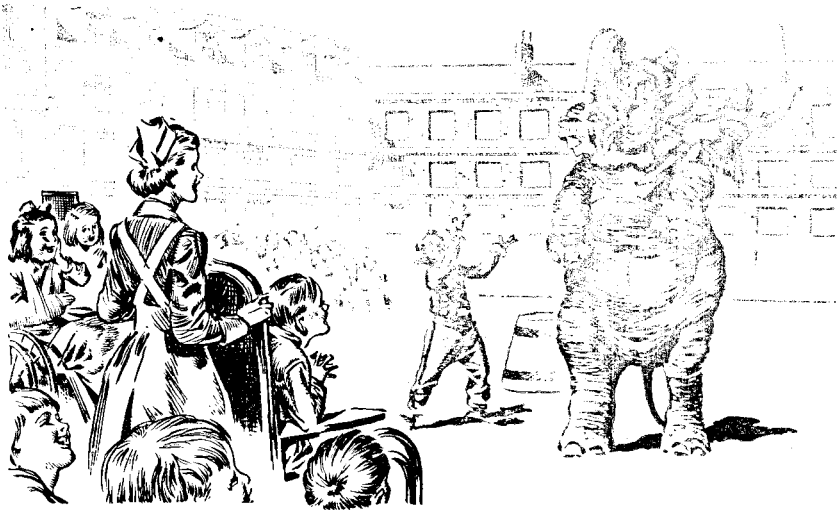
by HENRY LEE



Bellevue: Hospital With a Heart

Beneath its tumult beats the pulse of a great city where success and failure, life and death, move side by side in an endless parade; for more than 200 years it's been a haven for New York's sick and poor

THE YOUNG DOCTOR was one of dozens of internes in the biggest general hospital in the world, taking his turn at riding the ambulance.

Because he had a weak heart, the routine of New York City's Bellevue was hard on him, but he nevertheless did his job and a little more. Day and night he drove himself to perfect a radical new technique which some day would save hundreds of thousands of lives.

Finally behind locked doors in Bellevue, Dr. Edward Lindeman, still in his early 30s, demonstrated his success to his superiors. It was one of the milestones of 20th-century medicine. Then Dr. Lindeman was invited to address the congress of the American Medical Association. There he described a particular method for overcoming clotting during blood transfusion.

Applause still ringing in his ears, Dr. Lindeman left the convention hall in Atlantic City. He went for a swim and his heart failed him. A

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few hours after reaching the pinnacle of success, he was drowned.

The Lindeman story is like something straight out of the bittersweet pages of O. Henry, and as such it is symbolic of Bellevue, where life and death, success and tragedy, are always intermixed.

For more than 200 years, Bellevue has served the city's sick and poor in every crisis—the typhus epidemics of the 1800s which almost emptied the city, the influenza scourge of 1918, malnutrition ailments of the Depression and the recent smallpox scare when 60 doctors and nurses vaccinated almost 19,000 persons in a day.

"Bellevue has known plague, pestilence, fire, lawsuits," says Dr. William F. Jacobs, big Iowan who has been medical superintendent for 17 years. "As a public institution, it has been investigated, scandalized, pilloried and praised. Yet it has risen above all these things until today its name no longer conjures up visions of horror and death. People who swore at Bellevue now swear by it!"

In its 18 brick buildings packed into 15 city blocks along Manhattan's East River, dramas of forgotten celebrities and of the poor who never had a chance are commonplace. Stephen Foster died there unrecognized; thousands of unknowns have gone from there to Potter's Field.

Five times a day, babies are born in the three delivery rooms; eight times daily, someone dies. Bed patients arrive at the rate of more than seven an hour, and in the clinics about 1,700 are treated each day. This is a city hospital which *has* to take you if you're injured, mentally disturbed, or sick and penniless.

In the emergency division, doctors make more than 120 split-second decisions every 24 hours to save those injured in the freak perils of metropolitan life. Not long ago a steel rod falling from a fire escape pierced the skull of a pedestrian, and surgeons kept him ten hours on the operating table. Every 40 minutes the ambulances race from their East River garages, north to 47th Street, west to Fifth Avenue, south to East Houston Street.

But always, beneath the tumult, you sense the warm drama of people struggling endlessly against pain and heartache. When most of the populace fled the pestilences of the last century, Bellevue doctors and nurses stuck to their posts, and many died. In World War II, a Bellevue nurse perished at Anzio beachhead. And the hospital remembers a gray-haired little man who wrote a surprise ending into his own life, retrieving happiness out of sorrow.

Among the 4,000 doctors, nurses and employees, the little man was lost in a drab job: he ran an operating-room elevator in the 3,325-bed hospital. But for the frightened patients on stretchers, he always had a reassuring smile. Children drowsed off under the anesthesia, remembering his promise of a toy if they were brave.

And he always kept his word to them. On his $45-a-month wage, he bought trinkets and slipped through the wards on his off-time, giving the toys away. He knew when to talk and laugh, when to be silent.

For nine years, he cheered the sick and then, at 68, he died of a

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heart attack in another hospital. Finally the story of his life came out.

The little man had once been a noted doctor himself, and had taught in a famous medical college. At the height of his career, his mother died and, left without a family, his touch disappeared. Yet he still wanted to help the sick.

Under pledge of secrecy, he confided in Dr. Jacobs, who gave him the first job available at Bellevue. Several times later, the superintendent suggested promotion, but the little man declined. On the elevator, he felt, he was serving where he was most needed.

Of Bellevue's 1,000 doctors, none recognized him under his assumed name, and Dr. Jacobs kept the secret. But when he died, the body was brought back to the City Mortuary Chapel at his beloved Bellevue. And the little man who had labored humbly but well was given a physician's funeral.

IN THE MILES OF WARDS, where the never-resolved struggle between life and death goes on, human nature seems refined to fundamental good and bad. You see a white-whiskered hobo joshing a frightened teen-ager, sick and away from home for the first time. In the rehabilitation section, a redhaired boy with one leg drags himself pluckily on crutches. And in the maternity ward, you hear many languages as women try to comfort a young mother who has lost her first-born.

Yet there is meanness present, too. Once, a "starving" miser got into the free ward till the hospital discovered he had bankbooks showing deposits of $30,000. And often, in the prison ward, a wounded murderer tosses and curses under police guard while his victim lies in the big morgue below.

In this morgue, five schools of embalming preserve the unknown dead, in case they are ever identified and reclaimed from paupers' graves. Dr. Thomas A. Gonzales, New York's famed Medical Examiner, works here, and some 16,000 autopsies are performed yearly on the victims of violent and suspect deaths.

From the morgue, you go to the hush of Chapel Hall; there a synagogue, a Catholic church and a Protestant chapel stand side by side, and eleven chaplains comfort the sick. Usually at the 12:15 A.M. Mass on Sundays, Mayor William O'Dwyer attends with the doctors and nurses on night duty.

When Francis Cardinal Spellman dedicated the Catholic chapel, he spoke with emotion. "These three chapels," he said, "typify America as we love it, America as we wish to keep it; that America which seeks not to participate in disunion but which seeks to find all that we have in common."

Bellevue's heart is as big as its physical capacity. On visiting days, the population swells to 13,000, yet the individual isn't forgotten. Recently, an aged man was found exhausted on the street. Upon reviving in a ward, he regaled the nurses with yarns of the Civil War. Finally he disclosed it was his 100th birthday.

The nurses rather doubted this, but in token of his courage they arranged a party, complete with cake and candles. The rest of the ward joined in, and then Dr. Jacobs arrived. The old man out-

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did himself in hair-raising reminiscences, and for an hour the ward forgot that it was sick.

For its children, Bellevue strives to hide the pain with laughter. Over the years, Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Uncle Don, various rodeos and the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo have played there to wildly applauding audiences. For almost half a century, Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey has put on a yearly circus in the courtyard, and for 28 years Jerry Vogel, music publisher, has been on hand with volunteers to distribute popcorn and toys.

To the performers, the Bellevue morning show is second only to opening day in Madison Square Garden. Once, Lucio, of the famous Cristiani bareback-riding family, missed his backflip from one horse to another. He tried a second time, and missed again. He looked at the awestruck children, some with bandages around their heads, some in wheel chairs, others lying on their stomachs on stretchers. He pulled himself up, tried the third time, and made it. The applause was deafening.

One circus performance was witnessed by a three-year-old boy of the orthopedic ward, who had to lie on his stomach because of curvature of the knee. When the procession started, he clutched Nurse Helena Rusakas and yelled "Horsie!" In ten months at the hospital, it was his first spoken word.

AT BELLEVUE, CITY patients are treated by more than 700 of the finest doctors in New York, screened through three university schools of medicine. Their services include more than 100 free calls and operations daily—care that would cost private patients from $500 to $5,000.

With such medical talent at its command, Dr. Jacobs says in a forthcoming book about the hospital, Bellevue has many *firsts* in its history. Typhoid treatments were revolutionized there, cures for anthrax and erysipelas promoted.

Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, who with Dr. Walter Reed solved the mystery of yellow-fever transmission, was a Bellevue man. So was Dr. William C. Gorgas, who eradicated the scourge from Panama and Cuba.

Here are other "firsts" listed by Dr. Jacobs: the first pathological and bacteriological laboratories in the U.S. were at Bellevue, and the first ambulance service in the world was introduced there. Bellevue was first to develop a blood-pressure appliance, first in America to give insulin for dementia praecox, first to organize a Catastrophe Unit. This medical equivalent of ten ambulances never faced enemy action, but it has responded to a dozen home-front disasters.

"When the *Normandie* burned, we were there," says one of the Unit's doctors. "When a plane smashed into the Empire State Building, we were on hand, and we were waiting at the pier when an ocean liner arrived with storm-injured passengers on the decks."

Bellevue has its own post office and police force—and city firemen stand 24-hour watch. Doctors and nurses from all over the world ask almost daily to be shown through the wards. The hospital even has its own courtroom, complete with bench and gavel. Twice weekly,

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Special Term, Part II, of the State Supreme Court meets there. Mostly the court commits mental patients to state institutions, sometimes 150 of them at a sitting. Once, the afflicted had to be taken in straitjackets to a regular courtroom, but for 13 years Bellevue has handled their arraignments in this kindlier, more efficient manner.

Another Bellevue innovation is P.S. 401, "the school without a schoolhouse," where a sick child can enter kindergarten and progress through high school without leaving the grounds. A 14-year-old girl who spent three years in a ward with a bone deficiency, was valedictorian of her class of four elementary graduates, all girls.

"I came here weak, anemic and unhappy," she said. "But I'm going out full of hope, ready to carry on in high school, as are the other graduates."

In Bellevue's rehabilitation section, the maimed and crippled learn to walk and live like normal persons. Amputees are taught how to tie a necktie, wash their one hand, manipulate keys and buttons. For the crippled, there is a full-size model of a New York bus, where they learn to clamber aboard, work through the turnstile, descend from the middle door.

Technically, some psychiatric, tuberculosis and veterans' hospitals are larger than Bellevue, but there is no general hospital in the world like it. The city plans to spend $27,000,000 on a new skyscraper addition and in rehabilitating the other buildings. New York University will take over four adjoining blocks for a $15,575,000 medical university. Then the huge medical center will be the world's greatest.

But Bellevue never will lose its O. Henry flavor. One Christmas night in the psychiatric division, 40 girl patients began to riot. In their troubled minds, they were excited by the holiday, and expressed themselves by breaking furniture, attacking nurses and policemen.

When the psychiatric director arrived, he quieted the girls and asked what they wanted.

"Please sir, tell us a Christmas story," said one of the teen-agers.

So the doctor, wise in his science, told the simple, comforting story of the Manger Birth. Christmas peace returned to Ward PQ-2. And the girls went quietly to bed.

Just in Time!

TWO SAILORS HAD BEEN adrift on a raft for days when one, losing all hope of rescue, knelt in prayer.

"Oh, Lord," he moaned, "I've led a worthless life. I've drunk to excess. I've been mean to my wife and I've neglected my children. But if You save me from this, I promise . . ."

"Hold it, Jess," interrupted his companion. "Don't promise anything drastic. I think I see land."

—ADELAIDE S. HOPPE

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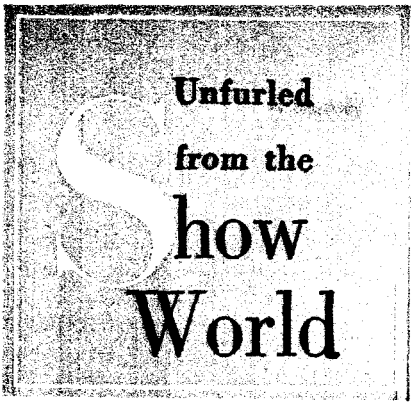

Star Grazing

Men run the world. Why argue with them when a sniffle will do the trick? —Paulette Goddard

Sophie Tucker's tribute to Irving Berlin: "What a wonderful feeling it must be to know while you're still alive that you're immortal!"

—*Daily Variety*

Air Lines

Daddy: "What was all that noise?"

Snooks: "I was playing bridge with little Robespierre."

Daddy: "Playing bridge?"

Snooks: "Yeah. I stretched him between two chairs and walked across him." —*Baby Snooks Show, CBS*

The upper crust is just a bunch of crumbs stuck together with their own dough. —*Fibber McGee and Molly Show, NBC*

When Calvin Coolidge was President his wife had a portrait painted of him as a surprise. When it was finished she had it hung in his study. The President was studying it when a senator entered. Coolidge indicated the portrait and the senator gazed at it too. Neither said a word for 15 minutes. Then Coolidge said: "I think so, too."

—*Can You Top This, NBC*

Sometimes it's hard to figure out. I hardly ever know if my radio's on the bum or if the bum is on the radio. —Howard R. Sparks

Columns Write

One evening at Earl Carroll's, the late John Barrymore walked into the lounge after the show and found himself in the ladies' lounge by accident. An indignant woman came up to him and said, "This is for ladies!"

Barrymore bowed gallantly and replied, "So am I!"

Hedy Lamarr and Ben Hecht had a business appointment with producer Hunt Stromberg. They arrived punctually and rang the doorbell. Stromberg opened the door and ushered them in. After greetings had been exchanged, Stromberg excused himself and said that he'd be down in a minute. He went upstairs, and Hecht and Miss Lamarr waited—for almost an hour.

"I think he forgot about us and just dozed off," Hecht whispered. "Let's try again."

They went outside and rang the doorbell. Stromberg opened the door and greeted them. "Sorry we're a bit late," Hecht apologized. "Oh, it's quite all right," Stromberg assured them. "I'm glad you were able to come." And then, with no mention of their earlier arrival,

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Hecht and Miss Lamarr sat down to talk business with their producer-host. —Leonard Lyons

At a special dinner party given by George and Beatrice Kaufman for Franklin P. Adams, Oscar Levant was one of the guests. F.P.A., the guest of honor, was known for his conversational talents—but he never had a chance.

At the drop of the first verb Oscar Levant took over. After five minutes, F.P.A. got in a sentence, and then it seemed as if it might go nip-and-tuck. But no. Oscar bellowed down opposition and, encouraged by the appearance of the consommé, continued to talk. Through the salad and the entree, Oscar talked. Through the coffee and four cigarettes he still talked.

Finally, the amazed F.P.A. emerged from his silent trance. Nodding toward Oscar, he asked his hostess the classic question: "Tell me, Beatrice, does he read yet?"

—*Tales of Hoffman*

Comic Section

I led a very sheltered life. My Ma wouldn't even let me look at the men's side of the laundry list until I was 24. —Judy Canova

Bert Wheeler met Bert Lahr at Sardi's the other day. Wheeler suddenly remembered something. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I have news for you. It's about Sally Whosis—you remember, her father had that store on Whatsit Avenue. Well, she's getting married to Bob Whatchamacallit — you remember, his father had that shop just across from old man Whosis."

Lahr drolly replied: "Very interesting, Bert, but I heard about it the other day. Only this is the first time I've heard all the details."

—Irving Hoffman in *The Hollywood Reporter*

I once had a girl who walked like a gazelle and had eyes like a fawn, but I had to give her up—her father had antlers. —Alan Young

Cellulines

You can roughly measure the importance of a man in the movie industry by the number of stories told about his ignorance.—Alva Johnston

One of the joys of seeing silent films at revivals comes from the ability to read lips. At a showing of an old motion picture at the Movie Theatre, an actor in a deathbed scene said sadly, by way of bidding farewell to his tearful wife, "I'll die —and no mistake—if they shoot this scene again!"

A man from Fargo, North Dakota, claims to be the world's greatest movie hero. He says that he's sat through all of them. —Josephine McCauley

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Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage or screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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OPPORTUNITIES UNLIMITED

How would you like to be a top-notcher in one of America's leading industrial outfits, with an income of $100,000 a year or so? All you need do is meet the qualifications outlined in these ten Want Ads. There's only one catch—the jobs are already filled, and very well filled indeed by the men whose initials are used to form the Box address at the end of each Ad. The clue to the identity of the executive and to the name of his firm will be found in each Ad. Count one point for each executive you correctly identify and an extra point if you can also give the name of the firm.

A score of ten or more indicates better than average acquaintanceship with America's big business and its leading executives. Incidentally, don't let questions eight and nine baffle you. If you get one, you ought to get the other. Answers on page 104.

1. WANTED: An executive who knows how to—

THINK!

Must be international-minded; experience in manufacture and distribution of computation machines highly desirable. Address Box TJW.

2. ## SUPER COLOSSAL OPPORTUNITY

Top position open to executive trained to think in pictorial terms. Must have flair for diplomatic handling of temperamental employees. Company located in sunny region boasting ideal climate. Apply Box LBM.

3. IS THERE a young man "to the motor born?" This company needs top executive, raised in its own traditions, to keep its famous name rolling. Write to Box HF–2.

4. SOME LUCKY MAN will occupy this important "clean-up position" in solidly established British-American firm. Should be super-salesman with special flair for big time radio advertising. Address Box CL.

5. ## WANTED: SENIOR BIRDMAN

High-flying airline requires executive head with actual flying experience dating back to World War I but who realizes flying is no longer a circus. Popular public figure preferred. Apply to Box EVR.

6. ## YOUNG BLOOD NEEDED

Regardless of age, this man must *have young ideas*—willing and eager to fight for new methods in rail transportation. He must work like a beaver so that on his trains the passenger can sleep like a kitten. Write to Box RRY.

7. CENSOR WITH SENSE required to act as czar for industry very much in public eye and beset with complex public relations problems. Ideal candidate should have background of public service and private business experience. Address Box EJ.

8. ## BIG OPPORTUNITY

In firm specializing in general electrical field. Executive leader of sound judgment and conservative business practices required. One of America's largest corporations. Address Box CEW.

9. BIG OPPORTUNITY in firm specializing in general automotive field. Executive leader of sound judgment and conservative business practices required. One of America's largest corporations. Address Box CEW.

10. ## MAN OF IRON

Is there a fearless fighting executive available to head up a big steel producing corporation? Must be capable of administrating vast business empire. Apply to Box EFF.

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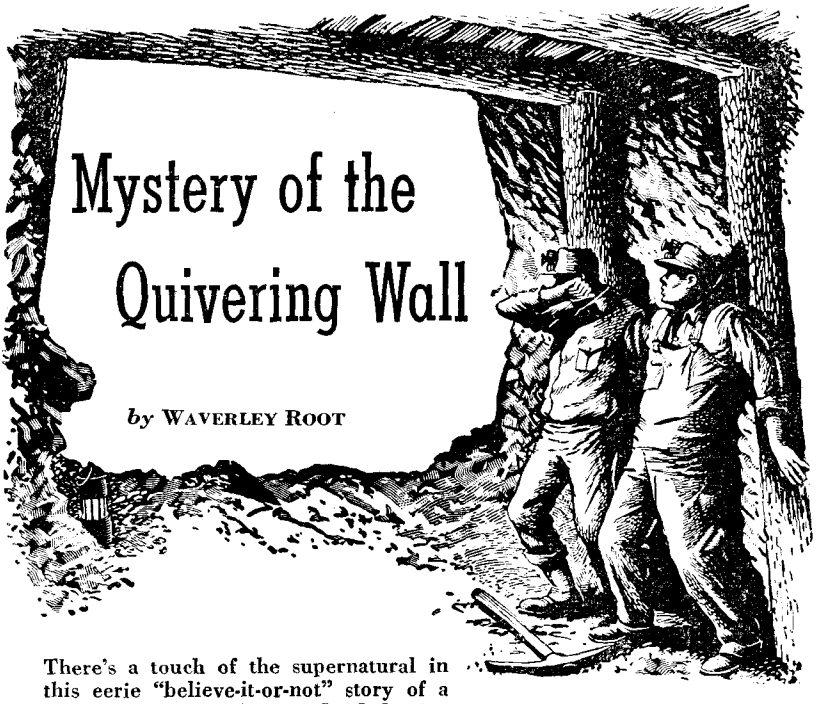

Mystery of the Quivering Wall

by WAVERLEY ROOT

There's a touch of the supernatural in this eerie "believe-it-or-not" story of a miraculous rescue from a flooded mine

"I'VE SEEN PLENTY of mine accidents in my time," said the Welsh foreman. "Firedamp—cave-ins—men mangled by machinery. But I never heard of any like the one I'm going to tell you about now."

"Uh-huh," I said. At the moment I was not interested in accidents. I was interested only in getting out of this mine and back again to what I now thought of as fresh air. When I had stepped into the lift which dropped me 1,000 feet into the earth, the town of Trealaw, Wales, had been a grubby, dirty place, suffocating under coal dust. Now, in retrospect, it seemed like heaven.

The foreman had been told to show me, a visiting reporter, through the underground labyrinth. His idea of entertainment had been to regale me with one story after another of death and disaster in the mine. His tales had begun in the setting of a high-vaulted corridor, its roof and walls faced by white-washed brick, with cheering electric lights gleaming at intervals. But as we progressed, the walls had drawn in and the roof had sunk.

Brick was replaced by timber shorings, then the lights ceased and we continued by the feeble glow of lanterns, and now we were crawling on our bellies through an under-

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ground forest of sectioned tree trunks, supporting the roof of coal three feet above.

Our lamps cast weird wavering shadows as we threaded through the maze of timbers. We were almost to the coal face. I wanted only one thing: to reach it, because then our tour would be finished and I could suggest, without shame, that we get back to the surface and the open sky.

But the foreman clung to his theme of sudden death. "It happened right here in Trealaw," he said, "not many rods from where we are at this minute. I was a young fellow at the time, not in the pits yet. But everyone in these parts knows the story. And I've met men who were in the rescue party. . . . Remember the old shaft I pointed out on the way up here?"

"The one that's boarded up?"

"That's it," the foreman resumed. "It's full of water—been full ever since I can remember. When I was a lad, the shaft was covered, but there were chinks between the planks and I would drop stones through and listen to them kerplunk into the water, hundreds of feet below.

"But that wasn't where the accident happened. It was in the next pit, where two men were cutting along a seam which had been worked from the other end of the old mine. You get the picture? On one side is the old mine, filled with hundreds of tons of water, and reaching out from it towards the new mine, like a long finger, is the coal seam, filled with water too.

"And from this other side, the men are cutting through that seam, getting nearer and nearer to its water-filled end. Suppose the two men should miscalculate? Suppose they cut too far? . . ."

Suddenly the foreman halted. "Look at that!" he said, thumping his fist against one of the tree trunks. It was bent almost double under tremendous pressure.

"Roof's settling," he observed calmly. "Wasn't broken yesterday."

I swallowed hard to relieve the pressure of the heavy, lifeless air on my eardrums.

"Well, sir," the foreman continued, "that's just what they did. They miscalculated and cut too far. They thought the rock was still thick enough for safety. But they were right up against the old mine and didn't know it.

"Evan Williams and John Davis were both veteran miners. But luck wasn't with them. John swung his pick and Evan heard a hollow sound as it hit. He wheeled around and grabbed John's arm, but John had swung again. His pick struck the wall and went clear through. It hung there in the wall, and a few drops of water oozed out.

"Neither John nor Evan needed any more warning than that. They started to get out in a hurry, crawling on hands and knees and weaving their way through the props. Evan looked back and saw the pick suddenly flung clear of the hole; then a thick spout of water, spurting straight outward from the tremendous pressure behind it, burst through the opening and poured into the passage.

"They scrambled madly, pinched between floor and roof, but the water rose too fast for them. It crept up their sides and over their backs. They had to hold their heads

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high to keep them above water. There were only inches between them and the roof when they came to an old passage which turned off sharp to the right.

"Neither Evan nor John knew where the passage led, but it was their only chance. The roof rose, and their hopes rose with it. But not for long. Behind them they heard a roar and felt their eardrums strain under concussion.

"Evan looked back and saw the stream of water on the floor leap toward the roof. Then a wall of water, solid from roof to floor, lunged at him. He sprang forward —and crashed into John Davis, stopped short against a wall of coal. They had come to a dead end."

THE FOREMAN PAUSED for a moment. In the silence, I heard strange sounds above my head, like wax paper crackling.

"What's that?" I cried.

"Oh, that?" he said. "You always hear it when the machinery shuts down. Just the ground settling. The mountain's never still."

I thought of the broken tree trunk and swallowed again. The foreman resumed his story.

"Well, then, there was Evan, pressing against the wall of coal as though he could push his way into it. He shut his eyes and waited for death, waited to be drowned, praying that it would come quickly. But nothing happened. Blood was pounding in his temples, his eardrums hurt and it was hard to swallow. But still the water held off, and at last he opened his eyes, slowly and fearfully.

"In the dim lamp glow, he saw John Davis staring queerly at a green wall that had reared itself, quivering like jelly, from floor to roof. It was a wall of water, filling the way they had come and sealing them deep in the mountain, half a mile from the shaft. Evan stood openmouthed, staring.

" 'What's happened?' he finally managed to ask.

" 'Whole wall must have given way,' said John.

" 'I don't mean that,' said Evan. 'What stopped the water? What's holding it back?'

" 'I don't know,' John muttered. 'It's a miracle.'

" 'If it's a miracle,' said Evan grimly, 'we'll need another blooming miracle to get us out of here.'

"That seemed right enough. A wall of water behind them, a wall of water in front, and hundreds of feet of earth overhead. It looked as if their escape was only temporary. They were still alive—but they were already in their graves.

"Queer that Evan and John didn't realize what had happened, but of course men don't think normally in circumstances like that. The bursting of the wall, which had

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Waverley Root, author, journalist and radio commentator, is a specialist on international affairs as a result of his 13 years in Europe as a foreign correspondent. He was recently decorated by the French government for his work in interpreting France to the American public. In 1946, Root gave up his newspaper and radio work to devote all his time to writing books and magazine articles. His two-volume *Secret History of the War*, published in 1944, was followed in 1946 by *Casablanca to Katyn*. This thought-provoking article is based on an incident he encountered while covering a routine assignment in a Welsh coal mine.

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caused the water to fill the passage, sealed the air inside. Instead of being squeezed out into the shaft and escaping, as it would have been if the water had flowed in gradually, the air was compressed in front of the water until its own pressure balanced that of the liquid. So there they were, caught like insects in a bubble of air, with no way of ever getting out."

The foreman stopped to regard me with a quizzical grin.

"Suppose you were in charge of a rescue party," he said. "What would you do?"

"Pump out the water?" I said.

"No, my lad!" the foreman said scornfully. "The moment the level dropped below the roof of their passage, the air would have rushed out and the water would have poured in . . . Any other guesses?"

I had none, so he went on.

"It's strange what men will do in such a fix. Evan stared at the wall of water, fascinated, and then thrust his arm into it. John screamed, 'Don't!' He figured Evan was going to puncture whatever it was that was holding the water back, letting it rush in on them.

"But nothing happened. Only a few drops fell from Evan's arm as he withdrew it. On the floor a thin wet line was drawn, where the water had advanced as Evan's arm was thrust into it and receded when he took it out.

"Still puzzled, the men did one sensible thing. They put out one lantern, partly to economize on air, partly to have light longer. And after a while, in spite of their terrible situation, they fell asleep.

"Evan drifted into a nightmare. But soon he woke in a cold sweat. His head ached, his ears hurt, his knees were sore from the scraping of his flight from death. The lamp was still on, the green wall still rose above him.

"He knew what had waked him. A strange noise—pok, pok, pok, pok. A rescue party was cutting towards them!

"Evan shook John awake. They tapped on the wall and waited for the answer. Pok, pok, pok! it came back. They had been heard. There was nothing to do now except tap the wall again and again to give the right direction.

"The blows grew louder. Then the coal cracked, a pick point pierced the wall and they heard a sharp hissing sound.

" 'Look out!' John cried. 'The water's moving!'

"In a flash, Evan jumped to the wall and jammed his cap into the hole, shouting, 'Stop! Stop! Don't hit it again!'

"Behind him the wall of water, a few inches nearer, gave a long, slow shiver. His mouth close to the stopped-up hole, Evan shouted again to the men on the other side.

" 'It's no good,' he yelled. 'You can't help us. Get out yourselves before the water breaks through and traps you too!'

" 'Wait a minute!' a veiled shout came back. 'We've got a plan.'

"Then began the most agonizing wait of all. Having a little hope was in a way worse than having none at all. Yet John and Evan clung unreasonably to the promised plan. What it was they couldn't imagine."

The foreman paused again. "Can you?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"They waited there," the fore-

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man continued, "with nothing to occupy their minds except keeping the hole stopped up. Yet still it was leaking a little.

"The two men watched the water edge closer and closer. There was little room left when they heard the rescue party return to the other side of the wall.

"The plan itself was simple enough, but bringing it off was a bit of a job. The rescuers built an airtight cabin against the wall, put a pump in it and compressed the air until they judged the pressure was about the same on both sides of the coal. Then they knocked the wall down and Evan and John stepped groggily through into the airtight cabin.

"But now there were more than two lives at stake and the problem was to get everyone out of the new and larger prison. Chunks of coal were heaved into the hole and cemented in place. Then canvas went over that and more cement. Then more stone, more cement and finally wooden shoring.

" 'Hope it'll hold,' the boss said as they began pulling the chinking out of the cabin walls. 'But if she gives way, I'll kick the door down and it's every man for himself.'

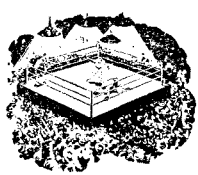
"But she didn't give way. The wall held, and every man of them got up to the surface."

As the foreman finished telling his strange story, our lift rose into the air, stopped, and we stepped out. I blinked in the sunlight and took a deep breath of air. An hour later I left Trealaw, never to return.

Some of my friends refuse to believe the foreman's story. They claim that air compressed sufficiently to hold back a mineful of water would have crushed the two men. I don't know.

But I do know that the foreman, a man wise in mine lore, believed it. The miners of Wales believe it too. As for yourself, you may believe it or not, as you choose.

No Time Like the Present



A FOURTH-RATE prize fighter, after a few rounds, was thoroughly beaten and ready to give up. But his eager manager, standing at the ringside, urged him on. "Get back in there!" he ordered. "You got him goin'. You're winnin'!"

Encouraged by this assurance, the bruiser went back in. At the end of the seventh round he emerged, blood-drenched and wobbly. He approached his manager and asked huskily, "I ain't winning now, am I, Jack?"

Again reassured, he went back for another round, only to have his opponent catapult him halfway out of the ring. With a groggy glance out of one half-closed eye, he mumbled, "Am I still winning?"

"Sure," said the manager.

"Then," declared the pug, crawling out of the ring, "I quit winner!"

—JOHN GOLDEN

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THE RAILROAD THAT RUNS ON FAITH

The vital little Rutland line is still serving the state of Vermont, thanks to the vision of its executives and workers

by HAL BURTON

THE STERN, white-haired Federal judge peered at the 12 grim businessmen in the jury box, and then let his glance rove across the overalled workmen jamming every bench in the courtroom at Rutland, Vermont.

"Take the witness stand!" he snapped. An official of the Rutland Railroad stepped from the jury box. The Rutland, a 407-mile transportation system vital to the farms and industries of frugal Vermont, had been overtaken by financial disaster. Judge Howe was confronted with the problem of saving something for his native state from the wreckage of receivership.

"Are you married?" he brusquely asked the red-faced official. "Do you rent your home? If so, how much rent do you pay? Do you have a car? Do you need it in your work? Are you putting any children through college? What does the railroad pay you?"

The Judge listened intently to the answers. So did the audience of workingmen, who were sitting in shirt-sleeved judgment on one of their own bosses. Finally the gavel dropped with a bang.

"Up to now, your salary has been $7,500," the Judge said briskly. "But from now on, it will be $5,000. Let's have the next witness . . . ."

As a murmur of astonishment rippled through the courtroom, one official after another took the stand, revealed the most intimate details of his personal finances, and silently accepted a staggering salary cut. Now it was the audience's turn.

"This railroad is broke," announced the Judge, staring at the elderly engineers, dungareed firemen, blue-uniformed conductors and brakemen who made up his audience. "What do you fellows want to do about it?"

Tanned faces, craggy as the Green Mountains of Vermont, turned impassively toward him, but not a single man spoke. In a gesture of finality the Judge slammed his hand on the desk and rose abruptly to his feet.

"I'm going to cut your pay 15 per cent!" he announced sharply. "Any man who doesn't want to work on those terms can quit right now. I intend to keep the railroad

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running. If you don't want to work, I'll close it down."

There was stunned silence as Judge Howe strode from the bench, and then a roar of conversation.

"Holy mackerel!" gasped a flabbergasted engineer. "He can't do this to us!"

An olive-skinned track walker tapped the engineer's shoulder with a grimy forefinger. "What you gonna do?" he demanded. "Let the railroad fold because you're selfish, or stick with the rest of us and keep it going?"

The engineer glumly considered this challenge. Then a grin spread over his face. "Okay," he said. "I'm with you. We'll keep the durned old railroad running!"

Thanks to a sturdy faith that transcended union rules, the Rutland still is running. Nine years have elapsed since that memorable courtroom scene, and the 1,263 employees have manifested their trust in the future by an outright gift of $900,000 in salary cuts.

This remarkable example of American democracy at work has had a warming effect on the whole state of Vermont. The Legislature "forgave" $119,000 in back taxes. Manufacturers and wholesalers along the main line of the railroad have taken pains to give preference to the Rutland instead of competitive truck lines. And the farmers, to whom the Rutland is a life-giving outlet for dairy products, now talk of it as "our" railroad.

Yes, things are a lot better than they were in the black days of 1938 when, at one point, the railroad had only $15,000 in the bank. William E. Navin, a ruddy-faced man who has spent 44 years with the railroad and is now its operating head, points proudly to a bank balance that generally runs between $400,000 and $600,000 a month.

"It's faith that keeps this railroad running," says Navin.

The employees agree with him. Because they have taken a big stake in the Rutland, they keep close tab on its financial health. The pick-and-shovel worker out on the main line can quote you revenue figures with all the glibness of the railroad's controller.

And in the yards at Rutland, engineer Lester Shippey pats his locomotive and says: "People ask why I work for this railroad when I could be getting more money on some other line. Well, I have always lived in Vermont, have always worked for the Rutland. So I guess I just couldn't feel right working anywhere else.

"After all, if I don't help to keep this railroad running, how could I ask anybody else to do so?"

The Difference Between Men

THE LONGER I LIVE, the more deeply I am convinced that that which makes the important, essential difference between one man and another—between the weak and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. —POWELL BUXTON

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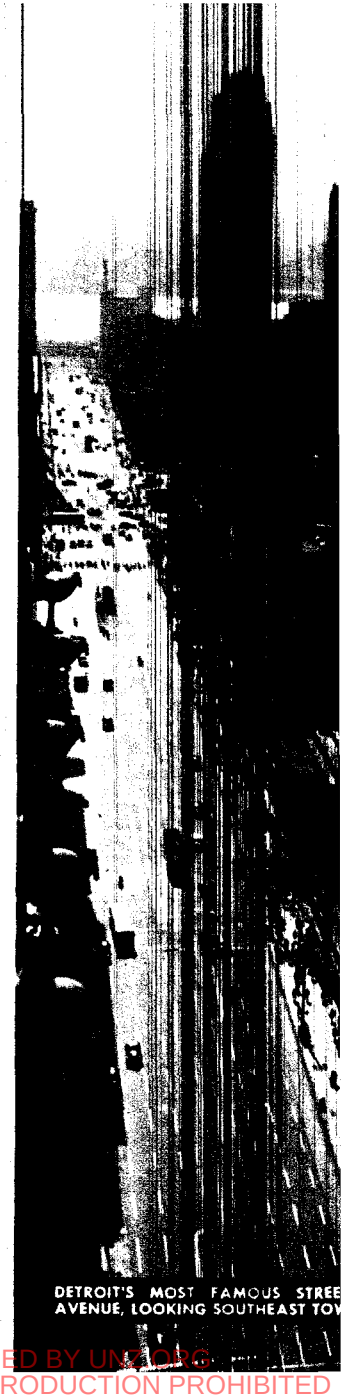
Picture Story

DETROIT

UNIQUE AMONG THE FOUR largest cities in the U.S., Detroit, Michigan, is a throbbing dynamo of a town. Half a century ago it was complacently turning out stoves and drugs, bicycles, shoes and machinery. Then, like a sudden spark of new life, the "horseless carriage" appeared. For Detroit's restless, energetic young men, the challenge was irresistible. Henry Ford, R. E. Olds, the Dodge brothers, Buick, Packard and a dazzling dozen or so other wizards of engineering, finance and mass production went to work. By 1910 an endless cavalcade of gleaming new cars and trucks was already rolling out of the city to drum the name of Detroit into the pulse of the nation. Today seven Detroit companies — General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, Nash, Kaiser-Frazer, Hudson and Packard—produce 96 per cent of all U.S. cars. Now, on these pages, Coronet brings you a close-up portrait of dynamic Detroit—a lean, taut-muscled metropolis with one big idea: to keep 'em rolling.



DETROIT'S MOST FAMOUS STREE
AVENUE, LOOKING SOUTHEAST TOV

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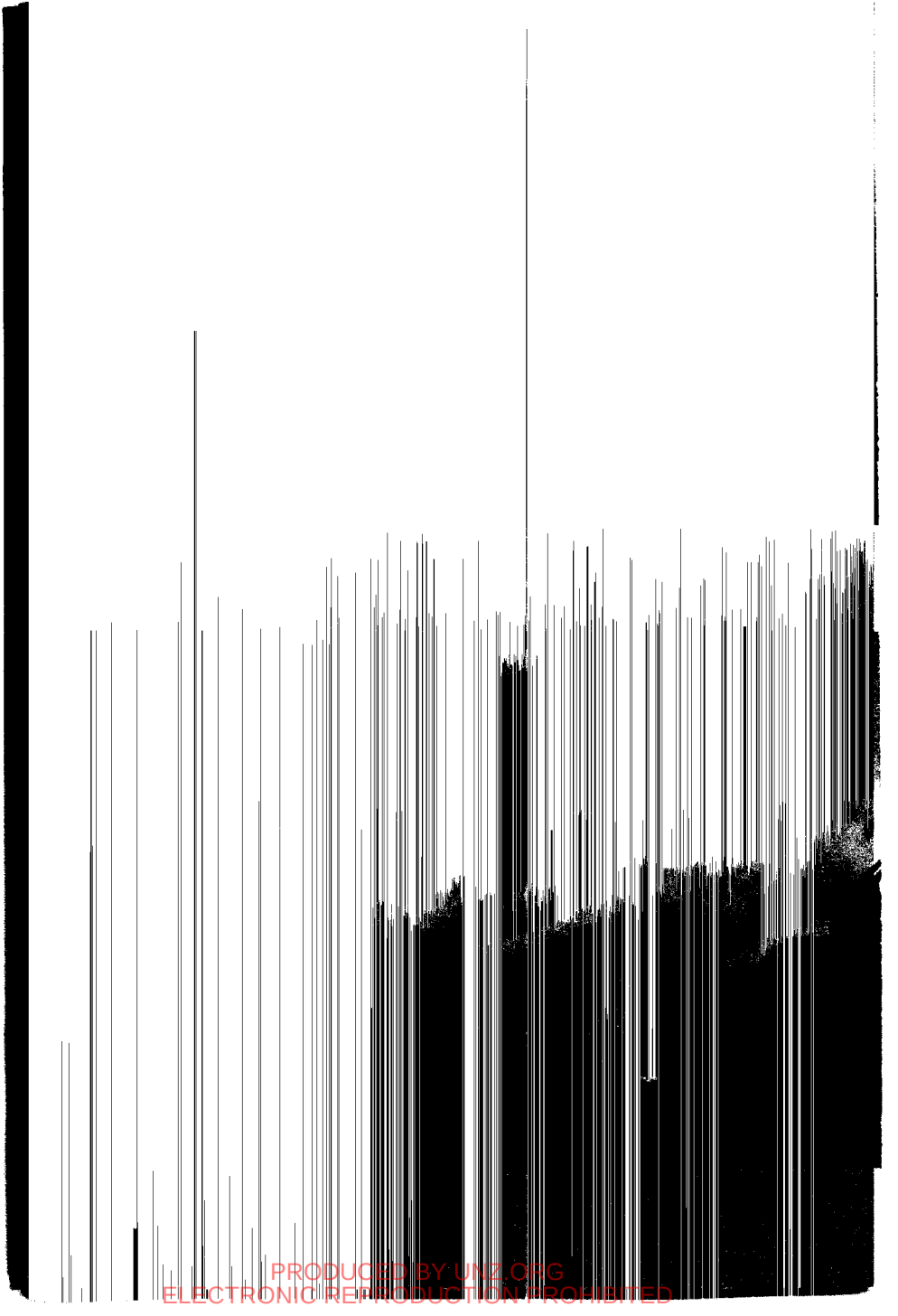

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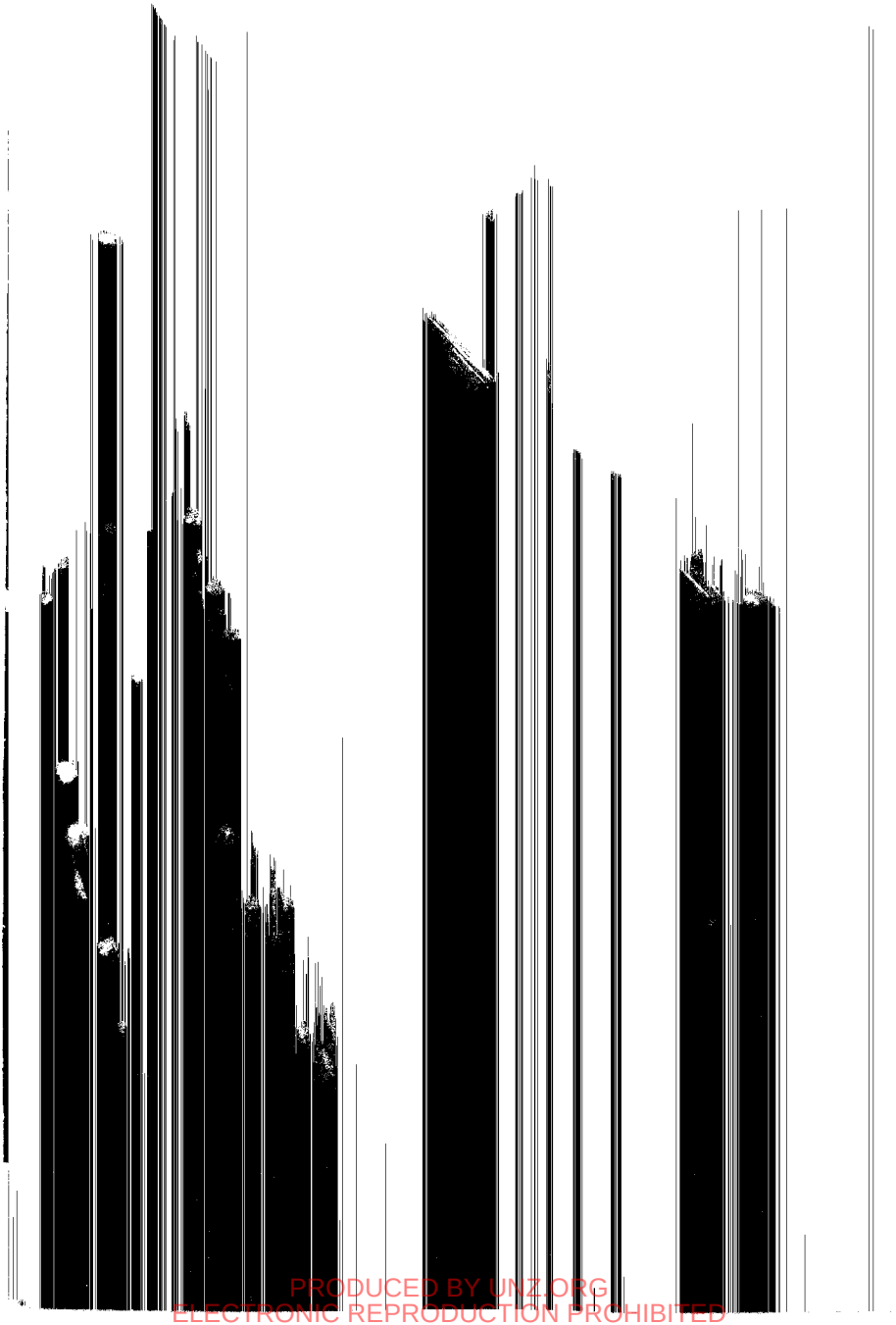

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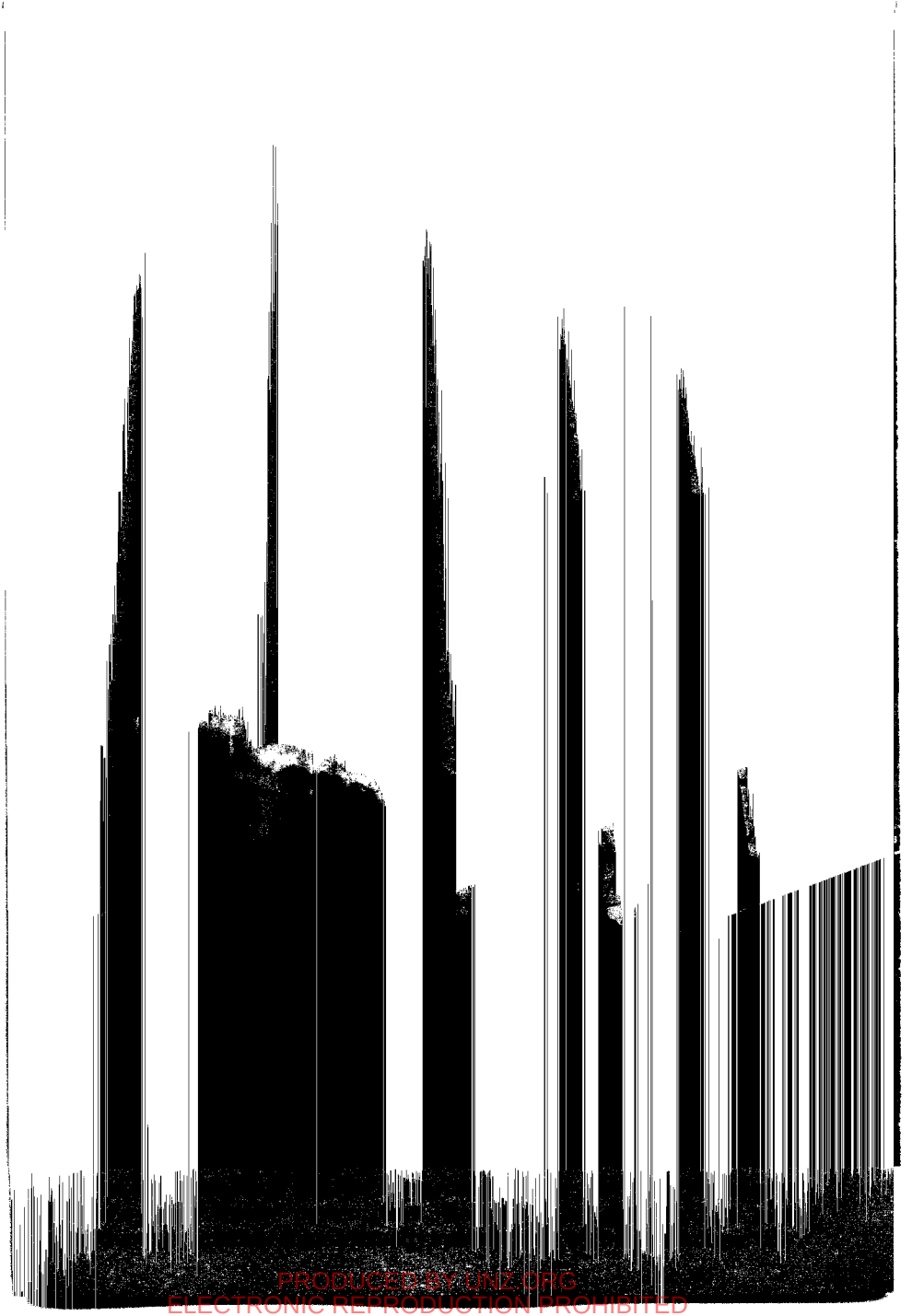

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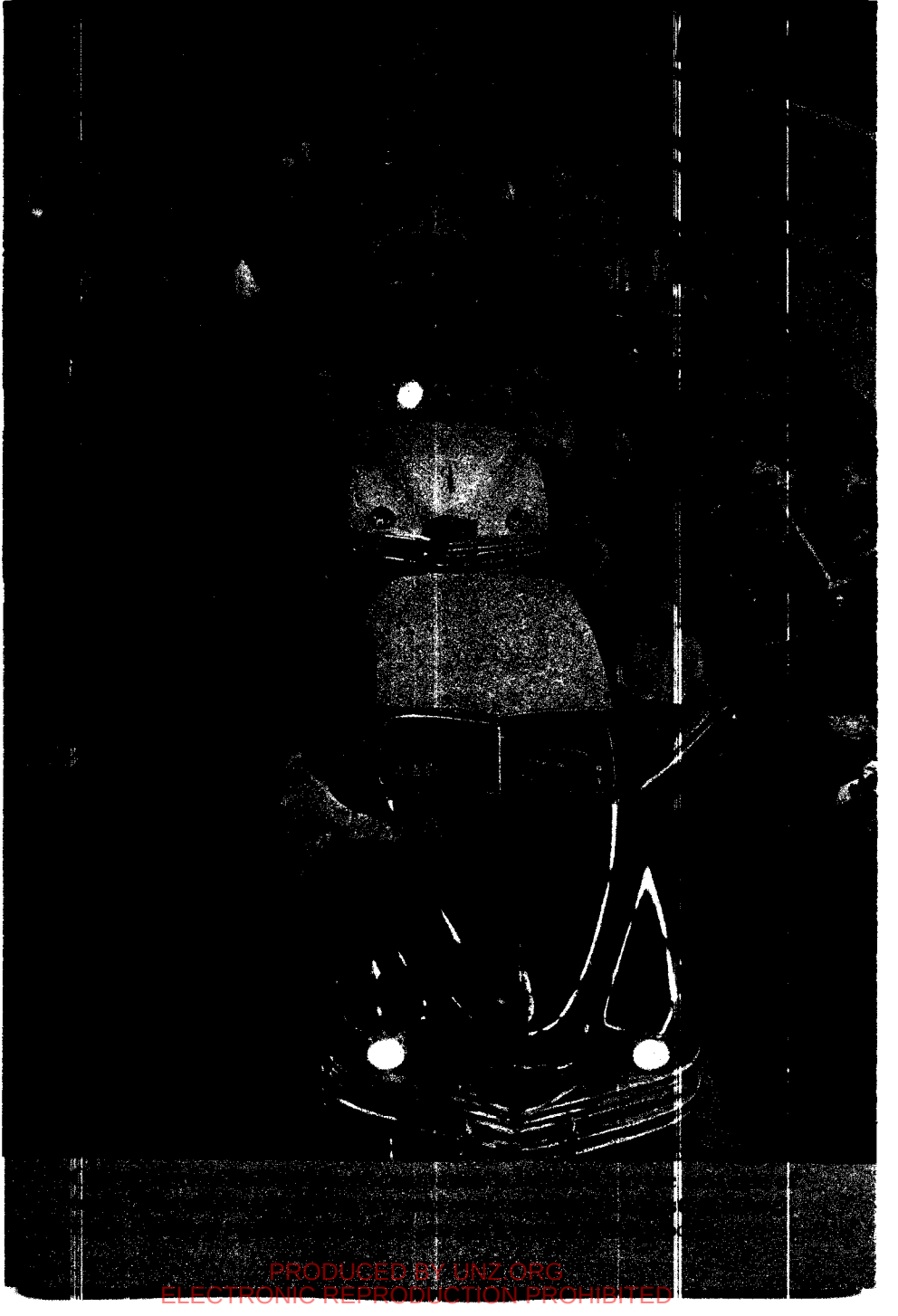

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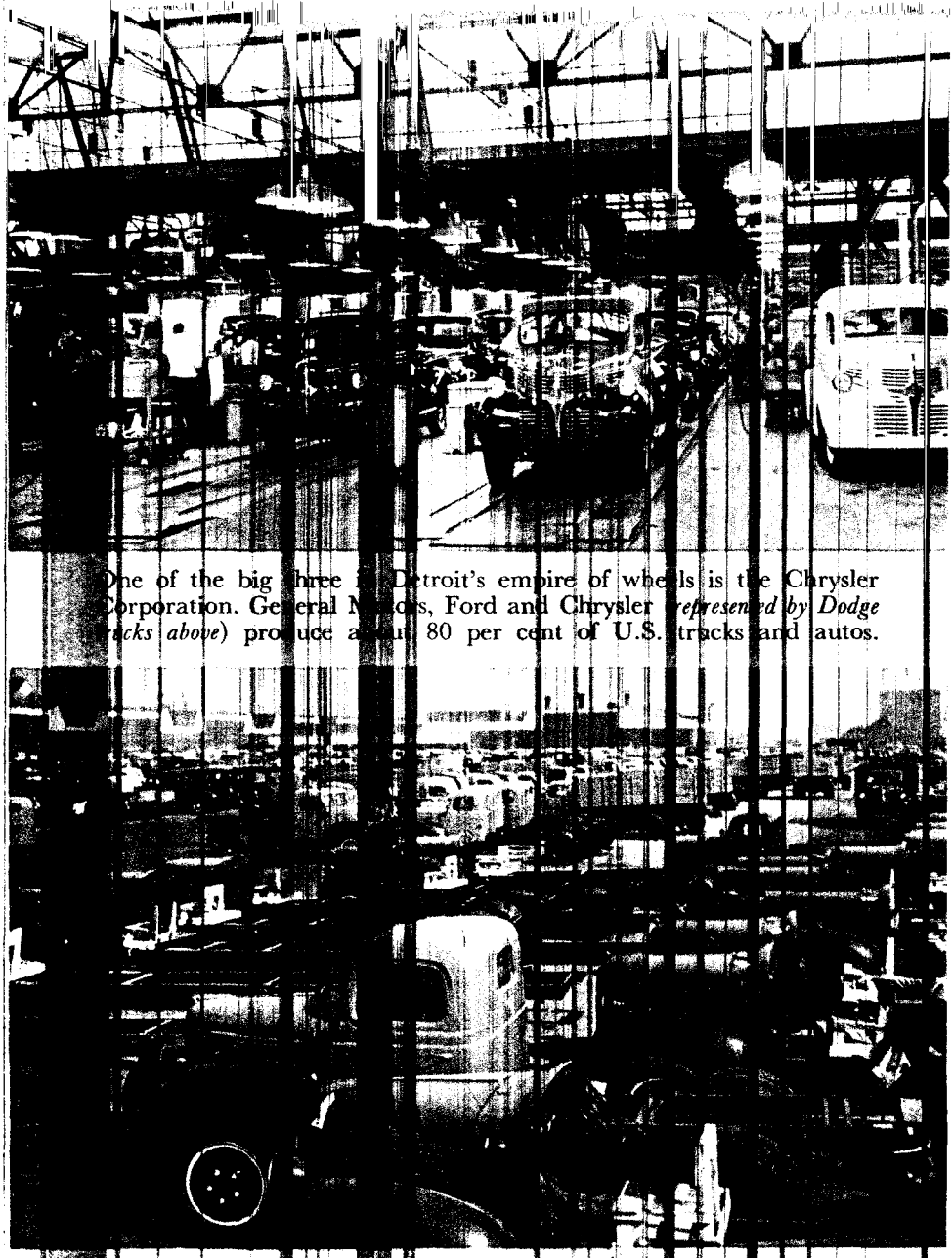

One of the big three in Detroit's empire of wheels is the Chrysler Corporation. General Motors, Ford and Chrysler (*represented by Dodge trucks above*) produce about 80 per cent of U.S. trucks and autos.

Detroit turns out an average of 19,000 cars and trucks daily. Yet no matter how many come rolling off the lines, this power-packed city keeps punching; for America likes its cars new—and the more the merrier.

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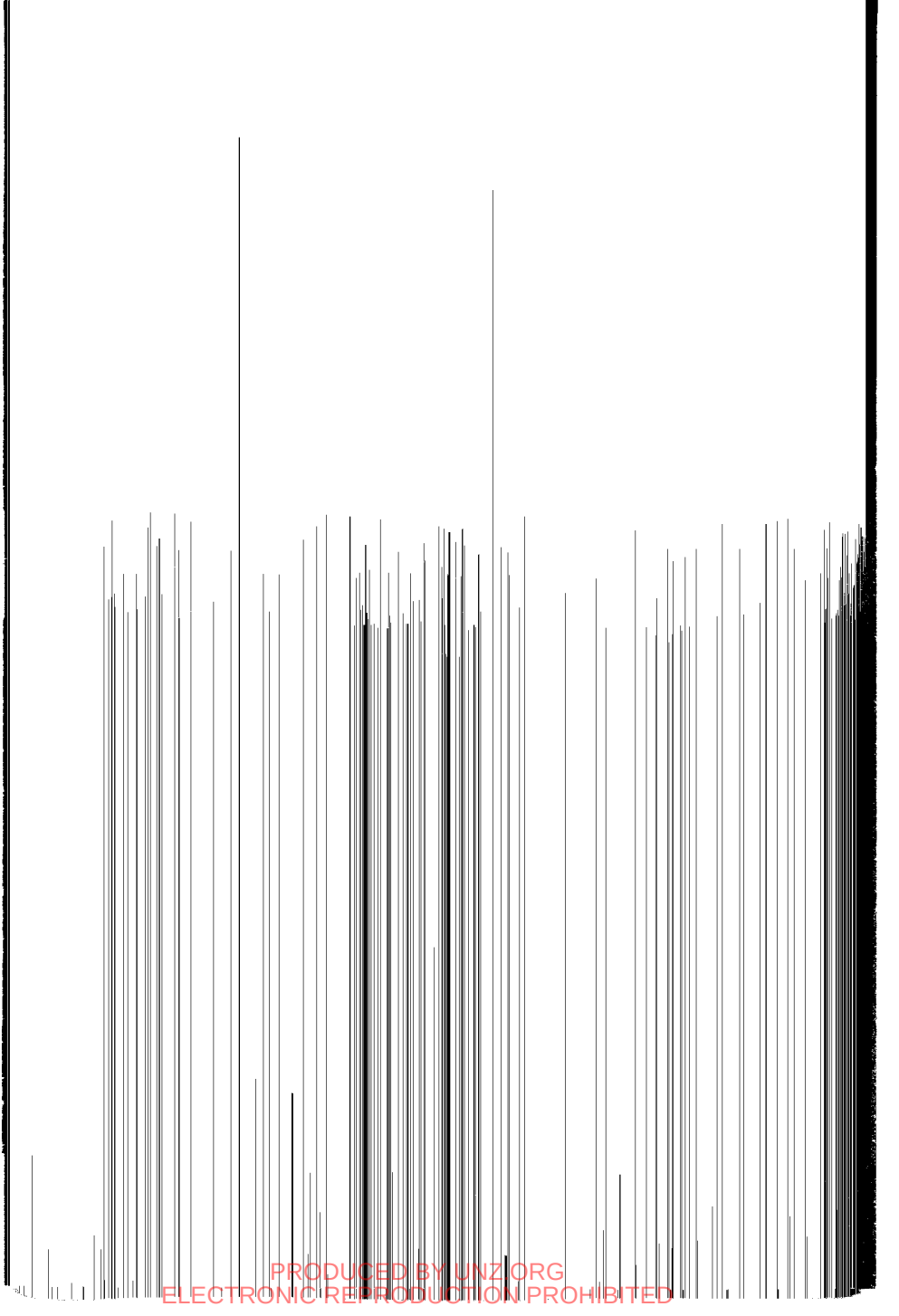

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YOU'RE THE EDITOR

Ever wonder how newspaper editors fit so many ideas into so little space? The secret: make one word do the job of many. Now, play editor yourself. Adjust that eyeshade, light that cigarette. Then grab a blue pencil and shorten these sentences written by a long-winded reporter. Without changing the meaning, substitute *one* word for all the words in heavy type. To make it easy, we're printing next to each sentence the number of letters in each word you should choose. When you've finished, turn to page 104 to see how many of your corrections would be O.K.'d by the editor-in-chief.

1. The doctor **determined from the symptoms that the patient was suffering from** pneumonia. (9)
2. **His occupation was one that kept him at his desk and did not require any physical exercise.** (9)
3. The letter was **seized on its way before arrival at its destination.** (11)
4. The pilot **continually increased the speed of his plane.** (11)
5. **The body of voters who had elected him their representative** was satisfied with his record as a Congressman. (12)
6. There is a number of animals that are **living both on land and in water.** (10)
7. The court acquitted the man **who kept stealing things by neurotic impulses but without economic motive.** (12)
8. Upon its arrival the ship was **restrained from intercourse with the shore as it was suspected of carrying an infectious disease.** (11)
9. The important document was **seemingly put into a readily accessible place but in fact laid aside indefinitely.** (11)
10. The manufacturer exercised an **exclusive control of a commodity in a particular market.** (8)
11. A man who **voluntarily endures great suffering for the sake of a principle** is seldom understood by the many. (6)
12. The playwright was accused of **stealing and passing off as his own someone else's ideas.** (10)
13. He is obviously a man who **feigns to be other and better than he is.** (9)
14. It was ordered that all persons had to be **inoculated with a preparation containing the virus of cowpox.** (10)
15. The law governing all numbers **divisible only by themselves or one** has not been found yet. (6)

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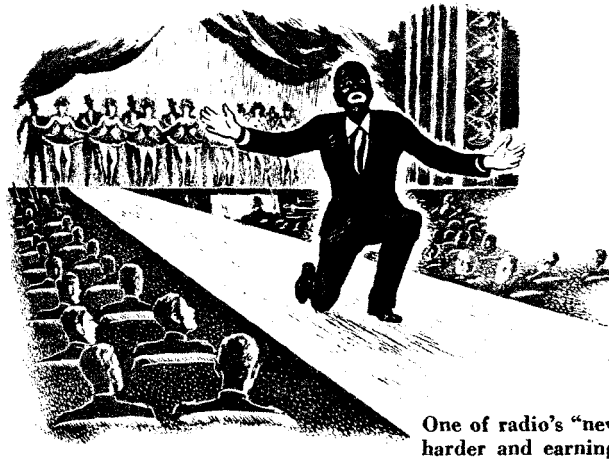
Al Jolson:

America's Minstrel Man



One of radio's "newest" stars is working harder and earning more than ever before in his 50-year career on the stage

by CAMERON SHIPP

WHEN AL JOLSON OPENED up in the Kraft show in the fall of 1946, he set a record for a "new" radio performer—an 18.8 Hooper rating, or almost 20,000,000 listeners. Many of these were under the excitable impression that they had discovered a new vocal star. They weren't old enough to know that Jolson was singing the same songs almost half a century ago.

Today, Jolson is as carefree, as full of vigor and gaiety and unashamed sentiment, as he was that memorable evening in New York's Winter Garden when he dropped on one knee and implored his Mammy. That was 30 years ago, the show was *Sinbad*, and the blackface singer was already world-famous.

Now, in 1948, Jolson is an ebullient miracle of inexhaustible bounce. Old friends wag their eyebrows and admit defeat. Says George Jessel: "Explaining Joley's dynamics would be like trying to capture the power of the ocean by putting it up in bottles."

Jolson's hair is thin, but so is his waistline. Rehearsing a full orchestra and a chorus of 12 voices for eight hours straight, he wears a yellow turtle-neck sweater, bounds all over the stage, often sings one song 20 times to get it right, exhausts Oscar Levant and winds up as raffish and debonair as a 30-year-old *boulevardier*. Then he hur-

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ries out to buy fancy presents for his 25-year-old wife.

Although Jolson is approximately 65, the question of his real age became a national pastime soon after his Kraft show went on the air. Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Fred Allen profess to believe that Jolson is prehistoric.

Al encourages the rumor that he is only 61, but under pressure he admits he doesn't know how old he is. In the village of Srednick, Russia, no birth certificates were issued under Czar Alexander II. The Yoelsen family's vital statistics, engraved on a silver cup, were lost during the family's migration to America when young Asa — later "Al"—was seven years old.

Jolson often pestered his father to tell him his real age. Once, at the height of his fame, he tried to pin the old man down.

"You are 49," Cantor Yoelsen said firmly.

"But how do you know for sure, Papa?"

"It's very simple. Last year you were 48."

While Jolson's precise age can only be estimated, one thing is certain: he is one of the most durable performers ever to star on stage, screen and radio. His life story has already been screened in *The Jolson Story* and a second biographical treatment is coming up at M-G-M. Today Joley has more money, earns more money and works harder than at any time in his life.

Including his great Broadway hits, *La Belle Paree*, *Honeymoon Express*, *Robinson Crusoe, Jr.* and *Sinbad;* his motion pictures, *The Jazz Singer*, *The Singing Fool*, *Say It with Songs* and *Sonny Boy;* the songs he wrote with collaborators, *California Here I Come*, *Avalon*, *Me and My Shadow* and the current *Anniversary Song;* his estimated $3,500,000 share of the profits from *The Jolson Story* and his $7,500 a week from Kraft—lumping all that, Jolson has probably earned upward of $20,000,000 in his 50-year career.

Recently he rejected an offer to appear at the Roxy Theater in New York for $40,000 a week. His recordings of *My Mammy* and *April Showers* sold well over a million copies; a new Jolson-Bing Crosby disc, *The Spaniard That Blighted My Life* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, sold 300,000 in a week. And every juke box has the *Anniversary Song*.

JOLEY LIVES MODESTLY in a small house in Beverly Hills with his fourth wife, the former Miss Erle Galbraith of the Kentucky Galbraiths, but spends most of his time on his three-acre estate with swimming pool at Palm Springs in the desert. There he rises daily at 8 o'clock and reaches for the stock-market reports. Joley, who lost heavily in the 1929 crash, knows his market quotations as thoroughly as he knows the words to *There's A Rainbow Round My Shoulder*, which he wrote.

Jolson is a sun-worshiper and toasts himself until 5 o'clock. Then he goes to a barbershop and orders every possible treatment, including hot towels. After an early dinner the Jolsons usually repair to whatever theater offers a double feature, sit through it with unflagging interest, and retire early.

As a person, Jolson is hardly reserved, yet he does not speak in the raucous tones of his public appear-

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ances. He thinks the world is in bad shape and mourns because all the money spent on war isn't used for sanitation (he is familiar with China) and education (his own formal schooling is almost nonexistent).

As a showman, he is like a race horse bucking at the post, so nervous to get on that he can't contain himself. Recently, when he sang at a Bob Hope testimonial given by The Friars, he wanted a full orchestra, a choir and a special runway from the speaker's table. When these accessories were denied, he had all the flowers removed so he could get closer to the people.

One of his greatest successes was the song *Sonny Boy*. Jolson used to make himself so sad with this ditty that he wept real tears. But the way he wrote it with Buddy De Sylva, Lew Brown and Russ Henderson was extremely businesslike.

In *The Singing Fool*, Jolson rehearsed his big aria in a Los Angeles theater before a crowd of 3,000 movie extras. The song fell flatter than a cold pancake. Jolson rushed from the theater to phone De Sylva in Atlantic City.

"I need a new song!" he cried.

"About what?" De Sylva asked.

"About a boy," said Jolson.

"How old is the boy?"

"About three."

"Where is the boy?"

"He's at my knee."

"Okay," said De Sylva. "We have the first two lines already: 'Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy, though you're only three, Sonny Boy.' Take it from there."

Jolson took it. Later, he made a motion picture and another million under the same title.

The Jolson Story, in which Larry Parks portrays Jolson, with Al dubbing in the singing, is a reasonable but condensed facsimile of Al's biography, though it performs the extraordinary synthesis of rolling four wives into one.

Jolson acquired his Southern accent more honestly than most professionals who yearn for the Swanee River: he learned it from the Negro playmates of his boyhood. But Al, who was in training to become a cantor himself, started running away from home, joining circuses and small-time singing acts.

One of these escapades landed him at St. Mary's, a Catholic school in Baltimore, where he sang soprano with the boys' choir. It is not widely known that the good fathers discovered young Jolson was suffering from tuberculosis. Following the popular treatment of the day, they encouraged him to take long walks and to sing to strengthen his lungs—a contribution to American minstrelsy that the priesthood could hardly have predicted.

His career for a number of years was that of any brash song-and-dance boy trying to get along. The turning point came when he applied blackface make-up for the first time. The darker complexion gave Jolson precisely what he needed: an excuse for unlimbering his unabashed sentimentality and a grand-opera style in exhortation.

There was one more trick. Jolson discovered that he could take the last eight bars of a popular song and make a fighting campaign of them. Sometimes he didn't even sing—he shouted, with flailing arms and stamping feet.

The famous theater runways also helped. Jolson had them built so

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he could work as close to the audience as possible. Through the radio, his runway is extended into the nation's homes on Thursday nights.

The Jolson exuberance and the Jolson tricks didn't work the magic immediately. His first Broadway hit was made the hard way at the Winter Garden in 1911, in *La Belle Paree*. Jolson didn't get on stage until after midnight. His exertions at that late hour only annoyed a laughed-out audience, and Jolson "died." Next day he went to J. J. Shubert and quit. Shubert urged Jolson to try once more and moved his appearance up by two hours. Jolson became a star at once and has been one ever since.

As Al's fame grew, he toured the country, making friends everywhere because he was not only willing to give but insisted on giving, even to the extent of extra shows. In the Apollo Theater in Chicago during Prohibition, Al played in a two-hour show in which he was on stage for an hour and 50 minutes. But when the curtain fell, he would step to the footlights and announce that the audience would be foolish to "tramp through the snow to some speak-easy. Why don't you stay here?" Then Jolson would hop out on his runway and sing for two more hours.

AL WAS MARRIED TO Henrietta Keller in 1906, to Alma Osborne in 1922, to Ruby Keeler in 1928, and to Erle Galbraith in 1946. Undoubtedly, there was only one reason for Al's previous marital woes: his first and last love is show business. Until the advent of Miss Galbraith, who was born 17 years after Jolson's first marriage, Al put his career above everything else.

Jolson first clapped eyes on Erle Galbraith at Hot Springs during the war. She was an X-ray technician and Jolson saw her as he was leaving a building. "You waiting for my autograph?" he asked.

Miss Galbraith said "No."

In Texas, Jolson worried about that, phoned back, got the girl's name and began to write to her. He asked her to come to Hollywood, promising to put her in pictures. This fetched not Miss Galbraith but her father—who was charmed by Al's sincerity. He told daughter to go ahead. Jolson let her work a few months in small movie parts and married her as fast as he could.

Al's war service as a touring entertainer almost did him in. He courted Miss Galbraith with a tube in his back while he recovered from an abscessed lung, contracted in China. He was in the hospital 15 weeks, the first time he had been ill since the St. Mary's days.

"I may be dead in ten seconds, but I never felt better in my life!" he likes to say now.

Shortly before the war, Jolson was in almost total eclipse. But the war, which brought him before large audiences again, and Columbia's gamble in making *The Jolson Story* rescued him from oblivion.

Jolson clings to old friends. Eddie Cantor and George Jessel, who twit him but respect him as a great showman, are intimates. Amos 'n' Andy and George Burns are others. And hundreds of ex-vaudeville actors, many of them out of work and in need of a handout, are always sure of a generous welcome.

Jolson seldom touches anything

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stronger than soda water, smokes when he feels like it but swears off at will. He probably enjoys giving presents more than anything else. He showers old friends with luxurious wrist watches and frequently drops into a store to buy five new dresses at a time for his wife. He gets the right size, too.

Al's biggest event of the week is rehearsal day, when he dons the sweater and gives the orchestra and chorus a workout. Although he doesn't read music, he knows exactly how he wants to sing a song and does it that way until everybody else falls into line. However, he does it with such good humor and self-deprecation that his musicians would probably pay to get in.

Jolson doesn't mind spoofing himself or being spoofed, but when he tells an audience, "You ain't heard nuttin' yet!" he means it. "I sure put it in. If it comes out bad, it ain't my fault," he says.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Tough on Any Postman

(Quiz on page 67)

1. Liszt (c); 2. Joan of Arc (a); 3. Kaiser Wilhelm II (b); 4. Beethoven (a); 5. Gladstone (b); 6. Stokowski (b); 7. Napoleon (b); 8. Stalin (a); 9. Shakespeare (c); 10. Hitler (b).

Opportunities Unlimited

(Quiz on page 83)

1. Thomas J. Watson, International Business Machines; 2. Louis B. Mayer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; 3. Henry Ford II, Ford Motor Company; 4. Charles Luckman, Lever Brothers; 5. Edward V. Rickenbacker, Eastern Air Lines; 6. Robert R. Young, Chesapeake & Ohio Railway; 7. Eric Johnston, Motion Picture Association of America (Johnston Office, formerly called the Hays Office); 8. Charles E. Wilson, General Electric; 9. Charles E. Wilson, General Motors (Charles Edward Wilson and Charles Erwin Wilson—not related—are president of General Electric and General Motors, respectively); 10. Benjamin F. Fairless, United States Steel Corp.

You're the Editor

(Quiz on page 99)

1. Diagnosed; 2. Sedentary; 3. Intercepted; 4. Accelerated; 5. Constituency; 6. Amphibious; 7. Kleptomaniac; 8. Quarantined; 9. Pigeonholed; 10. Monopoly; 11. Martyr; 12. Plagiarism; 13. Hypocrite; 14. Vaccinated; 15. Primes.

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America's protocol officers are experts at preventing international incidents

Watchdogs *of the Striped-Pants Set*

by PAUL F. HEALY

ON A RAW winter night in Washington, Paul Claudel, French ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, decided to wear his fur coat to the annual White House reception. To his dismay, he found it fitted too snugly. So he removed his formal black tailcoat and put it on the seat as he rode, in fur-clad splendor, to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

When his limousine reached the Executive Mansion, Claudel stepped out and dismissed the chauffeur. Inside, he checked his fur coat and began walking briskly across the wide reception hall to take his place at the head of the diplomatic line. Suddenly he halted, horror-stricken. He was in his shirtsleeves!

There was an appalled hush as Claudel, his Gallic savoir-faire deserting him, looked around helplessly for cover. Almost instantly a State Department protocol officer was at his side, suavely escorting him to the nearest washroom. Then the protocol man swung into action.

To a Secret Service agent he hissed: "Find the French limousine!" Within seconds he had local police on the telephone. The missing tailcoat was retrieved, but not in time for the dean to lead the diplomats into the Blue Room. Forlornly, Ambassador Claudel brought up the rear.

To the protocol officer, trained to avert international incidents over teacups and cocktails, the scene was regrettable. But he knew what to do, for Uncle Sam's protocol staff, headed by four impeccable gentlemen, arranges all official functions and then hovers discreetly in the background to see that everything goes off according to rigid international etiquette. As such, these men are the watchdogs of the striped-pants set—final authorities on the "correct thing" in the world's most entertainment-crazy capital.

The protocol staff's opportunity to win friends and influence foreigners is not underestimated by the U. S. Government. The executive branch spends $83,000 a year on salaries alone, and dispenses a good deal more for wining, dining and wooing of distinguished visitors from abroad. In between parties, the four top staff members act as chaperones for some 1,500 diplomats in the 65 missions stationed in Washington. If they blackball a foreign diplomat, he is *persona non*

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grata with this government and is not accredited.

The protocol officer is expected to possess the tact and gallantry of Metternich and to be able to make appropriate small talk with a king, a communist or a sultan, as each occasion requires.

Specifically, protocol men must be on hand at airport or railroad depot to welcome (1) all new ambassadors, (2) all foreign and prime ministers, and (3) anyone arriving at the invitation of the President. Once the protocol man has taken over, the pattern of entertaining a visitor varies somewhat, depending on how the staff rates him.

For instance, the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia and his retinue of robed sheiks were tendered a stag luncheon with Truman; dinner with the then Secretary of State Byrnes; lodgings at Blair House, the handsome residence set aside for visiting statesmen across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House; side trips to Mt. Vernon, Capitol Hill and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier; and a tour through the Bureau of Engraving. Because he was a VIP (Very Important Person), the Crown Prince was given the full treatment.

A minor government guest usually gets the "cut-rate" routine — probably a handshake with the President, lunch with a Cabinet member, Mt. Vernon, the Hill and the Tomb. He sleeps at Lee House, slightly less elegant than Blair House next door.

If a government guest wants to see America, a protocol officer asks his travel preferences, maps a tour and then goes along to point out the sights. Sometimes he has to use old-fashioned diplomacy to shield a VIP from possible trouble. One protocol man had to persuade a dark-skinned potentate from the Near East—who was not familiar with Southern customs — that it would be wiser and more rewarding to inspect the Chicago stockyards than to traipse around below the Mason-Dixon line.

WHEN A PROTOCOL man takes a VIP on tour, he is accompanied by one or more State Department security agents. Just as Secret Service men protect the President on trips, the armed security agents guard traveling guests and arrange for police escorts, comfortable accommodations and other courtesies in towns along the way. In the last busy six years these agents have watched over 150 foreign VIP's, including every South American president except Perón.

Last spring it required a dozen of them to smooth the cross-country junket of Mexico's President Alemán, who brought 50 Mexicans with him. Even when the Soviet Foreign Minister stops for a night in Washington, the security agents arrange for his exits and entrances to the satisfaction of the phalanx of bodyguards who constantly surround Molotov.

The protocol staff likes to recall nostalgically the fanciest blowouts they ever staged, during the visit of Britain's King and Queen in 1939. The frou-frou included garden parties, stately music, fanfare, courtly bowing and other royal trappings. But even that red-carpet celebration was marked by certain breaches of discipline.

When the royal couple faced a

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procession of grass-roots Congressmen, Representative Ned Patton, Texas Democrat, was in an expansive mood. "Hello, Cousin George!" boomed the Congressman, pumping the King's hand. "Howdy, Cousin Elizabeth—you're purtier than a picture!"

Honoring a notable from across the sea used to be a lavish but often haphazard affair. In 1902, when Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Kaiser Wilhelm, arrived to meet President Theodore Roosevelt, it was decided that there was no one of sufficient rank to make the presentation. So the two were obliged to go into a room by themselves and say their formal "pleased to meet you's" in private.

Finally it became imperative to appoint a ceremonial officer to handle such problems when statesmen began swarming in for the Washington Disarmament Conference of 1922. Later, James C. Dunn, now American ambassador to Italy, took over the new job of chief of protocol. During World War II, a branch office had to be opened in Miami to handle the VIP traffic entering there.

Today the staff is headed by tall, lean, aristocratic-looking Stanley Woodward, who had tours of duty at many American embassies abroad as training for his present post. The three other so-called "meeters and greeters" are Raymond Douglas Muir, H. Charles Spruks and Edward Watrous Nash. This quartet is assisted by an office force of 22, who take care of routine liaison work.

Woodward, who accompanies the President on important trips outside the U. S., is much sought after for advice by ambitious Washington hostesses. But while he plans White House and State Department parties for distinguished visitors, the protocol chief does not hand down rulings to just anyone. "We are not, after all, social secretaries," Woodward explains dryly.

THE QUESTION OF WHO sits where at state functions is based not on the importance of the diplomat's country but on the simple fact of who reached Washington first; and once protocol has decreed your rank, you must sit next to the same dinner partners until death or recall intervenes. In matters involving precedence, the President tops everyone and is followed, in order, by the Vice-President, the Chief Justice, the Speaker of the House, the Secretary of State and the other Cabinet members.

The protocol staff ranks the Chief Justice and the dean of the diplomatic corps even-up, which might be expected to cause trouble. But the problem is resolved quite simply by never inviting both to the same White House party.

Under international law, protocol men are the only government members permitted to "treat" with the enemy during wartime. That is how Muir landed a ticklish assignment the day after Pearl Harbor. Muir had to herd all interned Japanese diplomats to Hot Springs, where they were held under guard until an exchange for our diplomats caught in Japan could be arranged via the Swedish liner *Gripsholm*.

In June the shipload of slant-eyed diplomats and their families—numbering 1,500 in all—finally left this country for the trading rendez-

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vous in Portuguese West Africa. Muir, a disbursing officer, and a public-health surgeon were the only Americans aboard. Although Muir was in charge, the energetic Japs revealed a passion for organizing themselves and took over many functions. They appointed committees, passed out armbands and soon had their own signalmen, first-aid workers and submarine watchers cluttering the decks.

Further to create confusion, a great many of the Japanese spent too much time at the *Gripsholm's* well-stocked bar. Muir's attempts to establish a rapprochement with his rampaging charges were rebuffed. All in all, it was a trying experience for a man who had put in nine years as ceremonial officer at White House parties.

On the return trip Muir was surrounded by several hundred Allied diplomats, each of whom expected the best accommodations. Temperamental Latin-Americans were the loudest in complaining.

In his report to the late George Summerlin, then his chief, Muir wrote: "Due to the large number of passengers and the limited first-class space, the Brazilian ambassador and the Colombian minister had been assigned a room together. The latter protested vigorously and in order to save the feelings of both gentlemen, the undersigned gave up his cabin to the Colombian minister."

"Lady, Are You Rich?"

THEY HUDDLED INSIDE the storm door—two children in ragged outgrown coats.

"Any old papers, Lady?"

I was busy. I wanted to say no—until I looked down at their feet. Thin little sandals, sopped with sleet. "Come in and I'll make you a cup of hot cocoa." There was no conversation. Their soggy sandals left marks on the clean hearthstone.

Cocoa and cake to fortify against the chill outside. I went back to the kitchen and started again on my household budget. . . .

The silence in the front room struck through to me. I looked in.

The girl held her empty cup in her hands, looking at it. The boy asked in a flat voice: "Lady . . . are you rich?"

"Am *I* rich? Mercy no!" I looked at my shabby slipcovers.

The girl put her cup back in its saucer—carefully. "Your cups match your saucers." Her voice was old with a hunger that was not of the stomach.

They left then, holding their bundles of papers against the wind. They hadn't said thank you. They didn't need to. They had done more than that. Plain blue pottery cups and saucers. *But they matched.* I tested the potatoes and stirred the gravy. Potatoes and brown gravy . . . a roof over our heads, my man with a good steady job . . . *these things matched, too.*

I moved the chairs back from the fire and tidied the living room. The muddy prints of small sandals were still wet upon my hearth. I let them be. I want them there in case I ever again forget *how very rich I really am.* —*Pipe Dreams*

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ur human comedy

Life without laughter would be dismal, indeed, so to brighten your horizon we have assembled here some lighter bits from the drama of everyday existence

BING CROSBY'S ELDEST SON had been studying the subject of famous personages in old Greece and Rome, and was asked to write a short essay on Socrates. Brevity was the keynote of the lad's response. He wrote: "Socrates was a great man. He was a Greek. He went around telling people what to do. They poisoned him." —IRVING HOFFMAN

AS THE CROWDED DOUBLE-DECKER bus came to a standstill, a stout middle-aged man carrying a small girl descended the stairs from the upper deck. He signaled the driver to wait while he tenderly placed his burden on the curb.

Then he climbed to the upper deck again and shortly returned carrying a tiny dog which he deposited beside the little girl. He went back upstairs and again descended bearing a second child, then ascended the stairs once more and again returned, carrying a third youngster.

These proceedings had been eagerly observed by an elderly lady seated just behind the driver. As the father dismounted with his third offspring the woman turned to her neighbor and exclaimed, "My goodness! He must have a nest up there!"

DOWN IN BIRMINGHAM, Alabama, a man recently rushed into the railroad station and, grasping the arm of the porter standing by the Atlanta train, cried, "My wife is on that train. Will I have time to go in the car and tell her good-bye?"

The porter pondered the question briefly.

"That depends, sir," he finally answered. "Tell me, how long have you been married?" —MARY SHANNON

SARAH, WHO WAS notoriously patient, and her husband George, who was notoriously lazy, had lived on the old Vermont farm for 45 years. Repeatedly over the past ten years, Sarah had asked her husband to prop up the north end of the kitchen floor where the supporting timbers had decayed. George would always sigh, mutter something about waiting for warmer weather—or cooler, as the case might be—and go back to sleep in his chair by the kitchen stove.

But the time came when the floor sloped so sharply that even George's flexible old armchair grew uncomfortable to sit in. Finally he told his wife one day as she was

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leaving for town that he guessed he'd have to fix things up somehow.

When Sarah returned, the job was done, and George was asleep once more in his chair. He looked so comfortable she hadn't the heart to wake him. Instead, with characteristic patience, the long-suffering Sarah swept up the sawdust left strewn on the floor and threw into the fire the two little inch-long cylinders of wood that George had carefully sawed from the back legs of his chair. —Ned Long

She was one of the British brides, and as the liner slowly docked, she spotted her husband on the wharf, almost hidden by the beautiful flowers he was holding. She rushed down the gangplank, threw her arms around him and sobbed: "Darling, you should not have bought so many flowers for me."

"That's enough of that, Katie," he replied. "Get busy and help me sell them." —John Bartholome

A gentleman came into a Paris barbershop with a small boy one day and explained that since he had an appointment in the neighborhood he would like his own hair cut first. This accomplished, he handed the small boy up into a chair, urged patience upon him, and departed. When the boy's haircut was finished and the gentleman had not returned, the barber sat the child in a chair. A half-hour passed.

"Don't worry," said the barber reassuringly. "I'm sure your father will be back soon."

At this, the boy looked startled.

"He isn't my father," he said. "He just came up to me in the street and said, 'Come along, let's both get a haircut.' " —*Perspective*

A worldly wise waitress in a new Houston, Texas, café thought she had heard everything until a lanky cowboy asked for a drink of water. "I'm sorry, but we can't serve water yet," she said. "The health department says there's bacteria in it."

The cowboy at this point headed for the door, where he showered the outside with tobacco juice. Then he ambled to the café counter and asked: "How big are they?"

The mad chemist cackled and muttered in glee as he clutched a vial of clear liquid in his hand. At last, he had developed a serum that would give life to inanimate objects!

One dark night he slipped into the park and tried the serum on a statue of a famous general. In a moment, the general quivered, yawned, scratched himself and clambered down from the pedestal where he had stood for a hundred years. He rubbed his eyes and peered at the chemist who was trembling in excitement.

"General, you're alive! Just think of it! And now, General, won't you please tell me the very first thing you plan to do today?"

The General didn't hesitate.

"I'm going to buy me a shotgun," he roared, "and kill me about 50,000 pigeons!" —*Twaddle*

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Picture Story

The Miracle of Spring

A Garland of Seasonal Essays, with a Treasury of Photographs by

Gruber F. Sopron (*Title Page*)
Barbara Green
Eva Luoma
John Gragg Burke
David W. Corson
Tet Borsig
John H. Vondell
Fritz Henle
Andre de Dienes
W. Eugene Smith

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Survivor

OUT OF THE INFINITE and eternal workings of the universe, out of the timeless pattern of the seasons, nature brings the miracle of spring. With each new dawn the sun rises higher in the skies. In the growing warmth the snows creak and melt, and the harsh, frost-bitten face of winter softens. Slowly the world is awakened out of its long, cold sleep. Slowly the miracle of spring prepares the earth for brilliance.

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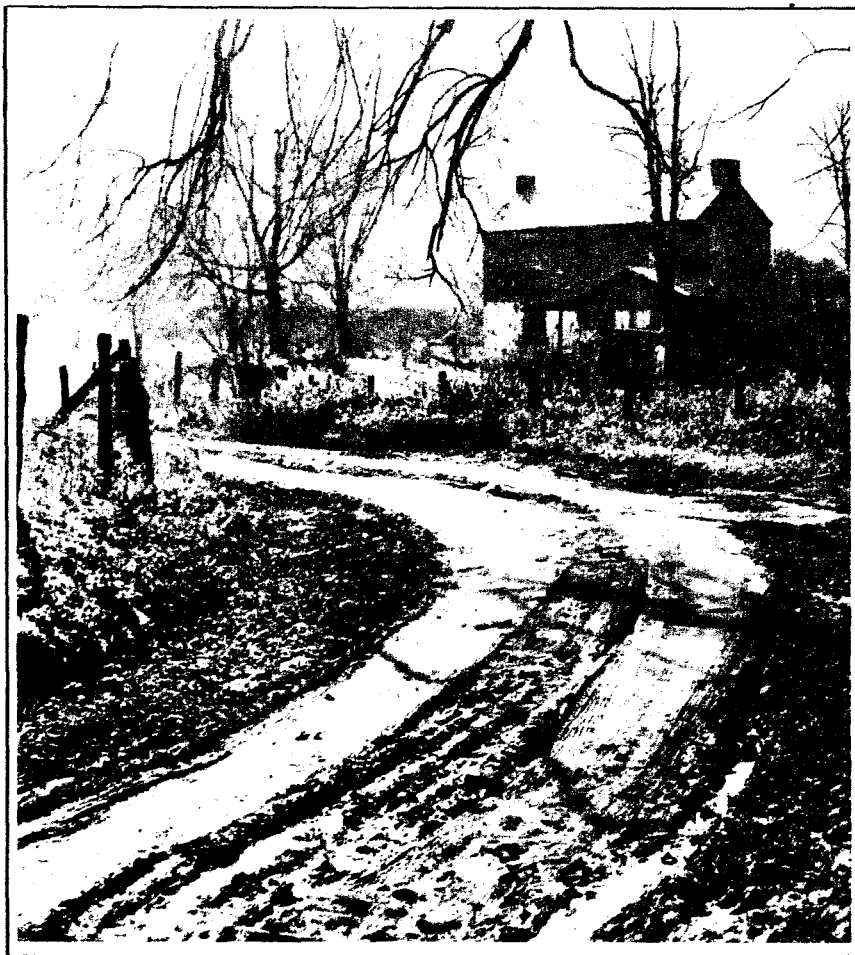

Soliloquy

IN THE COUNTRY, winter builds white walls and blocks the roads with snow, shutting off communication between friend and friend. But spring restores the landscape with its gentle, whispering rains, and the country road becomes once again a highway for the busy farmer. To the city man it's a path to adventure. Every bend and turn has its bright patch of wild flowers, its startled rabbit, to welcome the new season.

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High-wire Buffet

THE AIR IS ALIVE in the spring. It's a busy, bustling time. For the birds returning to well-loved Northern homes, there are nests to build, babies to feed, tremendous appetites to appease. Across the meadow the song sparrow and bluebird warble joyously. Energy pulses through every blade of grass. The sap runs in the trees. All nature teems with the exuberant commotion of restoring the earth to fruitfulness and beauty.

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Promenade

SPRING IS THE SEASON of beginning again. The farmer mending his fences, the housewife pounding her rugs in the back yard, follow the example nature sets. In the orchard, the fruit trees wear soft new garments of white and pink, and the brook runs with fresh water, crystal-clear. It is the season of birth and replenishment. Under the high, sparkling sun young life savors for the first time a fragrant, tender world.

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Gourmet

THE JOY OF SPRING comes privately to every living thing. The chattering chipmunk fully believes it is the most important creature alive. The colt, still unsteady on knobby legs, discovers anew the sweet grasses, as if nature were serving them for the first time. While beside the pasture gate, the farm boy stands, looking over the green universe, laying plans for a world that seems to have been created for him alone.

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Freshmen

As EACH NEW DAY brings assurance that the next will be bluer and brighter, and winds blow warm and dry, the barnyard swings into full vitality. Busy as he is, the farmer pauses in his work to stroke the calf and watch the ducklings waddling behind their mother intent as soldiers. Perhaps better than any of us these peeping creatures know spring's true miracle. For them discovery fills every fleeting moment.

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Only Yesterday

SPRING IS A SMALL BOY'S TIME. Through the trees the wind calls. The sparkling brook runs away to distant oceans, past great cities. Its cool waters bear dreams of adventure and fabulous deeds, and the small boy watches, lost in thoughts of glory. Suddenly a twig snaps and he looks up. In a moment bright laughter tumbles through the air and he dashes off to find another hiding place in the wonderland of spring.

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Keepsake

THERE ARE NO WALLS in the springtime, and houses melt away. We live with new freedom and ease. We come out with pride and beauty, glowing in the splendor and warmth of the sun. We are in love with the springtime, all of us—the new families making memories; the youngsters bursting with energy and joy; and the aged who find youth again in the shining hours of a season of glory that never seems to end.

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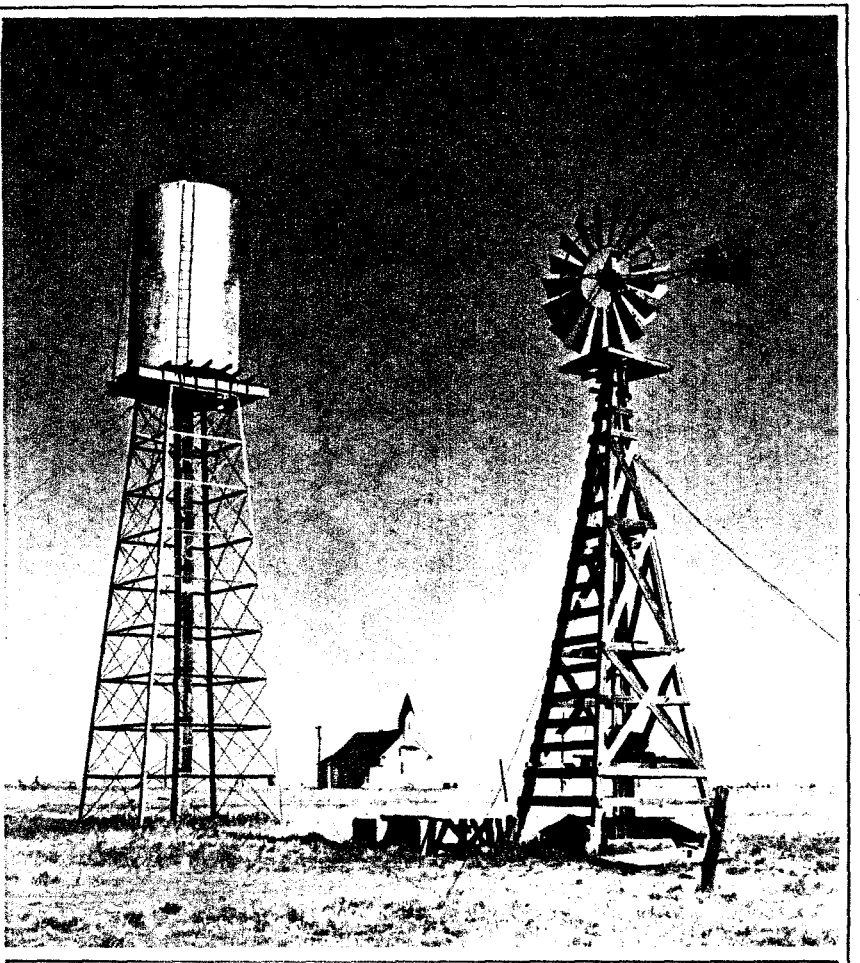

Wind, Water and God

ON THE BROAD PRAIRIES of Oklahoma, spring is a vast ocean of wind flowing over wheat land and grass, past windmills and water towers. In New England, it is a gray ghost spinning into beauty delicate as lace. Down the Mississippi Valley it pours out of great rivers and countless streams. But wherever and however spring comes, it is like the dawn of a new day, bringing new zest and vigor to America's people.

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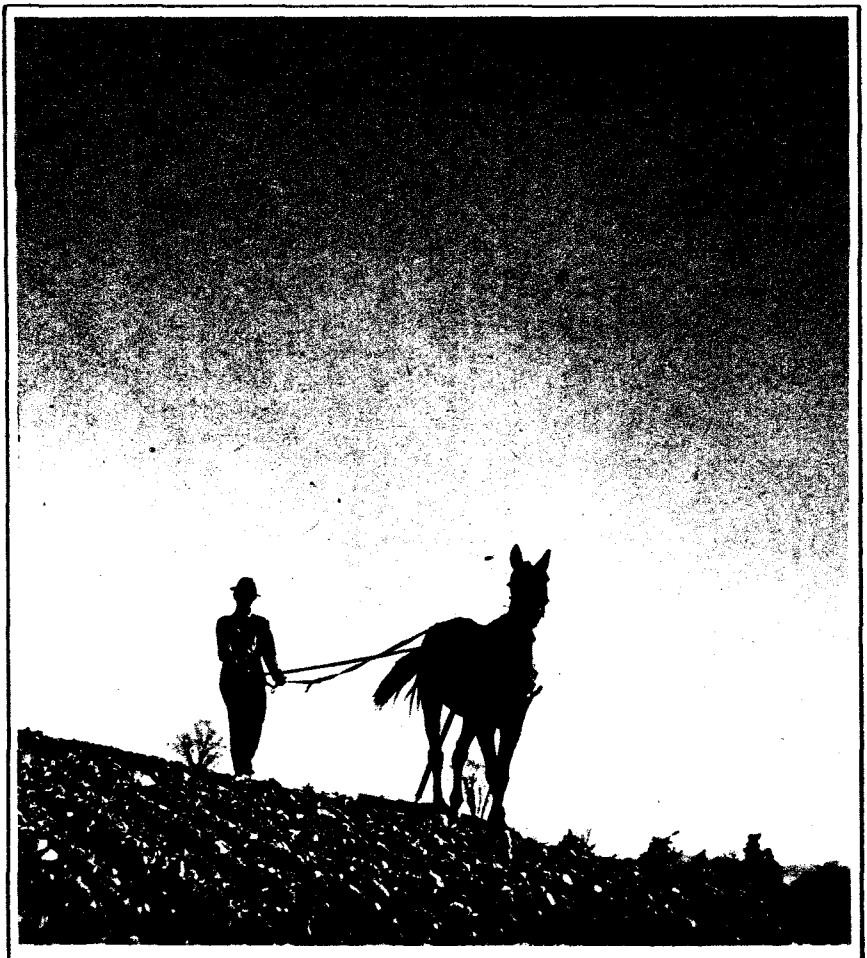

Give Us This Day

TO MEN COOPED UP in cities, spring is a season for building dream castles in the air. But for the farmer it is another matter. In the spring, he must plow and plant, cultivate and nourish great acres of earth. There are shoats to watch and chicks to care for, and there are new calves to bring home from the far pasture. The farmer has no time for dreaming in the spring. He has a world to build in growing things.

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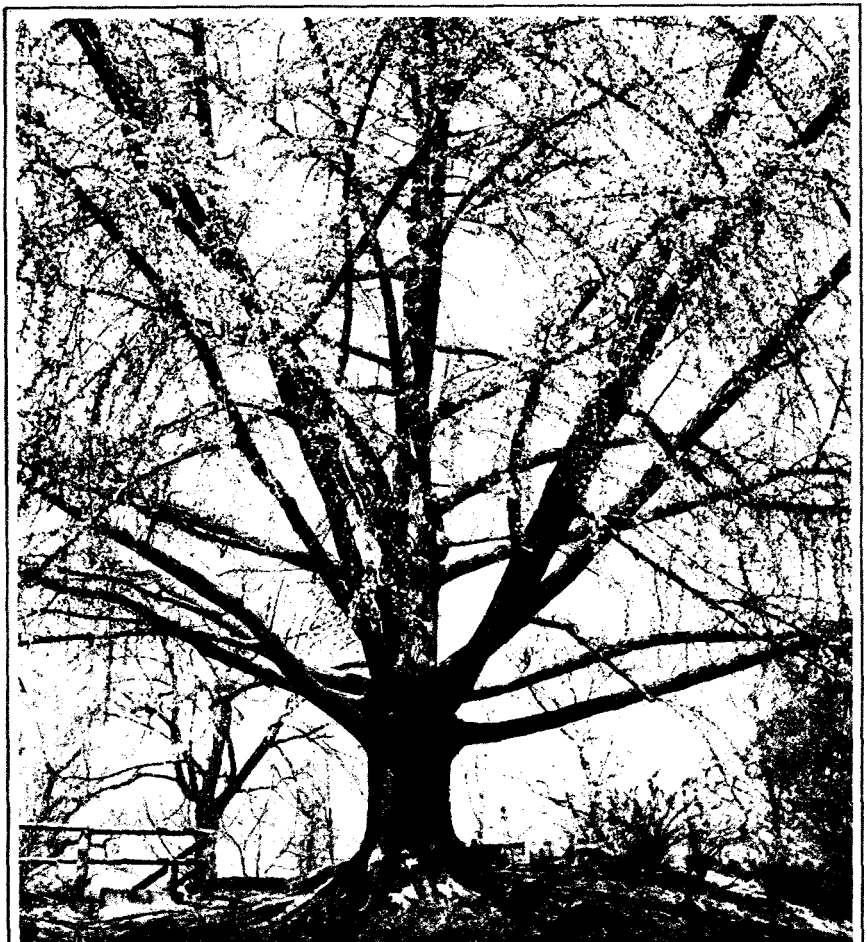

Fulfillment

THE WIND has brushed the earth. The soft rains have come and gone, and spring grows into bright maturity. All the countryside seems to lie full and golden in the warm sun. Trees stand heavy with perfume and blossoms. Far away a crow calls, clear as a bell. Out of the loveliest and most generous of seasons nature has brought abundance and glory. This is the promise of spring—and this is its achievement.

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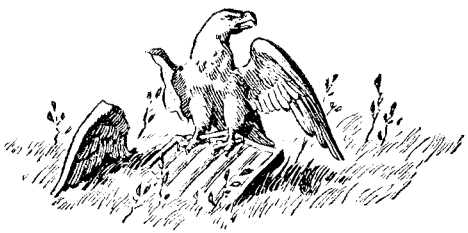

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE U. S. A.

by JOSEPH AND STEWART ALSOP

WE ARE living in times when, more than ever in America's history, the future is hidden and unknowable. Yet the following glimpse into the world of tomorrow may quite conceivably be written within the next decade by some professor of history at Harvard, California, or another university, who is too timid to protest and yet too respectful of the truth not to record it in secret—and alone.

The events described in "The Decline and Fall of the U.S.A." are far from fantastic. In fact, if this sequence of events is ever permitted to commence at all, the outcome is almost mathematically predictable. The moral of this challenging article, which must unconventionally come at the beginning, is very simple: the future of free men everywhere in the world depends upon the perpetuation of freedom in the United States of America.

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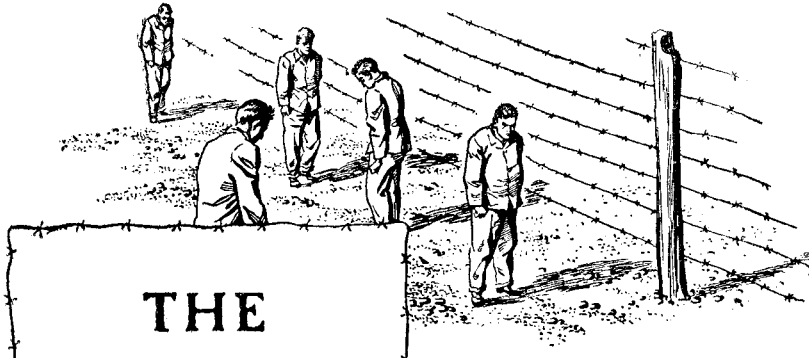

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE U. S. A.

by JOSEPH AND STEWART ALSOP

THE NOMINATION of former Senator Homer T. Winsome to the Presidency of the United States was a political accident, like many another in American political history. Winsome's nomination, which led in time to the downfall of the U.S. and the death of freedom throughout the world, stemmed from the deadlock which developed at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia in June, 1948.

The convention had been deadlocked for eight hot, angry days. Two leading candidates, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio and Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, had fought each other to a standstill, neither being able to garner the necessary majority of delegate votes.* Such other potential nominees as Harold E. Stassen, Douglas MacArthur, Arthur Vandenberg, Earl Warren and Joseph Martin** had, for one reason or another, made numerous enemies among the voters or in powerful circles within the Republican Party.

Thus it was that, in all-night session in a traditionally smoke-filled room of Philadelphia's Drake Hotel, a number of Republican leaders finally settled on Winsome as the only possible compromise candidate. In previous ballots, Winsome had never received more than 60 votes. By noon of the ninth day, he found himself the unanimous choice of the convention.

The selection of Winsome came as a surprise to many party leaders, to those who considered themselves political insiders, and to the general public. It also came as a surprise to Winsome himself. Interviewed immediately after the nomination, he

*Both Taft and Dewey were tried before the People's Court on November 7, 1954. They were convicted of conspiracy against the New America and sentenced to Corrective and Educational Camp No. 82, Alaska Territory. Date of decease unknown.

**None of these men is known to have survived the rigors of Alaskan imprisonment.

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was widely quoted as having remarked: "Why, I feel just like that time back on the farm when a load of ensilage fell on me!"

Winsome was frequently referred to as "Handsome Homer" in the reports of friendly journalists who covered his campaign. However, the evidence available in still-extant photographs of him seems hardly to justify this description. He had wavy hair, heavy jowls, small eyes, a rubicund complexion and a wide, toothy smile.

His radio delivery, as the country soon discovered, was impressively sonorous, in sharp contrast to that of his chief opponent, President Harry S. Truman.* Winsome had a large, photogenic family, vigorous and uninhibited. His oldest son, Homer Jr., campaigned effectively for "Pop," while "Mom" Winsome's recipes for apple pie and other traditional American dishes were widely publicized.

At the time of his nomination, Winsome's political views were somewhat obscure. He had served both as a governor of his state and as a Senator, but he had taken a strong stand only on God, the American way of life and the sanctity of the American home. His virtues were his reputation for being thoroughly regular and solidly conservative, and the fact that he had failed at any time to commit himself on any major domestic or international issues.

The Republican reasoning that brought about his nomination was simple. Some months before, a former Vice-president, Henry A. Wallace, ** had consented to head a so-called "Third Party." This movement, strongly supported by the American Communist Party, was widely expected to drain a sufficient number of votes from the Democratic ticket, headed by Truman, to ensure the election of almost any candidate the Republicans might choose.

The Winsome political strategy which resulted from this state of affairs was summed up by Melvin H. String, Midwest advertising man, oil promoter and former Congressman, one of Winsome's chief backers and braintrusters. "We don't have to worry," String remarked. "Henry will beat Harry for Homer."

Indeed, it was commonly said at that time that "the Republicans can win with a dog, if they can train him not to bark too loud." Accordingly, immediately after Winsome's nomination, the work of preparing for him a series of carefully modulated barks got under way. Most of this task devolved upon the advertising firm of String, Biggers & Meaney, of which Melvin String was president.

One of the younger copy writers in the agency was generally credited with the idea for what became known as the Green Light Program, hallmark of the Winsome campaign. After some weeks passed in recovering from his initial surprise, Winsome delivered his first campaign speech, over a national network, from the front porch of his boyhood home in Ohio. The keynote was simple:

"Give business the green light,"

*Convicted April 7, 1953. Killed during unsuccessful attempt to rescue him from a prison ship en route to Alaska.

**Tried August 8, 1954, and sentenced to Camp 38, Alaska.

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Winsome boomed, "and you will see a permanent high plateau of prosperity in this great country which will make us more than ever the envy of the world!"

AS HIS CAMPAIGN PROGRESSED, Winsome elaborated on each of the ten points in the Green Light Program. Point One was Production. ("Production is the magic wand which will exorcise the devil of inflation and point the way to peace and prosperity in our time!") Point Two was Confidence. ("Stop tinkering with the system which made America great. Give our businessmen, our farmers and our workingmen confidence—and watch America's dust!") Point Three was Cooperation. ("Arms linked in cooperation, Americans all, we shall advance to the happy future which beckons so near!") And so on.

With Point Eight, however, (Confiscatory Taxation is un-American) and Point Nine (It's Our Money), Winsome got down to business. Point Eight called for an immediate 40 per cent "across the board" reduction in private income, corporation and capital-gains taxes. Point Nine called for an equivalent saving in government expenditures.

Point Ten (The Answer's Right Here) was widely heralded before the event as Winsome's stand on foreign policy. In the spring of 1948, Congress had committed the U.S. to a policy known as the European Recovery Program (ERP). It was designed to help the Western European nations, sorely threatened by Soviet ambitions to control all Europe, find the road back to political and economic health.

Henry Wallace attacked this program as "American imperialism," and Truman devoted much of his campaign to defending it. Therefore Winsome's "Point Ten Speech" was eagerly awaited, both in this country and abroad.

The first paragraphs of the speech, which was delivered in Des Moines, Iowa, seemed to be cut from the usual Winsome cloth. Recalling his own boyhood on the farm, Winsome pointed to the prosperity of the Iowa citizenry, the sleekness of their cattle and the excellent condition of their crops. "All this," he shouted, "these chubby youngsters, these rippling fields of grain, these contented cows, all this is the American way of life!"

"But," Winsome roared on, "this American way of life, which we know and love so well, *is threatened!* You and I are crushed beneath an unreasonable load of taxes. We are paying intolerable prices, watching the hard-earned savings of our years of thrift melt away. And why? Because of this Administration's insane program of international leaf-raking. Because our good American wheat, our good American coal, yes, and our good American dollars, are being shipped abroad to help foreigners with their crazy socialistic experiments!"

Then Winsome's tone changed. He hated, he said, "the foul communistic totalitarian philosophy." Moreover, "We Americans are a generous people, and we have always been first to respond to the call of freedom against tyranny, to the plea of starvation and suffering." He was entirely in favor of "a *sensi-*

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ble program of foreign aid, sensibly administered by sensible men." But, he said, he wished to leave one last thought with his listeners:

"The best answer to totalitarianism abroad is to make the free-enterprise system work at home—and that, my friends, means just one thing. It means the Green Light Program!"

The reaction was sharp. Some Winsome supporters were obviously perturbed. "Just what does Winsome mean by *sensible?*" asked the Washington *Post*. On the other hand, the Chicago *Tribune* and the Hearst chain of newspapers published front-page editorials, headlined respectively: AT LAST A REAL AMERICAN and HOMER HITS A HOMER.

When the American voters finally went to the polls in November, Henry Wallace received less than six per cent of the total. But this was sufficient to defeat the Democrats. Thus, by less than a majority of the national vote, Homer T. Winsome was elected President of the United States.

Gloom descended on the capitals of the non-Soviet world. In Paris and Rome, cabinets were nervously reshuffled. A conference of all European Communist parties was called in Belgrade, and there were reports that a general political offensive had been ordered for the winter by Andrei Zdhanov, the Politburo's emissary. Winsome's election was widely interpreted abroad as a return to isolationism in the U.S., and erudite Europeans compared the event to the election of Warren G. Harding in 1920. Yet both in America and abroad, there were dissenting voices.

For example, the London *Economist* published a lead editorial, much quoted on both sides of the Atlantic, headed WINSOME IS AS WINSOME DOES. It pointed out that campaign speeches were rarely safe guides to American policy; and a large section of the American press adopted a similar attitude of watchful waiting.

This attitude seemed vindicated when President-elect Winsome, on a fishing trip in the Northwest, announced that he had asked Senator Vandenberg to serve as Secretary of State, and that Vandenberg had accepted, after making it clear that his acceptance of the post in no way changed his oft-expressed

Before the war, Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner turned out a widely read Washington column, "The Capital Parade." During the war, the combination was broken up when Alsop joined the Navy, Kintner the Army. After the war, Joe returned to the Washington scene and promptly found a new partner, his younger brother Stewart, who had served with the British Army and later as a parachuter in our own OSS. Since then, the Connecticut-born, Groton-educated brothers have kept Washington on its toes with a series of newsworthy columns and magazine articles, concerned with domestic and world affairs. For this reason, Coronet invited them to prepare this article, confident that they were expertly equipped to envisage events that might, in the not-distant future, bring about the collapse of the world's most powerful nation.

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views on foreign affairs. The appointment was not pleasing to certain Winsome backers. However, it was generally agreed that Vandenberg's great reputation as the top Republican foreign-policy expert would greatly strengthen President-elect Winsome's prestige.

When Governor Dewey refused to serve as Secretary of Commerce, and Senator Taft rejected the post of Secretary of the Treasury, the remaining Cabinet posts were filled with men, mostly cronies of Winsome, of distinctly lower caliber than Vandenberg. Chief among these, and generally accounted closest to the new President, was Melvin String, who became Secretary of Commerce.

String's appearance belied his name. He was a large-boned, fleshy man, with a long nose, cold eyes and a reputation for political astuteness and loud geniality. He was generally identified as an isolationist and extreme conservative, and his selection was publicly interpreted as a gesture of appeasement towards this group, to balance the Vandenberg appointment.

INAUGURATION DAY in January was cold and slushy, yet crowds lined Pennsylvania Avenue to see the new President. The parade was colorful despite the weather, and it was noted that the retiring President, Truman, seemed as jaunty as ever. Indeed, it appeared that Truman was not entirely loath to be rid of the grave responsibilities which the White House had thrust upon him.

Winsome spoke with his usual impressive solemnity. But his words were a disappointment to the listening nation and the waiting world, for everywhere the same question was paramount: What *was* the new American foreign policy? What had Winsome's famous Point Ten speech *really* meant?

The day before Winsome's inaugural address, the Paris *Soir* had expressed the anxieties of the whole non-Soviet world in an editorial entitled, THE AMERICAN CAT, WHICH WAY WILL HE JUMP? The day after, the *Soir* headed another editorial, THE AMERICAN CAT, HE REFUSES TO BUDGE. For Winsome devoted his entire address to a solemn résumé of the Green Light Program. His only reference to foreign policy repeated his previous statement: "The best answer to totalitarianism abroad is to make the free-enterprise system work at home!"

Winsome didn't state just where the 40 per cent saving envisaged in his Green Light Program was to be made. Friends of the European Recovery Program noted anxiously, and enemies (like the Cominform and the New York *Daily Worker*) noted jubilantly that ERP offered the most obvious opportunity for decisive economies.

Still President Winsome took no definite stand against ERP, and even while the Green Light Program was being formulated, the chief of the European Recovery agency, in consultation with Secretary of State Vandenberg, was studying European requirements for the second year of ERP.

The fact was that Winsome himself was in an agony of indecision. In a somewhat indiscreet book, *Mom and Pop*, which Homer Jr.

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published in 1950, something of this painful indecision is reflected.*

"*Often Pop asked Mom for advice, just like he'd always done. I remember in April, Pop came in looking tired. 'Mom,' he said, 'sometimes I wish I hadn't got this job. They've been after me all day, Vandenberg and the State Department people and the Pentagon people, arguing we can't back out of this ERP now, it would be terrible if we did and it might lead to war.*

" '*And then there's Melvin and most of the boys, they say it's just Operation Rathole, and that we can't have the Green Light Program unless we cut out all this foreign spending. I just don't know what to do.*' "

This and other passages in young Winsome's book reflect the internal split which rent the new Administration in the first months of Winsome's term. Since the Secretary of State was regarded as leader of one faction, and the Secretary of Commerce as leader of the other, the contest was generally referred to as the "String-Vandenberg Row." On March 22, it suddenly became obvious who had won.

At Vandenberg's request, Winsome had called a special Cabinet meeting for that day, for Vandenberg had become convinced that the indecision which clouded American foreign policy deeply endangered the interests of the U.S. When he received a series of secret intelligence cables announcing that a new, Soviet-sponsored offensive was about to start in Greece, and that this was to be accompanied by Communist-led general strikes in Italy and France, Vandenberg decided that the time for a final decision had arrived.

The memoirs of Secretary of Agriculture Ephraim A. Bennett, who in 1950 resigned his Cabinet post to go into private business, provide an accurate description of that crucial meeting. From the moment the Cabinet assembled, it seemed clear that this was to be the final round in the contest between Vandenberg and String. Indeed, the manner in which String greeted Vandenberg made the fact obvious to all.

"Well, Van," String remarked, clapping the Secretary of State on the back, "I hear you're going to sell us on being Uncle Sap a few more years. When do you get around to the milk for the Hottentots?"

Winsome looked worried and tired. Although since the first day of his Administration it had been evident that he would have to resolve the contest on foreign policy within his own Cabinet, he had been nervously postponing the evil day. The Presidential indecision had already been criticized in the press. The New York *Herald Tribune*, in a spasm of classicism, had headed an editorial, HOMERUS CUNCTATOR. The New York *Daily News*, in more colloquial fashion, had advised the President: "Come on, Homer, get off that fence!"

Winsome's hesitations were understandable. Not only was he sincerely harassed by the heavy responsibilities for which he was in no way prepared, but Vandenberg was his Administration's biggest asset with a considerable portion of the electorate and with leaders in his own party. The burden of much

*Ostensibly because of this indiscretion, though in fact for other reasons, young Winsome was later liquidated in a Montana youth-concentration camp.

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press comment had been, "Thank God for Vandenberg!" Yet the two men were far from intimate.

String, on the other hand, long a close friend of the President, had become a White House fixture. It was he who arranged the penny-ante games, who distributed eagerly sought invitations to these shirt-sleeved functions, and who evoked the loudest laughter over the bourbon which flowed so copiously. But quite apart from the personal relationship between the three men, Winsome's real supporters, the political satraps who had made him what he was, were unanimously in String's corner.

Thus, Vandenberg had in reality lost the battle before he had begun to fight. No doubt he sensed as much himself. Yet with all the force and eloquence at his command, he argued that the U.S. could not now lay down the great burden which it had taken up since World War II.

For 20 minutes, according to Bennett's account, he talked without interruption, emphasizing his belief that the goal of an economically and politically stable Europe was already in sight; that an American withdrawal from Europe could only mean establishment of Communist power in most of the world outside the Western Hemisphere; and that this must mean, in the end, either war or an American surrender to Soviet world domination.

When Vandenberg finished, there was a short, uncomfortable silence. Then the President spoke. "Well, Van, that was very interesting," Bennett quotes Winsome, "and maybe you're right. What do you think, Melvin?"

"I'd like to ask the Secretary a few questions," String said. "First, if we do what his striped-pants boys over there in the State Department want, what happens to the Green Light Program? Second, when is all this going to end? Third, how are you going to deal with prices, except by socialistic methods? Fourth, how is President Winsome going to look, after what he said in the campaign, if he begins asking Congress for a lot more money to give foreigners?"

String then turned to Winsome. "I'll answer those questions myself," he said loudly. "First, you can throw the Green Light Program out the window. Second, this foreign spending will never end, as long as Uncle Sap goes on making an international sucker out of himself. Third, prices are going right straight up, as long as we keep shipping stuff abroad. And fourth, President Winsome will look like a damn fool!

"Besides, I'm sick of this rubbish about the security of the U.S. being tied up in Italy or France or the Middle East—or Patagonia maybe. We're a pretty big country, aren't we? And we've got the atom bomb, haven't we? And we can use it if we have to, can't we?"

Thus the battle lines were drawn. The struggle lasted some hours. Vandenberg was the first to emerge from the White House, looking drawn, his thinning hair rumpled.

"Any news, Mr. Secretary?" he was asked.

Vandenberg hesitated. Then he said: "You might as well know now as later. I have resigned as Secretary of State."

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"What are your plans for the future, Mr. Secretary?" asked a reporter.

"I'm going home," he replied. "I'm tired." He slammed the door of his car and disappeared from public life until the People's Court trials in 1953. String had won.

Even the tabloids momentarily dropped the "Television Murder Mystery" then occupying their attention, and published big headlines, VAN QUITS. James Reston, widely respected diplomatic correspondent for the New York *Times*, was the first to interpret the full significance of Vandenberg's resignation in a story headlined:

U.S. TO WITHDRAW FROM EUROPE

Return to Isolationism Seen

Washington, March 22—Behind the resignation of Secretary of State Vandenberg was a momentous Administration decision to withdraw from Greece and to reduce all American commitments abroad. It is expected that forthcoming commitments under the European Recovery Program will either be limited to a fraction of European requirements or abandoned altogether. There is general speculation that Secretary of Commerce String, widely known for his isolationist views, will succeed Vandenberg as Secretary of State. . . .

On the evening of March 25, in an all-networks broadcast eagerly awaited by millions of people throughout the world, President Winsome made it clear that Reston's interpretation was correct. Yet he did not state flatly that ERP was to be abandoned.

"As always," he roared, "this country stands ready to answer the call of real suffering!"

But the President left no doubt that the effort to reconstruct war-ravaged Europe was to be replaced by a policy of minimum relief, on a charity basis.

"We have poured America's wealth into Europe," he shouted, "and we have learned what the wisest of us have known for a long time. We have learned that the best answer to totalitarianism abroad is to make the free-enterprise system work at home. My message to all of you fellow Americans is just this—get behind the Green Light Program and push!"

The most succinct of all the newspaper headlines announcing this basic reversal in American foreign policy appeared in a New York tabloid which used initials to announce:

ERP OUT
GLP IN

Promptly, Melvin String became Secretary of State.

AT FIRST, NOTHING untoward seemed to happen. By May 1, to be sure, the Greek Communist leader, N. Zachariades, was installed as premier in Athens. But Greece had been written off anyway, and there was a general disposition to hope that now that the Soviets controlled all the Balkan states, they would surely be satisfied. Henry Wallace wrote a signed article for the *New Republic*, "I See

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Peace," and the Washington *Times-Herald* published an editorial, "Greece—So What?"

Moreover, television was at that time wholly occupying the attention of the country—especially the new, "three-dimensional" television in color. This boom in television, some economists claimed, had made it possible for Winsome to boast that his Green Light Program was a smashing success.

"Under GLP," the President announced in the first national telecast on August 8, 1949, "we have marched forward to a permanent new high plateau of national prosperity. And under GLP, we shall continue to march forward. That is my answer to the calamity boys and the gloom merchants among us."

One of the gloom merchants was the noted political columnist, Walter Lippmann. The week before Winsome's speech, Lippmann had written: "We are all babbling about television because we do not want to face the truth of what is happening, and what may soon happen, abroad. By a kind of spontaneous, half-conscious effort, we have all buried our heads in the sand."

Certainly the gloom merchants could point to portents, like the incident reported in *Time* magazine. It concerned a French undersecretary, previously a staunch anti-Communist, who appeared at French Communist headquarters the day after the Vandenberg resignation and requested a "carte d'admission."

All too soon, it became clear that such trivial incidents were symptomatic of a larger weakness. On July 15, British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin called a conference of 15 Western European nations—those nations which, less Greece, had originally responded to the Marshall Plan. The conference met in London on August 1.

In Bevin's opening speech, he referred to the about-face of the U.S. foreign policy and called for a "world third force," a European combination of powers capable of demanding respect both from the Soviet Union and the United States. He was cheered resoundingly. Yet an Italian delegate to the conference, quoted in a dispatch to the New York *Times*, was undoubtedly more realistic.

"This English bullfrog," the Italian said, "like us he has no bread to feed his people. Like us he has no money to buy the bread. Unlike us, he has no Togliatti.* That is the only difference."

On August 9, the day after Winsome's GLP speech, Togliatti's March on Rome began. The Red leader marched at the head of some 20,000 partisans, armed by Yugoslavia's Tito, but like Mussolini, he met little resistance. The softening-up process had been too complete.

Tito had thundered threats, with the tacit support of the Kremlin. When American aid ceased, the bread ration, already below wartime standards, had been cut in half. The lira was suddenly reduced to a tenth of its former value. Although the Italian industrial comeback had been remarkable in late 1948 and early 1949, bread riots

*Palmiro Togliatti, Secretary of the Italian Communist Party, was considered to be one of the more "Western-minded" leaders of the Comintern. In 1954, he was recalled to Moscow, ostensibly to receive the Order of Lenin from Stalin. Since then, nothing has been heard of him.

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and strikes had made a shambles of this recovery. And worst of all, the Italian people had lost hope.

In London, the fall of Rome caused Bevin's conference to collapse in a welter of meaningless resolutions. Simultaneously, the iron currency controls imposed by the British Treasury at last broke down. There was a run on sterling, which ended with the announcement that the Bank of England could not meet its foreign obligations, and this was followed by the fall of the Labor Government.

It was replaced by a National Government, headed by the aging Winston Churchill. Then, as the British economic situation became wholly desperate, it was in turn supplanted by a curious patchwork Cabinet, in which large representation was conferred on the tiny British minority of advocates of a deal with the Soviet Union. Simultaneously, the evacuation of the British forces from Germany was ordered. After a meeting with Churchill, Secretary of State String had already recalled the American occupation armies. As the troops of the Western powers withdrew, the Soviet Military Government quietly extended its zone westward, until all of Germany was included.

Shortly thereafter, the push for France began. It was not as easy as it had been in Italy. The fighting lasted all of November and most of December. By Christmas Eve, 1949, blustering, ruthless Maurice Thorez was established as Premier of the "New French People's Democracy," and the terror and the trials had already begun. Former Foreign Minister Georges Bidault was quoted on his arrival in New York: "To the East, there was power. In Paris, there was no bread. To the West, there was talk. My poor people had little choice."

Life went on in the United States. Christmas sales were high, and night clubs were crowded on New Year's Eve. Yet newspapers and magazines of that time give ample evidence that beneath the gaiety there was a sense of anxiety, if not yet of fear. "What's gotten into everybody?" asked a New York tabloid in an editorial titled, "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" The editor warned: "Don't forget this, brother, we're the strongest country in this world, and nobody can touch us. And don't forget the atom bomb either. So take it easy, brother!"

But the anxiety persisted. Before the year 1950 was far advanced, it had become clear that the fall of France and Italy to the Communists was the beginning of a process which would not soon end. Everywhere the pattern was the same.

In Holland, a "People's Democratic Government" was established with a minimum of bloodshed, since the Dutch, surrounded on all sides by Soviet and Communist-dominated states, realized that they had no other choice. In Egypt, the riots in Cairo and Alexandria reached an unprecedented pitch of wolfish ferocity; the bodies of pleasure-loving King Farouk and of a number of pashas who had failed to escape were found horribly mutilated before the new government was installed.

Everywhere the Soviet and Communist power expanded inexo-

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rably, first because the peoples of the democratic countries had lost hope, and second because no counterpressure was brought upon the bulging Soviet sphere.

The greatest shocks came in August, 1950. Chiang Kai-shek fled China, and a British mission negotiated a treaty of peace and mutual assistance between the Soviet Union and Great Britain. An editorial in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* in September, 1950, well expresses the mood of America at that time:

> We are frightened, all of us. It has been painful to awaken from our dream of a television set in every living room to find ourselves suddenly alone in a hostile world. Perhaps we are the more frightened because the experience is a new one to Americans. Always in its history, the U.S., with its allies, has been far more powerful than any possible combination of enemies. That is so no longer. Today the manpower and resources of the whole world outside the Western Hemisphere are being organized under the auspices of Moscow and the International Comintern. And the Comintern alliance is our potential enemy.

The fear spread into the White House, where, according to gossip columnists, President Winsome was complaining to "Mom" that String had let him down. It spread also—the record suggests—into the handsome offices of the Secretary of State. As the Louisville *Courier-Journal* pointed out, there was something of the bluster of a frightened small boy in the national telecast which String made, after great preliminary fanfare, in September, 1950.

"Do not allow the calamity howlers to mislead you, my fellow Americans," String shouted. "The U.S.A. is the most powerful nation in the world. The U.S.A. can stand on its own two feet, alone if necessary. And, fellow Americans, we have the atomic bomb. Let those of faint heart here, or those who may think to threaten us from abroad, bear that in mind!"

Three weeks later, on September 28, 1950, Capt. Archer M. Pease of the Intelligence Corps, U.S. Army, made a routine check of his Geiger Counter in Nome, Alaska. As early as 1947, thousands of Geiger Counters had been spotted about the world, on battleships, in American embassies and legations, at naval and military bases, to detect the explosion of an atomic bomb anywhere on the earth's surface by registering increased radioactivity in the atmosphere.

"When I saw the Counter," Pease later reported in a national magazine, "I whistled."

After midnight on September 29, President Winsome was awakened and informed that the Secretary of Defense wished to see him at once. By 8 A.M. an impromptu Cabinet meeting had been convened to discuss the fact that an atomic bomb or bombs had been exploded somewhere in northern Asia.

String immediately demanded—and Winsome as usual supported him—that the news be kept secret from the American public. Secret orders to this effect were being drawn up when they were made unnecessary. Simultaneously, every newspaper and radio in Europe and Asia announced the perfection of a

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"People's Democratic Atomic Bomb," jubilantly claiming at the same time that a vast stock already existed, and that the new missile was several times more powerful than the "American Imperialist Atomic Bomb."

Something of the quality of that period in American history is reflected in an excerpt from a popular newspaper column written in November, 1950:

> Life goes on as usual in the U.S. High-school boys and girls drink Cokes and play the juke boxes. Farmers till the soil, stockbrokers sell stocks, people go to work in the morning and come home at night. We talk about three-dimensional television, or about the Helicar, and whether it is really foolproof both in the air and on the road. Life does not really seem very different from what it has always been. But there *is* a difference. We are all afraid. We are all afraid of sudden terrible death.

SUCH WAS THE SETTING for the last phase in this complex sequence of American events. The few sources are singularly unsatisfactory in the picture they draw of the initial reactions of String and his coterie to the catastrophic series of happenings abroad. There is no doubt, however, that what had occurred was utterly unexpected by them. They had believed their own propaganda. When it turned out to be false, they seem at first to have resorted to familiar escape devices.

On the basis of the evidence, one must conclude that President Winsome himself remained befuddled and passive until he was formally supplanted by String in 1952. The main point is that the shock of the "People's Democratic Atomic Bomb" and its subsequent disclosure seem to have forced String to face facts at last. When he had faced the facts, he began to form a policy for dealing with them.

As for the American people, they sensed that there was no satisfactory escape from the terrible situation in which they now found themselves. Congress and the press rang with nostrums. But on one point only was there general agreement. National mobilization and a maximum defense program were now urgently necessary.

Secretary String, in whose hands the unfortunate Winsome increasingly concentrated all executive power, went before Congress to present the famous String Emergency Program. Its main points (which the New York *Herald Tribune* bitterly contrasted with the Green Light Program in an editorial headed, WE TOLD YOU SO) may be summarized as follows:

1. The defense budget was increased to 60 billion dollars annually, to provide an unparalleled Air Force and Navy, a large Army, a ten-billion-dollar defense research program, a vast intelligence and a continental radar warning net, and other sundries, such as reinstallation in caves of the more crucial defense industries.

2. A new universal service law placed under the Federal Manpower Administration every able-bodied citizen over 17 and under 65. The services made huge drafts upon the nation's younger manpower, the FMA filling the vacancies in industry with "directed

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labor." Any form of labor protest, strike or "subversive agitation" was concurrently outlawed.

3. Control of the national economy was conferred upon the Federal Resources Mobilization Administration, empowered to regulate all prices, allocate priorities for all raw and manufactured materials, and to change the management of any noncompliant industry or company.

4. Internal security was confided to a new Department of Home Security, with unlimited powers of arrest, internment and secret trial. For Secretary of Home Security, String nominated James C. Rowden, president of Rowden Associates, a firm devoted to industrial espionage and one of the String advertising agency's principal clients.

So troubled and confused was the country that the first three parts of the String Emergency Program passed Congress almost without debate. Only Point Four aroused protest. A minority of Senators and Representatives of both parties, including, it was noted at the time, most of the men of character on Capitol Hill, united in a fight to the death against this legislation.

Senator Taft, one of the leaders of the group, had just defied Winsome and String and promised a Senatorial filibuster that would last all session when a great explosion occurred at the Atomic Energy Plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. The cry of "sabotage" went up all over the U. S., and demands for the Congressional investigation were quickly drowned out. Then the waverers deserted in the Senate, cloture was applied, the bill was passed, and Rowden was confirmed.

There ensued a brief and curious interlude. In the U.S., this period was marked by the rapid mobilization of the National economy for war, and by the widespread arrests of dissidents and potential dissidents by "Rowden's Roughies," as the Security Police were rapidly nicknamed. Abroad, there were some alarming indications of Soviet penetration into Latin America. More important, there were indications that, in Europe, the Kremlin was having difficulty in digesting its enormous meal of conquest. An iron censorship had been applied throughout the whole Soviet world.

Yet information trickled out and was appraised with desperate attention. Word of the existence of a British underground had just reached New York (brought by a party of British yachtsmen who had sailed straight out of a Cowes regatta held in honor of the resident Commissioner of the Comintern) when the interlude of doubt was ended.

No documents have ever been published disclosing the diplomatic preliminaries of this extraordinary event. The historian must simply record that Secretary String flew to Moscow on October 11, 1951, was there received by Stalin and negotiated with him the Soviet-American Treaty of Peace and Nonaggression. Stalin and String simply divided the world, as two small boys might split a rotten apple.

The main clause of the Treaty of Peace and Nonaggression is well known: "The high contracting parties do hereby mutually agree and assert that the exclusive sphere of influence of the United States of

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America shall henceforth comprise the Western Hemisphere, and that the exclusive sphere of influence of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics shall be the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, the subcontinent of India, and the island dependencies of these areas."

ON STRING'S RETURN to the U. S., he made a nation-wide extemporaneous telecast before a large crowd (organized by the Department of Home Security) which greeted him at LaGuardia Airport. This speech constituted, in effect, the last turning in the short, strange road which he and the country had traveled:

"Well, friends, thank you, thank you from the bottom of my heart for that ovation and I don't mind saying that it has moved me to the bottom of my heart. And I don't mind saying that if ever in my life I have done something to deserve an ovation, I have done that something now, for I have brought you the greatest boon which any statesman or leader can bring with him, and that, my friends, is peace.

"Our good friends over there on the other side and myself have sat down together in all friendliness and we have made a pact which will endure forever—and let me tell you it wasn't easy, because those fellows there are tough hombres, as we used to say. And that reminds me of that old saying that the price of peace is eternal vigilance and watchfulness, because as I say those boys are tough hombres, so we have got to watch our step all the same, and not relax, so the String Emergency Program has got to stay in force. In fact, it has got to become permanent, and there is no doubt that there are still plenty of Americans, or I'd say rather un-Americans, who might like to try to sabotage this great boon of peace, and my friend James C. Rowden has got to have the power to take care of these un-Americans.

"And moreover, the String Emergency Program which has brought us peace still has its work cut out for it, since we Americans are now recognized as the sole and only leaders of this Western Hemisphere, and our little brothers down there to the South in Brazil and Mexico and so on, they are going to come to know and admire us more and more, and they will only admire and respect us if we are strong. So, my friends and fellow Americans, I just want to close by saying we shall march together behind the String Emergency Program to the new vigilant peace, and to anyone who wants to sabotage that peace, just watch out brother, that's what I say, just watch out!"

The sequel is well known. Perhaps, even then, String did not envisage the true outlines of what later came to be called the New America. Yet so vast an engine of governmental power as he had put together, responsive only to his hand, operating always in the so-called State of Permanent Emergency, could lead to only one result.

Not long after String's "Report on Moscow," the Department of Home Security brought to trial, on charges of subversion, the first of those publishers and editors who had most enraged String by their criticisms. Shortly thereafter,

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charges of subversion were also brought against members of the political opposition whose gibes had been most telling.

Gradually, the number of subversion cases mounted. Gradually, the remaining independent spirits were terrified into silence. In 1953 came the great series of People's Trials, the institution of the Alaskan camps and the law for the regulation of the press. The Constitutional amendment "to improve the electoral process" was passed just prior to the opening of the second South American Campaign. And in 1954, String, now President, announced the formation of the New America in a telecast from the White House. Thus freedom died.

It is not the aim of this study to carry the history of the U. S. beyond this death. Perhaps two incidents from the State trials deserve, however, to be preserved in this record. The editor of an obscure literary magazine was indicted and condemned for having printed without comment two lines from the "decadent Anglo-American poet," T. S. Eliot:

This is the way the world ends.
Not with a bang but a whimper.

And one of the chief charges against former Secretary of State Vandenberg (who always enjoyed a large-sounding phrase) was his alleged remark: "It is a challenging contemplation that the emblem of the United States of America, which was once the eagle, must now be changed to the jackal."

WAS THERE ANY OTHER road that American history might have taken? Such speculation is clearly outside the purview of the cautious historian. Some observers may say that the tide of American progress was reversed by a mere series of political blunders. Others may calculate that some sudden cancer had eaten into the character of the American people, so that they lost strength to carry the burden that freedom had placed on their shoulders.

Yet whatever the cause, historical evidence overwhelmingly suggests that in 1948, even as late as 1949, true peace was yet possible. The conclusion is inescapable that had the Americans continued on the road on which they had first set their feet, had they maintained the great effort to reconstruct a war-shattered world, had they pursued a policy of dispassionate firmness towards Russian expansionist ambitions, they would have achieved in the end that real settlement with the Soviet Union and that peace with freedom for which the whole world so longed.

The Most Important Rung

I HAVE LIVED 86 years. I have watched men climb up to success, hundreds of them, and of all the elements that are important for success, the most important is faith. —CARDINAL GIBBONS

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Look Out for the FOREIGN RELIEF RACKET

by FRANK W. BROCK

Unless you deal with recognized agencies only, your contributions of food and clothing for Europe's needy may end in the black market

THE VOICE OF AMERICA broadcasts which beam messages of hope to the people of Europe have gradually generated an unexpected by-product. Begging letters, originating principally in Germany, at first trickled in to the President, the Secretary of State, mayors, postmasters and other public officials. Today a veritable flood of appeals for food, money and clothing are coming to individuals of high and low rank alike.

By piecing together various incidents here and abroad, it is not difficult to trace the origins of some appeals. For example, American firms are receiving letters bearing the "keyed" addresses used in their advertising. This is partially explained by a Post Office statement that many begging letter-writers ask for current books, magazines and newspapers.

The Berlin newspaper, *Berlin am Mittag*, recently exposed the operations of a Wandsbeck citizen who conducted what he euphemistically called a "foreign deliveries service." For a fee of ten marks he provided his clients with the names and addresses of ten well-to-do Americans, together with a begging form-letter in English.

A Community Chest director in Pennsylvania received two almost identical letters a month apart from Heidelberg. One of them pleaded for a package for the writer's mother, the other named his wife. After an introductory sentence, both letters went on:

". . . . is suffering badly from anaemia. The doctor told me that a prolongation of her life might be possible if she could be fed in a better way. Especially she needs butter and other fats, articles of which we receive only small month-

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ly rations. That's why I am addressing you asking you kindly *wether* you might be able to send a food package to my mother (name and address inserted here).

"I should be extremely glad if you would send one package or if you would pass on this postal card to a charity organization in your city which would, I am certain, be glad to help my old mother. . . . "

The cautious Pennsylvanian sent an inquiry to the War Department. The Department agreed that " . . . begging letters of the type received by you may well represent a 'racket.' Since nothing is known of the authors, food parcels intended as charity may likely end up in the hands of black marketeers."

Sometimes an entire community puts in a bid for attention. Last year the pastor of a village church in eastern Germany—former breadbasket of the nation—suggested in his Sunday sermon that his parishioners write to a certain relief organization in New York City for direct aid. The following Sunday a preacher in a neighboring town passed the word to his congregation. Soon the ripple grew into a wave, and the resulting flood of letters inundated the comparatively small Manhattan office with pleas for food and clothing.

Investigators found that the inhabitants of this rural area were not nearly as impoverished as were thousands in industrial centers in western Germany, and recommended that the letters be ignored. They were.

This policy has now become general among accredited American relief agencies which have representatives abroad. They sum it up this way: *Ignore begging letters. Don't send anything direct to Europe unless the individual or circumstances surrounding the case are known to you personally.*

Most direct package shipments are being made today through CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe), which is distributing 12,000 standardized parcels daily in 14 European countries. Prior to the formation in New York of this nonprofit, government-endorsed agency, which comprises 27 American voluntary relief agencies, the losses in money and food were enormous.

Almost as soon as the war in Europe ended, fake "shipping agencies" sprang up. One, the "McBride Export Company," according to the Post Office Department indictment, was promoted by George McBride, known in New York gambling circles as "The Duke." McBride advertised that his "Herkules" package would be delivered in the Russian zone of Germany for $40, in the non-Russian zones for $35. He is charged with having shipped a few token packages, collected $25,000 in cash and skipped. Other fly-by-night outfits were closed by local authorities, went bankrupt, or were put out of business by the Post Office Department.

Even honest agencies have their troubles, because postal regulations in war zones abroad are governed by decrepit transportation facilities. In one instance, a 22-pound parcel of food, soap and cigarettes addressed to Olpe, Germany, was held at Düsseldorf. The addressee had to travel 50 miles and pay charges of 61.5 marks, since packages of that weight could not be forwarded through German mail

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channels, and duties on some items are excessive.

There are, of course, many responsible agencies and firms which provide a variety of parcels different from the CARE packages. Better Business Bureaus suggest that before placing an order you (1) check on the company; (2) demand a receipt listing items in the parcel; (3) be sure the receipt describes the insurance promised; (4) make certain that your package will go to a private home, not to a warehouse; (5) write the consignee when the parcel is shipped and request that you be notified of delivery.

Authentic relief agencies—and there are more than 90—are registered with the Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid in Washington. Registration is not compulsory, however, so the easy-money boys are always ready to move in.

One of the most fantastic schemes was inaugurated by W. B. Jones of Houston, Texas. After boldly appropriating the name of the International Relief Association (a reputable New York organization), his letterhead named President Truman as chairman of the board, ex-President Hoover as managing director, and himself as secretary-treasurer.

His letter stated that his association was formed to raise $750,000,000 for destitute children all over the world. It went on: "We are planning a trip around the world . . . R-K-O has the broadcasting rights; M-G-M have the movie rights; *Life* Magazine has the picture-story rights; the theatrical rights are reserved for this organization. So you see we cannot fail to reach our goal."

Jones confessed to postal inspectors that his association was nonexistent and then pleaded guilty to using the mails to defraud. Despite the preposterous nature of his claims, contributors were responding liberally before Uncle Sam stopped the racket.

Relief experts estimate that Germany will not be self-sufficient for another five years, at least. Whether the flow of begging letters will continue that long depends on us. Rackets exist only as long as they are profitable. Our best course is to follow the experts' advice and ignore even the most heart-rending pleas. For obviously, we are not giving to charity when we help support a racketeer.

The Next Step

A SHORTSIGHTED gentleman went to choose a pair of spectacles.

"These glasses," he said, "are not strong enough for me."

"But, sir, they are No. 2."

"What is stronger than No. 2?"

"No. 1."

"And after that?"

"After No. 1, sir, you will want a dog." —HELEN D. FARRELL

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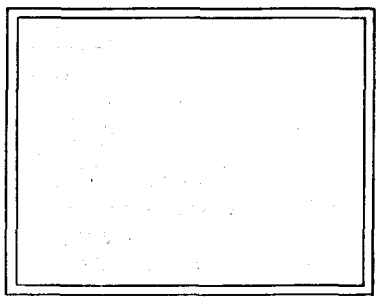
In life, a temperamental genius won world-wide acclaim, but in death he was virtually friendless and unmourned



Art's Lonely Butterfly

by **WEBB B. GARRISON**

WHEN JAMES ABBOTT MCNEILL Whistler was buried in an obscure English graveyard on July 22, 1903, the funeral of America's greatest artist was typical of his life.

He had been much talked and written about for a quarter-century. He had been the center of the fiercest controversy ever waged among the elite of the art world. He had painted, etched, written and lectured. He was president of a society of artists, past president of another. And his genius had been recognized throughout the world.

France had bestowed upon him the title of Officer of the Legion of Honor; Italy had made him Commander of the Crown of Italy and a member of the Academy of St. Luke; Germany had named him a Knight of the Order of St. Michael, and two German Royal Academies had elected him to membership. When Whistler died, police came to restrain the crowd at his funeral.

But there was no crowd. France, Italy and Germany sent no representatives to stand beside his grave. Even the American embassy in London was not represented at those last rites, although Whistler was generally acknowledged to be the most distinguished American artist of all time.

The only blood relatives in attendance were two nieces. They, and a handful of artists and personal acquaintances, watched Whistler's coffin as it was lowered into the grave, remarked at the pitifully few flowers, then walked away, leaving a swirling London fog to envelop the little burial spot.

For while Whistler, the artist, had won honor and respect, Whistler, the man, had inspired neither affection nor loyalty. He had no intimates. He quarreled with his friends and associates, alienated himself from his family. He insulted his patrons and fought his critics. He called himself an American, but

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lived in his native land only 15 years. He referred to himself as "The Master," and never admitted having made a mistake. He changed his name to defy an older half brother; and after a fist fight with his sister's husband, refused to speak to him again.

The story of his turbulent career begins in 1834, when Whistler, son of an army officer, was born into a wealthy home in Lowell, Massachusetts. His father, a railroad builder, had remarried after the death of his first wife; and it was Anna Mathilda McNeill who became the artist's mother.

When Whistler was eight years old, his father went to Russia to build a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow for Czar Nicholas I. Soon, Mrs. Whistler took her own children to join their father, leaving the older stepchildren at home.

In Russia, young Jemmie was greatly impressed by his father's princely income and distinguished friends; but when Major Whistler suddenly died, after six years abroad, his widow and children were left dependent on a small pension. They returned to America, where the family's business affairs were thenceforth managed by Whistler's half brother, George.

It was through the influence of George that Whistler, at 17, was appointed a cadet at West Point. Already the youth was displaying an unruly spirit: he had shown no desire to follow his mother's wish that he become a preacher, while an inclination toward practical joking—actually a revolt against authority—was developing.

In the private school which he had entered on returning to America, the schoolmaster wore high collars to hide an unusually long neck. Young Jemmie soon earned a thrashing by marching in one morning, wearing a huge paper collar which covered his ears.

At West Point, he adopted a devil-may-care attitude. He did well in drawing, but fretted under the restrictions imposed on cadets and refused to study. Typical was his action in adding "McNeill" to his name and abbreviating the "Abbott" to an initial, a gesture of defiance aimed at his half brother George, to emphasize the fact that he was the son of his father's second wife. Later in life he dropped even the "A" and called himself James McNeill Whistler, despite the fact that his next younger brother had been christened McNeill at birth.

PERHAPS IT WAS THE rebellion against his family that made young Whistler indifferent at West Point. In any event, he was discharged for failure in chemistry. Promptly he appealed to Col. Robert E. Lee, commandant, for reinstatement, and on being refused made the same request of Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War. Again turned down, he tried unsuccessfully to win an appointment to Annapolis.

Six months after expulsion from West Point, he landed a job in the drawing division of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey at $1.50 a day. Here Whistler learned the etching technique that was to mean so much to him later. But social engagements interfered with his work. He had already adopted marked eccentricities in dress, and spent most of his evenings at parties

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or theater. Often late to work in the mornings, he relieved the dullness of his job by making impudent sketches on the open spaces of the copper plates on which he worked.

Once he enraged his supervisor by etching a little devil on the magnifying glass with which that august person inspected the work of his minions. It could not last. Whistler started work on November 7, 1854. In January, he worked six days, and only five in February. Abruptly he was fired.

George Whistler offered him a job in a locomotive plant, but he refused, blithely announcing his intention of going to Paris to study art. Now 21 years old, he had been drawing since the age of four, and so far he had shown no indication of artistic genius. So the family protested, pointing out that he was a man and had a living to make. But Whistler talked them into an allowance of $350 a year and packed himself off to France.

Although all his life he boasted of American citizenship, from the day Whistler stepped on the boat for Paris, his foot never again touched U.S. soil. In Paris, where he remained for five years, the youth made no reputation except as an idler. Dressed always in the most extravagant fashion, he appeared to do little serious work.

Whistler did study the Old Masters and was influenced by them, but his original work in oil showed marked departures from conventional subjects and methods. Some of the paintings of this period were acclaimed after he became world-famous but at the time they were disregarded by the critics.

It was also while playing the part of an idle apprentice that he formed the habit of painting a portrait of himself every night before going to bed. Actually he was dreaming on canvas, for he gave the self-portraits fantastic titles. He liked to think of himself not as Jemmie, but as "Sir James Whistler, R.A."

To his credit, however, it must be said that Whistler took art out of the studio and into life. He turned his back on formal settings and poses, sketched people where he saw them, thus bringing to his work a vitality that other artists lacked. Yet only his etchings were received with favor.

IN 1860, AT THE AGE OF 26, Whistler began to make London his headquarters. In his first exhibit at the Royal Academy, one oil painting, "At the Piano," and five etchings were hung. For the young artist, these months brought comparative happiness. He had exhibited at the Royal Academy! But two years later, when he offered the first of his famous "symphonies" in one color, "The White Girl," it was rejected. Promptly, Whistler showed it in a private gallery.

When the critics turned it down, Whistler wrote a letter to the newspapers, condemning them in caustic words. From this period onward, he never ceased to fight his critics, making of himself a Don Quixote of art, whose spear was eternally leveled against men in high places.

Whistler was even more blatant in his mutiny against social conventions. He adopted the most bizarre hats, refused to wear a tie with evening dress, affected patent-leather pumps with huge pink bows. With monocle gleaming in his right

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eye, his moustache and little imperial bristling under a wide-brimmed hat, he presented a most unusual spectacle as he strolled the streets of sedate London, twirling a cane.

Staging a ceaseless round of social activities, he was constantly at the theater or fashionable dinners. Defying convention, he seldom worked alone in the studio. Yet out of the loneliness that filled his heart, he seemingly longed for companions.

It was during this period that Whistler, in a moment of bravado, volunteered to go with a group of young adventurers to fight the Spanish in South America. He saw action in the Battle of Valparaiso, but soon returned to England where he became involved in at least three fist fights. One was with Lord Seymour Haden, London surgeon who had married Whistler's half sister. Haden had been one of the young artist's most ardent supporters, but after the fight they never spoke to one another again.

It was also during this period that the Butterfly monogram was born. Intertwining his initials, JMW, Whistler made what faintly resembled a butterfly. Gradually it came to be his trade mark, and to look more and more like a butterfly. He began signing his paintings, then his letters, with the symbol. Finally, according to hearsay, he even used it to sign checks.

The Butterfly entered more and more into London's gay life, and topped his social activities by inventing the famous "Sunday breakfasts." Guests were invited for 12 noon, but it was often an hour or two later before the meal was served. Whistler would perhaps start a sketch after his guests arrived, or take time to put a keen edge on his bread knife, all the while delivering a lecture on the proper method of cutting bread.

Because of the lure of the unexpected, men and women vied for invitations to Whistler's breakfasts. But in the entire throng, the quarrelsome Butterfly could not count a single close friend. Loneliness, bitterness, began to close in on him. He became more furious in his attacks on critics, more disdainful toward those who handled this work.

But the London critics were beginning to echo what the French had said previously—that Whistler was not living up to his early promise. His best-known work, the portrait of his mother, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872. His first large oil portrait, it was painted on the back of a secondhand canvas and called simply "Arrangement in Grey and Black." Whistler himself was not sentimental about it, remarking: "To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what ought the public care about the portrait's identity?"

The public, as a matter of fact, cared neither about the identity of the portrait nor about its value as a work of art. It was the last Whistler painting ever hung at the Royal Academy. Lonelier than ever, he cast all discretion to the winds and in 1874 instituted the first of his "one-man" exhibitions. The critics had their usual field day, and Whistler wrote more stinging letters signed with defiant butterflies.

Soon thereafter he quarreled with one of his wealthy patrons over a mural, and then sued the critic, Ruskin, for damages because of re-

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marks made about one of his paintings. Whistler won a moral victory, for he was awarded damages of one farthing. But he himself had to pay the court costs with the result that, in 1879, he was declared bankrupt.

Commissioned to make a series of etchings in Venice, he returned briefly to the life of the Gay Idler; yet despite his escapades in the romantic Italian city, his work there attracted favorable attention in London, and there were indications that the tide was beginning to turn. The turn was slight, however, for when Philadelphia in 1881 refused to pay $1,000 for "The Mother" on exhibit there, Whistler resumed his feud with the art world.

For seven more years it raged until, in 1888, foreign recognition came at last in the form of a medal at the International Exhibition. Next year he was decorated by the German government, and won gold medals at Paris and Amsterdam exhibitions. After long and lonely struggle, the Butterfly had arrived.

Immediately, and characteristically, he published a volume of his drawn-out correspondence with critics. Titling the book *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, he gleefully tore his traditional enemies to shreds. Arrogantly triumphant, the Butterfly also took revenge on any who he thought had wronged him.

When a newspaper publisher made an offensive remark about Mrs. Whistler's first husband, the artist sought him out at the theater and slashed his face with a cane. There was a fight and Whistler was ordered to leave.

Increasingly he became merciless in his demands on patrons and friends alike. Always hating to part with a work, he would borrow back pictures from their purchasers and keep them months at a time. When he discovered one of his early paintings in a hostess' home, he persuaded her to return it for "revarnishing." She did, and then tried unsuccessfully to get it back.

"Just think!" Whistler cried. "She has had the privilege of living for years with this masterpiece, for which she paid ridiculously little. Now she asks it back. Pshaw! It is unspeakable!"

He cultivated an even sharper tongue than before. The English, among whom he had lived so long, he began to call "The Islanders." Though he himself had spent only a few years in America, he boasted of his "American blood," meanwhile treating his own countrymen as scornfully as the English.

When an American introduced himself to Whistler with the remark that they had both been born in Lowell, Whistler glared through his monocle. "I will have you know, sir, that I shall be born when and where I want. And I do not choose to be born in Lowell!"

WITH THE PURCHASE of "The Mother" by the French Government, and the portrait of Carlyle by the Glasgow Corporation, in 1891, the tide definitely turned. Many critics with whom Whistler had fought for two decades were dead. The younger men were becoming more and more outspoken in their praise.

Two years later he was given his first official honor from his native land—a medal at the Chicago Exposition. But the great productive years of the Butterfly were over;

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never again did he produce paintings comparable to those of a decade or two earlier. His etchings and lithographs were unsurpassed, but few in number.

Hailed the world over as a great artist, Whistler was more lonely and bitter than ever. His mother had died in 1881, and his wife had followed in 1896.

The year after, he was commissioned by Sir William Eden to make a water-color portrait of Lady Eden, but he became so interested in the subject that he turned to oils. For this type of painting he would have charged more than the 100 to 150 guineas agreed upon. When Eden gave him a check for 105 guineas, Whistler cashed it but refused to give up the painting.

When Eden sued, Whistler wiped out the head of the portrait before the case went to court. Whistler, the artist, was permitted to keep the painting, but ordered to return the 105 guineas. Whistler, the man, lost heavily in the eyes of associates.

As a last gesture of defiance to his relatives, the Butterfly willed all his property to the sister of his late wife. And after having lived virtually all his adult life in London, his only written request concerning his pictures was that none should ever be hung in an English gallery.

A short time before his death, Whistler attended a lecture at which an old enemy held out his hand and said: "Come now, Mr. Whistler, be a gentleman and shake hands." Angrily the Butterfly drew himself up. "It is because I am a gentleman that I refuse to shake hands with you!" he thundered. And with a harsh laugh, he turned his back.

Whistler lived to enjoy almost universal acclaim. He gave art a new freedom, a new saneness and simplicity. He magnified the commonplace—a river at twilight, the crowd on an English bank holiday. He was the first to paint the night and to make studies in one color.

But if he enjoyed artistic triumph, he lived and died in turmoil, alienated from family, friends and country. The Library of Congress contains 150 volumes of newspaper clippings about his life, testifying to his fame. Yet the man behind "The Mother" is best symbolized by a brightly colored butterfly, fluttering defiantly but wistfully through the vast expanse of life with no friend or loved one at his side.

A Little Learning . . .

MIKE CLANCY HAD BEEN working on Boston Harbor tugboats for 50 years when he fell overboard and was drowned.

Some months afterward a friend of the widow asked her: "Did Mike leave you well fixed?"

"Indeed he did," the widow replied. "He left me $50,000."

The friend rolled her eyes heavenward. "Tch, tch, tch," she said. "Think of that. And him that couldn't read nor write!"

"Yes," agreed the widow, shaking her head seriously — "nor swim." —ROBERT GOLDSTEIN

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New England's

Trillion Dollar Mile

by DAVID O. WOODBURY

IF YOU STAND AT THE FRINGE of Boston's Back Bay and look across the Charles River, you will see the greatest concentration of scientific brains and ideas in all America. In that mile-odd strip of Cambridge shore front between Kendall Square and Harvard stadium, the country's future is hatching; better living, better housing, better food, faster flying, cheaper steel and, above all, several knockout wallops for the next foreign aggressor.

Along Research Row, you'll find America's greatest concentration of scientific talent engaged in shaping a better world

Denizens refer to the strip as "Research Row," but that's an understatement. As an investment in material welfare, it is the nation's Trillion-Dollar Mile.

The roster of the Row reads like the Boston *Social Register*. From east to west: Arthur D. Little, Inc., pioneer in industrial research; Lever Brothers, throne of Charlie Luckman, of soap fame; National Research Corporation, commercializers of high-vacuum devices and explorers of everything; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, No. 1 cradle for the engineers of tomorrow; Supersonic Lab, where Navy winds will blow at 15 times top hurricane speed; the mysterious B. B. Chemical Company, spark plug for the giant United Shoe Machinery Corporation; and finally Harvard, straddling the Charles with research all the way from higher mathematics to studies of the "average man."

Two decades ago Boston businessmen became alarmed. New England was losing her industries: the Hub was fading away to the rim of the financial universe. Massachusetts Tech came forward with a solution: if we can't export goods, let's export scientific brains instead —the know-how and knowledge the country will need tomorrow. The thing began as an experiment in experiments. Now it is an international blueprint for scientific success.

Arthur D. Little, Inc., was the earliest partner in the enterprise. Their oldest client is a hope-chest maker who discovered that moths are no respecters of brides and their lacy dreams. Little's specialist on smell, E. C. Crocker, spent months

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designing a chest that would retain the cedar aroma. That was typical industrial research. Something was wrong with a product people wanted to buy. Science found the trouble and cured it. Result: a practical discovery that saved an industry.

Lift the lid on Research Row and watch your future coming to the boil. Twenty years ago young Bob Van de Graaff of M.I.T. invented a "lightning generator." He built the first model with a motor and some glass rods, a tin can and a length of silk ribbon. It worked so well that President Karl Compton gave him a laboratory for further development.

When the war broke, the lightning machine disappeared into the atom-bomb project, where it was essential. It's out again now, and hospitals and heavy industries are clamoring for it. Both need powerful X rays, one to treat cancer, the other to locate flaws in metals. Two-million-volt X rays can be turned out by a Van de Graaff machine no bigger than a home icebox—a watch charm beside earlier apparatus for this work.

Tech, however, couldn't build it commercially. So Research Row organized High Voltage Engineering Corporation, and put Van de Graaff and his associates into a new business which will make cancer treatable in practically any hospital, and give industry a portable tester that will save millions in faulty castings.

IN THE ULTRAMODERN offices of National Research Corporation sits its vigorous young founder, Dick Morse, who got a group of Boston businessmen to set him up in high-vacuum work eight years ago. Dick is a fury for new activities, but he has time to tell you what research means to him and to you.

"For one thing, this," he explains as his secretary slides a steaming cup of vacuum-prepared coffee onto the arm of your chair. "Instant-coffee that 'dissolves' as fast as ice in hot water. Like it?"

You admit its flavor is excellent. That is because it is a crystalline product and the others are not. Other coffee powders are evaporated in air by spray-drying at high temperature. Morse's is dried in a vacuum.

Practically every penicillin plant in the world uses this drying system, and it is this process that changed penicillin overnight from a nearly unobtainable miracle drug to a medical stand-by. And now Morse casts an eye to the future . . .

Take metals. Vacuum gives us an entirely new way of handling them. Coating camera lenses with magnesium fluoride, for instance. Better snapshots from cheap cameras; some day, color photography within reach of everyone. Or the ornamental coating of plastics and cellophane; or making electrical condensers by evaporating zinc onto insulation instead of cutting sheets of foil and laying them up by hand. Or "printed" circuits for radio sets, deposited on the panel, to replace laboriously soldered copper wiring. All these things you can do in a vacuum at an enormous gain in speed and economy.

But Morse's big interest now is in making rare metals into common ones by vacuum refining. "A good man," he chuckles, "can earn his living panning gold in New Eng-

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land. Nobody does it because it takes too long and yields too little. But now we're learning to refine low-grade ores to produce rare metals in ton lots, cheaply. Lithium, for example, is so expensive now that only laboratories can afford it. We think we can turn it out cheaply. Calcium we can already produce several times cheaper than the market.

"What will happen when these metals are abundant enough to use for alloying? Something better than copper for carrying electricity, perhaps. New structural materials of tremendous strength and pigmy weight. Maybe a brand-new economy for the world."

One more idea he tosses after you as you stagger out: vacuum distillation of petroleum, instead of the present cracking process using pressure and heat. Another huge industry in for remodeling, perhaps.

Two distinct emotions hit you between the eyes when you visit the Row. First, bewilderment at the endless new concepts that apparently have nothing to do with ordinary living. Then, a sudden realization that it's all planned and directed specifically toward better living for tomorrow. You wake up to the fact that young researchers like Morse actually live and breathe in the future. The present, to them, is a kind of yesterday, from which they will lead an exodus as soon as they have worked out the route.

"Here's a new one for the steel industry," Ray Stevens of Arthur D. Little, Inc., remarks. " 'Pressure for Pig.' Twenty per cent more pig iron from a blast furnace; 12 per cent of the coke saved."

This means, you discover, an enormous increase in steel and iron production. More automobiles, more steel-framed apartment houses, more stoves, refrigerators, sinks, bath tubs. How? Very simple.

"Some of our fellows figured that if you put a lid on a blast-furnace chimney, it would raise the pressure inside and make the furnace do more work. It does. Republic Steel is one of those now using this method, saving more than $1,000 a day on each blast furnace."

SO FAR WE HAVE BEEN talking end results. But much of the Row is occupied with fundamental research, collecting volumes of new data, filling up the bank of knowledge against a rainy day, *and then making it rain.* There are only four laboratories in North America where the temperature can be driven down to 456 below zero on your thermometer, or within a few degrees of Absolute Zero. Or rather, there *were* only four.

Not long ago, Dr. Sam Collins at M.I.T. invented a new kind of "Cryostat," an apparatus smaller than a clothes closet that will turn helium gas into a liquid that bubbles like boiling water. Now any laboratory can play around with cold so intense that molecules almost stop moving. Then they can be studied at leisure, revealing information unknown before. The Cryostat is like a slow-motion movie camera for objects a few billionths of an inch in diameter.

The "pure" research game is led by M.I.T. herself, for she cannot be a commercial institution. She must train and inspire her brood along the Charles, mainly by example and inspiration. This she

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does with gigantic energy, in her $18,000,000 plant that hums like an auto factory. Scientific spy-hunts for outside clients fit into her program perfectly, for they give students and professors a chance to sharpen their wits on problems the whole world is struggling to solve.

Item: electronics. M.I.T.'s Radiation Lab was war headquarters for radar and communications. Radiation is disbanded now; in its place is a huge joint project some features of which are sponsored by the Navy, Air Forces and Army Signal Corps. Much about this project is highly secret; all we know is that hundreds of men are rounding up, ahead of time, the principles to give us a long head start should World War III come.

Near-by is nucleonics, in which the Office of Naval Research is interested. Digging deeper into the atom, its workers are compiling data that will be needed by engineers when atomic power becomes real. Getting a similar background for the atom bomb held up the Manhattan Project for months or years. We won't get caught without our atomic ABC's again.

Far more dramatic is M.I.T.'s new supersonic wind tunnel—supported by the Navy—located in a humpbacked building on Research Row. Its chief job will be to learn all about the invisible wall that planes slam into when they reach the speed of sound. Professors and students will make winds blow 3,000 miles an hour in that cavernous building.

Tech's outside commitments total about $10,000,000 this year. But she has many millions more of her own sleuthing to do. Already the air is filled with the roar of gas turbines, testing new metals that will hold their strength at bright-red heat. The gas turbine means tomorrow's transportation, if and when fundamentals are established. And under the Godfrey Cabot Foundation she is studying the storage of solar heat.

Suppose you could catch enough sunlight in summer to heat your home all winter. That would indeed be something—the biggest news in housing in a generation. Tech men don't say they can do it: they merely say that nobody can do it till the physics and chemistry of the problem are understood.

MOST WHISPERED-ABOUT project along the Row is the vast new Institute of Man for the armed forces, which will be under the direction of the Quartermaster Corps. Till Congress says yes in seven figures, this will remain a dream in the brain of the Row's most colorful figure, Gen. Georges F. Doriot. "In the next war," says this former director of the military planning division, "more value must be placed on human beings. Up to now we have done everything about weapons, little about men—until they are wounded. That is foolish."

The next war, Doriot warns, will involve everybody. We shall have to know what to do about people rather than weapons. How to keep them warm or cool, how to make them healthy in jungles, deserts and ice. How to protect them from weather, from radiation, from new strange diseases. What to feed them under extreme stress. What to do about their minds and their morals.

"The best of this," Doriot tells

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you, "is that every finding we make will be useful in peace. Nobody has researched before on the human problems of all citizens. Shoes, for example; warm, light clothing. Sunlight, ultraviolet, high altitude, housing. What are the details of the best environment for health, happiness, efficiency? It will be the first people's laboratory on earth."

And so it goes on the Row, all the way from dreamers to hard-headed chemists chipping off a penny or two from a client's expense sheets. But such intensive exploration is costly. Where does the Row get its money?

"Mr. Smith" began it, when he grubstaked M.I.T. to the new buildings along the Charles. Smith turned out to be George Eastman of Kodak fame. The present Mr. Smith is less mysterious. He is not an individual but a force—a new kind of venture capital.

When Senator Ralph Flanders of Vermont was president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, he was worried about the flight of investment capital into government bonds. "We can't float along indefinitely on the enterprise and vision of other generations," he said. "We must have a reasonably high birth rate of new undertakings."

But instead of talking he went out and whipped up the interest of the banks and insurance companies. From that inspiration have come several groups of wise investors with their eyes on the future, and millions in their checkbooks. Gamblers, yes, but not on the future of science. They know that the future is a sure thing. What they are betting on is the *men* of Research Row.

"The greatest invention we ever made," says a wise scientist, "was the discovery of how to make an invention."

That means modern research, and *that*, in the end, means *us*.

A Child's Prayer

When it gets dark the birds and flowers
Shut up their eyes and say good-night;
And God who loves them counts the hours,
And keeps them safe till it gets light.
Dear Father, count the hours tonight
While I'm asleep and cannot see;
And in the morning may the light
Shine for the birds, the flowers and me.

—William Hawley Smith

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The Triumph of the Bells

A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

IT WAS A SOMBER Easter dawn, 1799, on the heights of Feldkirch, a mountain hamlet just inside the western border of Austria. The people awoke to find a cordon of French troops outside their peaceful village.

Hastily the town fathers called a council. Only a few weeks earlier, Napoleon's soldiers had attempted to siege their village which commanded the route through Arlberg Pass to all Austria. They had failed then, but now were back in stronger force.

Feldkirch could not withstand such a formidable host. Should the white flag be hoisted and the town surrendered on Easter morn? Then the dean of the church arose and faced the grim assembly.

"This is Easter Day," he declared in trembling voice. "We have been counting our strength—the strength that comes from God. This is the day of our King's resurrection. We must have one moment of triumph. Let us, at least, ring the bells. If the town falls, it fails; but we must first ring all the bells of Easter."

Soon, from four church towers, the bells reverberated through the frosty morning; hill and dale re-echoed with the triumphant music. Down in the valley, the French were struck with consternation. General Masséna, commanding 18,000 men, demanded an explanation of the bells inside Feldkirch.

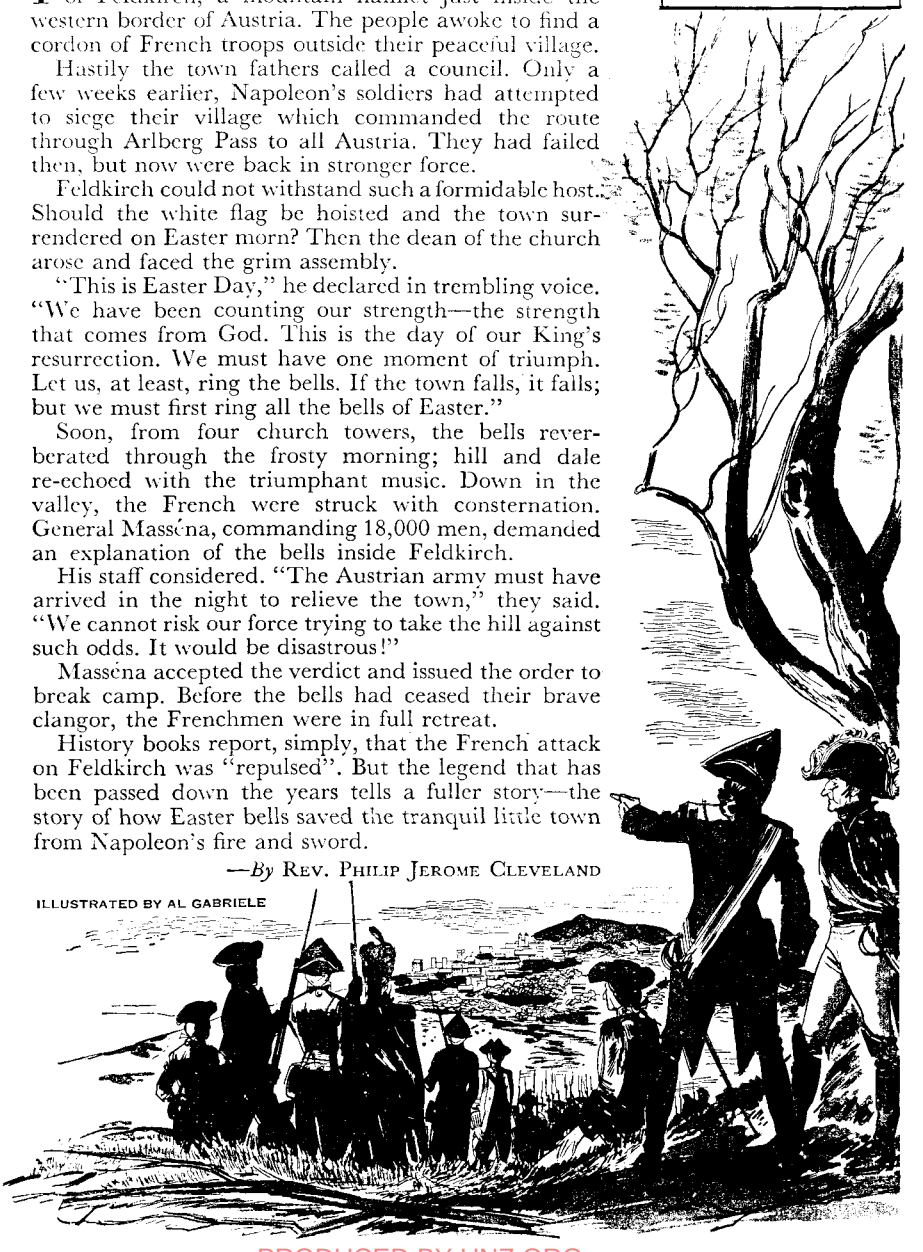
His staff considered. "The Austrian army must have arrived in the night to relieve the town," they said. "We cannot risk our force trying to take the hill against such odds. It would be disastrous!"

Masséna accepted the verdict and issued the order to break camp. Before the bells had ceased their brave clangor, the Frenchmen were in full retreat.

History books report, simply, that the French attack on Feldkirch was "repulsed". But the legend that has been passed down the years tells a fuller story—the story of how Easter bells saved the tranquil little town from Napoleon's fire and sword.

—*By* REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY AL GABRIELE



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If you think it's just a waste of time to write letters of complaint, read on!

by HELEN COLTON

LIKE ALMOST EVERYBODY else, I used to look on writers of squawk letters as eccentrics. Why, I asked myself, waste time filing complaints with companies and organizations about poor service or faulty products or some other legitimate failing? Surely *they* wouldn't heed a lone voice crying in the wilderness of today's complex business world!

But since taking up the habit myself, I've found that writing squawk letters not only makes good sense but pays good dividends too. My notes of complaint have brought me grateful thank-you's from the heads of corporations, an offer of hard-to-get train reservations, personal visits from sales managers, gifts of their products—even the offer of a job.

A carton of weak and watery milk first started me on the squawk road a few years ago. Annoyed, I sent a card to the dairy, saying: "I am surprised that a company of your reputation would sell such watery milk."

I did not expect a reply: I just wanted an outlet for my anger. But a few days later my doorbell rang. There stood the young sales manager of the milk company, carrying a shopper's bag.

"Allow me," he said, "to present you with this half-gallon of our milk. If that isn't the best milk you ever drank, the president of our company wants to know about it."

And so, while he stood there, I drank a glass of the milk. It was, I told him, the best I had ever tasted. A beatific smile came over his face. "And have you ever tried our ice cream or our cheese?"

Happily he reached into the bag and brought forth a pint of ice cream and a carton of cream cheese. "Please accept these with our compliments."

I thanked him and he left, his day brightened by the thought that he had done a fine public-relations job for his company. And so he had.

Usually I send my squawk letters to the president of the company. This rarely fails to bring prompt action, since my opening sentence reads: "I direct this to your attention because it has always been my experience that the higher the executive, the quicker the action."

Last winter, when train reservations were especially hard to get, five members of my family were

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planning a trip to Los Angeles from Newark, New Jersey. But tickets were unavailable: the black market was flourishing. The family wrote to me in California about the situation and I, in turn, wrote a two-page letter to the president of the railroad in Philadelphia.

Quickly there came a gracious reply from the president himself. It read in part:

> We are grateful to you for having brought to our notice the difficulties that have been experienced at the Newark agency. We welcome the opportunity to go into such matters and get them straightened out . . .
>
> If only everyone would write to us as you have done, rather than sacrifice principle for the sake of expediency, there would be no irregularities in the handling of railroad or Pullman tickets.

Within a few days, my family was en route to the West Coast.

Once in a while a company president snubs me. Then my reply comes from a mere vice-president in charge of public relations or of sales. Recently, a vice-president helped me to secure a pair of $12 shoes for $3.97.

A local department store had advertised: "Walking shoes, medium heels, reduced from $8.95 and $11 to $3.97." They were on sale, all right, and they were reduced to $3.97, but they were not for my aching feet or anybody else's. There were high heels, strapless backs, missing toes—and not a medium heel in a tableload.

I asked the salesman about the walking shoes. He said snappishly, "This is all we have on sale!" When I showed him the ad I had clipped from the newspaper, he said a mistake must have been made by the advertising department. There were no such shoes. And that was that.

Next day I got off one of my best indignation letters to the store president, telling him what had happened. Soon my phone rang. It was the vice-president in charge of public relations—the president was out of town.

By mistake, he said, the walking shoes had *not* been put on sale as advertised, and the store executives were grateful that I had called the error to their attention. They were so grateful, in fact, that wouldn't I please return to the store and allow the buyer personally to fit me? I could have any pair of walking shoes I wanted for $3.97, regardless of their original price.

His next words floored me. "Would you," he asked, "like to come to work for us as a comparison shopper?"

I took the shoes—and a rain check on the job offer.

FEELING THAT I AM HELPING others, as well as myself, is one of the joys of writing squawk letters. One morning I was walking past a department store on Hollywood Boulevard when a lighted cigarette came sailing from an open window and narrowly missed a little girl in front of me. I sent a card to the store, complaining of their carelessness.

Enclosed with the manager's thank-you reply was a copy of a notice he had sent "to department managers, department superintendents and buyers," warning them that the practice must stop.

Not long ago I noticed that a chain drugstore was charging 29 cents for a roll of shelf paper I had just bought for nine cents in another

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chain store up the street. In this instance, I hadn't been overcharged, but habit is strong. So I sent off another card.

The manager replied promptly, offering to refund the difference in case I had previously paid 29 cents for the nine-cent item. He thanked me, not once but twice, for letting him know about the discrepancy, saying: "It is by this means that we are able to correct unfair differences immediately."

Even government officials are not immune to letters of complaint. Our mailman used to be an aged fellow who delivered our morning mail just as the sun was sinking. But it wasn't his fault. The large district and the heavy mail traffic were just too much for an elderly man who should have been transferred years before to an inside job.

I wrote to our local postmaster, but nothing happened. So next I wrote to the Postmaster-General in Washington. The reply stunned me. It came in the form of a *personal visit* from a department official who happened to be visiting Los Angeles.

We had a pleasant chat. As a result, our mailman now has an inside job, we get our mail at a reasonable hour, and all my neighbors, pleased to receive their mail early too, are taking to writing squawk letters when the occasion demands.

Although at first my husband looked on my letter-writing with a supercilious smile, he is changing rapidly. I was proud of him when he recently returned a nylon toothbrush to the manufacturer because the bristles came out the first time he used it. By return mail, he received a new brush. Now there are two squawkers in the family—and I am delighted.

"I Wish I Had a Business of My Own"

HOW MANY TIMES have you said that to yourself . . . how many times have you envied men who enjoy the independence, the feeling of security, and the deep satisfaction of achievement that can be realized only through a business of one's own?

If you are ambitious to have a business of your own, if you are eager for a lifetime career that offers rich rewards both in earnings and in interesting, stimulating work, the editors of CORONET recommend to you a booklet which explains a fascinating opportunity. This booklet is entitled "From All Walks of Life." It narrates six typical case histories of men who have found security, success and independence as representatives for the CORONET Calendar Division, selling CORONET calendars to business firms in their communities. In simple question-and-answer form, the booklet outlines the basic requirements for entering this profitable field.

This booklet is available on request to adults who are seriously interested. Simply drop a letter or post card to CORONET Calendar Division, Dept. H, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

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As told to JEANNETTE EYERLY

Here is the heartbreaking anonymous story of a girl who knows—and tells—the terrible tragedy of a broken home

I HAD WANTED TO TELL Jack my story for a long time, but during the year we had known each other we had been so busy working and falling in love that I had never had an opportunity. Besides, it seemed silly to start discussing the evils of divorce with a young man before he actually asked you to marry him.

Then one evening, after we were engaged, he said: "It's an old-fashioned notion, but hadn't I better talk to your parents?"

"I haven't any," was my reply.

Jack sputtered. "But I've heard you speak of them. . . ."

"Well, to be technical," I said, "I suppose I have *four* parents, but I don't think you'll have to talk to any of them."

Jack gave me one of those patient but bewildered looks that men bestow on women they love but do not profess to understand. "Go ahead," he said. "I'm listening. . . ."

I was 11 years old when my mother came into my room one night and sat on my bed. "You're getting to be a big girl, Lee," she said, looking at me as though she had never seen me before. Then it all came out in a carefully rehearsed little speech — how she and my father had decided that it was not fair to either of them, or to me, to continue their marriage. She had tried, she said, but things had not worked out. So now I would have to stay with Grandmother Allen until things "settled down."

"You don't understand now, dear," she said, kissing me, "but you will when you are older."

My face felt stiff and unfeeling—the way it does when you have been out in the cold for a long time. I didn't mind if they were "incompatible." I loved them desperately. They were mine and they were all I had.

For a long time after mother left the room, I lay there thinking. I knew there was nothing that I, a little girl, could do about the situation. So my one desperate hope was that Grandmother Allen would

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like me. I had only seen pictures of her and they weren't reassuring. My thoughts kept going around, faster and faster, until finally I fell into an exhausted sleep.

A few days later my father took me to Detroit, and when I saw my grandmother I was half sick with fear and uncertainty. She looked just like her pictures—tall, gaunt, with rather fierce dark eyes. But when she put her arms about me, somehow I was no longer frightened, even when her harsh voice boomed, "Well, Theodore, you and Sally have certainly cooked up a pretty kettle of fish!"

"Now, mother," my father began, "Sally and I know what we are doing. . . ."

"Don't 'mother' me!" my grandmother said, and father followed her meekly into the house.

The first month I was at grandmother's, I kept pretending that I was just having a summer vacation; and every night I prayed that something would bring my parents together again. But nothing happened until the day came when there was no longer need for pretending. My grandmother got a letter from father, saying the divorce had been granted.

That September I started in at a strange school. Then, just as I was beginning to make friends, my mother asked me to spend Christmas with her. After the divorce she had moved to Chicago and taken a small apartment there.

I was terribly excited when I saw her through the train window. Her face, too, was alight and eager, but she was not alone. A tall, heavy-set man, much older than my father, stood beside her.

As her arms went around me, she was laughing and crying at the same time, and saying to the man, "Alfred, this is my funny, funny Lee! Can you imagine me having such a huge daughter?"

Then they both laughed and I laughed, too. But it wasn't the wonderful evening I had planned. I was put to bed early. Mother and Alfred went out together and a Mrs. Frisbie came to stay with me. That was only the beginning, for during the next ten days I saw more of Mrs. Frisbie than I did of mother, who slept late and went out every evening with Alfred. The day before New Year's, mother put me on the train, and I was almost glad to be going back.

A few months later, mother wrote to say that she was going to marry Alfred, and that they both wanted me to live with them as soon as they found a large apartment. I showed the letter to grandmother.

"I'm not going to live with them —ever!" I cried.

"Ever is an awfully long time, darling," grandmother said. "You'll feel differently when you are older."

Mother had used practically the same words the night she told me about the divorce. I wondered how much older I would have to be before I *really* understood. . . .

WHEN SCHOOL CLOSED, grandmother and I went to my father's home for the summer vacation. But he spent most of his time at the college, doing research work, and when he was home he seemed quiet and preoccupied. Grandmother and I might as well have never come at all.

After we went back to Detroit,

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mother wrote that she and Alfred were still looking for an apartment. At Christmas, she did not invite me to Chicago for the holidays; instead, she sent a check for my tuition at a girls' school. So I was enrolled at mid-year.

I hadn't expected to like the school, but it was even worse than I had anticipated. It had never been easy for me to make friends, and all the girls had their own cliques. Then, to make matters worse, my roommate was Mary Cless, who was so wrapped up in her family that there was little room for anyone else.

Almost every week end she would go home. In between visits she got more mail than any other girl on her floor. I watched jealously as she sat on the bed, reading her letters over and over.

When Mary wasn't reading her letters, it seemed she was always writing them — not only to her parents but to a brother who was away at school and to the three younger children still at home.

Once she said to me, "Aren't letters wonderful, Lee?"

"I wouldn't know," I said.

Mary was shocked. "Don't you get any?"

"Oh, sometimes," I said. But I knew that sooner or later Mary would have to know. So I added: "My parents are divorced."

Mary looked stricken. "I'm sorry. I didn't know. . . . Would you like to hear one of my letters?"

I nodded miserably and Mary began to read. It was a wonderful letter, although I still couldn't believe that mothers and fathers did all the interesting and amusing things that Mary's did.

Then one day I got an important letter: it was from my father, saying that he was married. His new wife, Vera, taught physics at the college and he had known her a long time. He was happy and he knew that I would be happy, too.

When mother had married Alfred, I felt that I had lost her. And although I had never been very close to my father, now I was going to lose him too. My loneliness and despondency amounted almost to terror. I had no friends, no one to talk to—not even Mary, who had gone home for the week end.

I threw myself on the bed and stuffed a handkerchief in my mouth so that no one could hear me cry. But soon I heard a knock on the door and one of the girls who lived on the floor below walked in. She was Joan, one of the prettiest and most popular girls in school.

"I thought I heard you crying," she said, sitting on the bed. "What's the matter? Problem parents?"

"How . . . how did you know?"

"Oh, lots of us have 'em," she said. "But you mustn't let it get you down." She picked up my crumpled letter. "Mind if I read it?" she asked.

I shook my head. Joan smoothed the letter and read it through. "Are they both married again?" she inquired.

I nodded miserably.

"It's simpler that way," she said, matter-of-factly. "Both of mine are married again, too. . . . Now, are there any other children?"

I shook my head.

"You can at least be glad of that," she said a little bitterly. "Look at the mess my family's in!" She began ticking the list of rela-

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tives on her fingers. "I've got a mother, a father, a stepmother and a stepfather; a whole brother, a half sister, two stepbrothers and a carload of stepuncles, stepaunts and stepcousins." She grinned at me cheerfully. "Better wash your face and come down to my room. My stepgrandfather just sent me a box of candy."

After that day, I began to like school better. I met the other girls whose parents had been divorced and joined their little club, called the Ugly Ducklings because no one wanted us. Then, just as I was beginning to think of myself as a sophisticate, Mary Cless invited me home for the Easter vacation. And soon I was right back where I had started from.

In the first place, I hadn't actually believed all the things that Mary had told me about her family —the things they did and the fun they had. But I hadn't been in the old, rambling house five minutes before I knew that every word that Mary had said was true.

Meals were informal and everybody did his share in preparing them. The older children took care of the younger ones, and Mary's mother and father seemed to have time for everybody.

At night we played games or sang while Mr. Cless thumped the piano. And always at bedtime there was a procession to the kitchen, where the warm odor of freshly baked cookies and doughnuts hung in the air.

There was a bulletin board in the kitchen, a "wailing wall" in the attic (where, as Mrs. Cless said, "if one of the children has to cry, he can do it in peace and quiet") and a family council to mete out discipline.

I wasn't treated as a guest but as another one of the children. For a whole week I "belonged." Fortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Cless asked me to come again, and I did — many times—during the years that Mary and I were in school together.

THAT SUMMER I WENT back to grandmother's. But I had been there only a month when mother wrote that she wanted me to come —she had a surprise in store. When I met her at the station, she hadn't changed, except that she was prettier than ever. I loved her so much that it made my throat hurt just to walk down the street beside her.

Mother and Alfred had moved into a nice apartment, and when I saw the two bedrooms I knew what the surprise was. "One of them is for me!" I cried. "I'm coming to live with you!"

Mother flushed. "I'm afraid not, darling. You see, I haven't been sleeping well and I really need a room of my own. We have a folding cot for you that will be quite comfortable."

"But the surprise. . . ." I began.

"We've joined a country club where you can take swimming and tennis lessons," she said brightly.

I took swimming, riding and tennis lessons at the club, but usually somebody else's parents brought me home. Mother was gone a lot. And always, people were dropping in at the apartment for cocktails and staying for hours.

That summer, I suppose, wasn't too bad. Mother always kept telling me what a lucky girl I was to have so many advantages. Even so, I

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wasn't sorry to go back to school. Then at Christmas, when I went to grandmother's, she told me that Vera, my father's wife, was going to have a baby.

"When summer comes," grandmother said, "I'm afraid your father will want you to visit him. It will be hard, but you will have to make the best of the situation."

"I won't go!" I said. "I hate Vera, and I think it is hateful of her to have a baby."

But when school was out that June, I went just the same. It was something bigger than I was. When somebody sent for me, I went. I was always going somewhere—to mother's, to school, to grandmother's, to father's. Yet everywhere I was just a visitor. I didn't belong to anybody.

That summer with father and Vera was the worst of all. I had visualized her as a cruel stepmother out of the pages of a book, but she was attractive and quiet, and tried hard to be nice. Nevertheless, I resented her taking my mother's place in the home, and her devotion to my father made me almost ill. Even so, we might have managed if it hadn't been for the baby.

Teddy was a thin, delicate youngster, and every time he coughed or sneezed, Vera looked up something in a book. She couldn't understand why I didn't like to take him for airings in his carriage. Yet I couldn't explain that every time I did, someone would be sure to stop me and smugly say, "So this is your little *half*-brother. Well, well! . . ."

Most of that summer my father wore a tired, worried look, yet he never mentioned his troubles to me until I was getting ready to go back to school. Then he called me into the library and said he knew it had been a difficult summer for us all, but that if I tried to take more interest in the baby, that would help. As I saw the deep hurt in his eyes, I couldn't tell him the truth.

WHEN I WENT BACK to school, I realized that it had become one of the two solid things in my life. The other was my grandmother. Yet it wasn't long before I had only one—the school. My grandmother, who had been ill for a long time, died.

That Christmas I spent with Mary Cless and her family. I was now 15, and grown up. I could see the change in the mirror. I got my first permanent, had my first real date with a boy. And during that Christmas vacation, I made a mental list of all my "advantages."

I had a beautiful mother. I had a handsome father who was also a distinguished scientist. I had a wealthy stepfather who would give me anything I wanted. I had a perfectly respectable stepmother who would be friendly if I gave her the opportunity. And in addition, I had a baby brother who might grow up to be President.

In fact, I had about everything a girl could ask for—clothes, spending money and four parents. I had been taught how to ride, how to swim, how to play tennis, and even how to be socially graceful. Yet in my heart I knew that money couldn't buy the thing I wanted most—just *one ordinary set of parents.* They needn't be distinguished or beautiful or rich, but just mine. All during childhood and adolescence,

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when my need was greatest, I had had no roots, no home, no parents.

For a long time after that Christmas vacation, I nourished this bitterness against my parents. Then, as I grew older, I began to "understand"—just as my mother and grandmother had said I would. At last I realized that both parents had done what they honestly thought best for me.

My mother, because she had once been denied pretty things and a thorough education, wanted *me* to have them. And my father, burdened by overwork, a family and financial worries, had been content to let my mother make the decisions.

In time, too, I came to realize how difficult Alfred's and Vera's positions had been, and I developed something very close to affection for both. But above all—thanks to Mary Cless and to other friendships during high-school and college days—I had been fortunate enough to glimpse that promised land where children grew up in happiness, nourished on affection, security and family life.

It was too late for me, even then, to enjoy that kind of childhood for myself. But one thing was certain: I *could* give it to my children.

And that is the reason I had to tell my story to Jack. . . .

Foresight for Your '48 Visual-Education Program

ALTHOUGH STUDENTS all over the country are beginning to count the days to summer vacation, their teachers are counting the all-too-few months until school opens again next fall, and making plans now for greater utilization of visual aids during the 1948-49 school year.

Coronet Instructional Films, the nation's largest producer of 16 mm sound-motion films for educational use, is receiving a flood of requests each day from schools for delivery of films "before September 1948," and Coronet's Film-Lending Libraries report that schools are reserving more films for the coming school year than ever before in the history of visual education.

If you are contemplating purchase or rental of Coronet Films next fall, this is the time to make your plans. By placing your purchase or rental order now, you can be sure that you will have the right film at the right time when school opens in September.

If you wish to receive further information on purchase, lease-purchase, or rental sources of Coronet Films, or a complete catalogue, write to:

Coronet Dept. C-5
Instructional Films
Coronet Building
Chicago 1, Illinois

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by ROBERT W. MARKS

Why Stamp Collectors Seldom Go Broke

A KEEN-THINKING youngster went to his home-town post office in Iowa in 1920 and said, "I want four one-cent stamps, please . . . the pretty new ones with the picture of the *Mayflower*." He handed over a nickel.

"Making a collection, son?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," said the boy, "but only new issues."

The youngster, however, was not only making a special collection—he was making a clever investment too. He continued buying a block of four of every new stamp issued by the Post Office Department. Today, he has laid out only about $150 in cash, yet soaring stamp values have made his collection worth $4,000 at listed catalogue prices.

While pursuing a fascinating hobby, philatelists are at the same time making a shrewd investment that sometimes pays large dividends

Franklin Roosevelt, an ardent stamp enthusiast, left a collection which sold at auction for $212,847. The collection of Col. E. H. R. Green was appraised after his death at $1,270,000. When put on the block a few years ago, it brought $1,770,000. Most of the other items in his estate had depreciated; his stamps, however, had increased in value by $500,000 over their appraisal worth.

The value of a stamp is largely based on supply and demand. In 1873, an English schoolboy was rummaging through his grandfather's attic in British Guiana, looking for old letters. He came across a one-cent black-on-magenta stamp of British Guiana, dated 1856. It was ugly, the corners were missing, and—even worse—there was no place for it in his album.

A youthful fellow-collector said, "That's a nice old stamp. I'll give you my whole allowance for it—six shillings."

It was a deal—one of the most memorable deals in the history of collecting, for the stamp turned out to be the only one of its kind in existence. Around the turn of the century, Count Ferrary, an Austrian collector, bought it for $750. In the 1920s it was resold in Paris to Arthur Hind, a wealthy American, for $32,500, plus a government tax of 17 per cent. Today, catalogued at $50,000, it is the world's most valuable stamp.

For some obscure psychological

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reason, collectors prize oddities in printing. Every once in a while, a stamp slips through the postal authorities with its center printed upside down. Collectors grab for it, and often its value increases many thousand times.

In 1918 a bank clerk named Robey went to the post office in Washington, D.C., and bought a sheet of 24-cent air-mails. As he was leaving he saw that the plane in the center had been printed upside down. Back he rushed to the window.

"Have you any more like this?" he asked.

The clerk looked at the stamps. "There's something wrong with those," he said. "Give them back and I'll give you a perfect sheet."

"Oh, no," said Robey, sensing the value of his find. "I like these—and if you have any more I'll take those too."

There were no more, so Robey rushed off to consult a stamp dealer. He later sold the sheet for $500.

Eventually the sheet of "inverts" became a part of Colonel Green's collection. Within recent years a block of eight was sold at auction for $27,000. The four stamps comprising the center of the sheet—and distinguished by the dividing marks called "center-lines" — brought $22,000.

ALTHOUGH MOST PEOPLE think that stamps, like coins, had their origin in remote antiquity, the first U.S. adhesive stamps were printed in 1847: a five-cent red-brown with the picture of Benjamin Franklin, and a 10-cent black, adorned by George Washington. These are listed as Nos. 1 and 2 in Scott's Catalogue at $60 and $175, respectively, if uncanceled.

For many years, postal authorities of most nations were blind to the increasing importance of stamp collectors. New issues appeared infrequently. Then, in the early 1920s, postmasters awoke to the fact that dealers and collectors bought millions of dollars' worth of every new issue, and that the more attractive the stamp, the greater its appeal.

Suddenly, special pictorial issues began appearing on assembly-line schedules. Tiny Honduras has issued 244 different air-mail stamps; Nicaragua set a record with 327. Issues commemorated every conceivable event from the coronation of Augustus Caesar to the pleasures of ski jumping. Panama honored officials of its government, and for good measure even threw in its scenic and architectural glories, basketball, baseball, swimming, boxing, soccer, firemen and, for some strange reason, swordfish.

Some overambitious postmasters consigned an entire issue to friends or speculators, who promptly rigged the market. Time and again, philatelic societies and recognized catalogues have rejected such an issue. A recent Abyssinian set honoring President Roosevelt was denied official catalogue listing after a protest by Donald F. Lybarger, president of the American Philatelic Society. The entire issue had been cornered by one importing house, which then asked $9 for a stamp whose face value was $1.20.

Sometimes postal authorities make valuable mistakes. One of the most famous cases concerned the so-called "Farley's Follies" of 1934. Postmaster-General Farley pre-

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sented the President and administration insiders with sheets of new commemoratives on which the perforations had been omitted. One naïve recipient mailed his holdings to a New York dealer, insuring them for $20,000.

"How much am I offered for these rare 'mistakes'?" the official inquired.

"First tell me how you got them," answered the cautious dealer.

Word was quickly passed among philatelic authorities and a storm of protest arose, echoing even in the halls of Congress. Eventually the Post Office Department printed a general issue of imperforate sheets, automatically nullifying the inflated value of the mistakes.

SOME 15,000,000 PEOPLE collect stamps today, mostly in the U.S. Wealthy philatelists spend months and dollars tracking down a rarity, but the average stamp enthusiast simply enjoys the inexpensive pleasure of a hobby.

No one needs to be wealthy to collect. Most of the world's common stamps cost only two or three cents apiece. If bought in large mixtures, or packets, many cost less. Packets of 1,000 can be bought for as little as $1. More advanced collectors, however, often buy their common stamps in complete sets, containing all the denominations of a particular issue.

Most philatelists subscribe to approval services, in which stamp companies send selections on approval, at regular intervals, to responsible clients. The collector examines the lot, selects what he wants, then returns the remainder with his remittance.

Sooner or later, all collectors amass quantities of duplicates. Then they try to locate other collectors with whom the surplus items can be exchanged on a basis of catalogue value. As a result, stamp collectors tend naturally to form a kind of international fraternity, making friends and establishing contacts with fellow-collectors in all parts of the world.

Many conservative investors today are buying sheets of commemorative U.S. stamps and putting them away for appreciation. They know that stamps sometimes skyrocket in value, as in 1942, when the U.S. issued a five-cent stamp commemorating the five years' resistance of the Chinese people to Japanese aggression. The price per sheet of 50 was $2.50. Today it is listed at $10. In other words, $1,000 invested six years ago would yield $4,000 today, a substantial return for the investor.

On the other hand, all is not balm in the collector's Gilead. Not long ago, an overambitious investor bought hundreds of dollars' worth of fairly recent issues in sheets of 100 each. Suddenly pressed for cash, he went to a prominent dealer to reap his profit.

"How much will you give me for these?" he asked.

"Eighty per cent of their face value," said the dealer.

"But their catalogue value is three times what I paid."

"I'm sorry," answered the dealer, "but every wholesaler in town has thousands of these in his vaults—and no takers. Come back and see me in ten years."

The stamp investor's logic had been sound but his luck was bad;

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he had sunk his money in the "wrong" stamps.

No unscrupulous trader would be so naïve today as to manufacture a counterfeit stamp, for science has evolved ways of detecting bogus issues. Nevertheless, there are illegal methods of increasing a genuine stamp's value. Operators in Europe and Latin America have for years faked cancellations, overprints, watermarks, grilles, perforations and "errors" on a scale which would do credit to any assembly line.

One Latin American recently boasted that, with a $25 printing press, he was able to convert Bolivian air-mails, worth 40 cents a set, into a surcharged set marketable at $6. Thus, with the slightest amount of arm movement, he was netting $2,000 a day.

There was also a Chinese from Foochow, known as "Foochow Charlie," whose forgeries defied detection until placed in water — where they had the unseemly habit of coming apart.

Today, most doubtful stamps are submitted to the Philatelic Foundation in New York, a nonprofit organization founded by American dealers and collectors. The dubious items are subjected to photographic tests by which faked marks and variations are detected. So efficient are the methods of examination that it is almost impossible for a faked or altered stamp to pass muster in today's market.

Odd things, however, still occur. A few years ago John F. Negreen, a dealer, bought a pair of two-cent "inverts" of the U.S. Pan-American issue of 1901. This rare mistake showed a railroad train upside down. Negreen paid $800 for the pair—a bargain price for an item now catalogued at $2,500. One day he said to his wife, "I think I'll soak these stamps and clean them." Gently he deposited them in lukewarm water. Then a startling thing happened. The inverted trains floated off like happy minnows.

They were nothing more than trains cut from normal stamps and pasted—with consummate skill—into the framework of two other normal stamps. Too astounded to move, the horrified dealer watched his $800 go down the drain.

Persistence

PUT A MAN IN THE grease pit of a locomotive roundhouse and give him Persistence and he'll come out Walter P. Chrysler. Make him a cellist in an orchestra touring South America and give him Persistence and you'll have Toscanini. Make him a country schoolteacher in Ohio and give him Persistence and you'll have Charles F. Kettering. Give him a job in a bicycle factory and season with Persistence and you'll have William Knudsen. Give him a job sweeping out a country depot in Nebraska, add Persistence and you'll have William M. Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific.

—HOMER CROY

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Duncan Hines takes CORONET readers on another word tour to one of the outstanding inns listed in his book, *Adventures in Good Eating*

Paradise on a Platter

by DUNCAN HINES
(America's most popular gourmet)

LOWELL INN at Stillwater, Minnesota, is one of those rare restaurants where every bite you put in your mouth—from the first morsel of appetizer to the last bite of Southern pecan pie—is "just right." And, according to gourmets who flock there from all over the country, until you've eaten one of Lowell Inn's brook-trout dinners, you don't know what you have missed.

It's not just the food that reaches the ultimate of perfection at Lowell Inn. In the dining rooms you see snowy linens on the tables, with beautifully arranged flowers and individual china, crystal and silver services. And in the Garden Room is an illuminated pool where they catch your trout. The fish is then whisked to the kitchen to be cooked in country-fresh butter.

Nell and Arthur Palmer, your host and hostess at Lowell, were for many years "troupers" with a traveling theater company. When they decided to give up show business in 1930, they didn't know anything about innkeeping, but they did know the things they had looked for and seldom found in restaurants and hotel dining rooms. And oddly enough, their theater background proved exactly right for running a truly different restaurant.

Like all good troupers, they knew that the setting is as important as the play itself. Thus, each dish served at Lowell Inn is a study in perfection. The fresh fruit or fresh garden salads are gastronomical triumphs, brought to you artistically arranged on gleaming crystal plates. Often the Palmers scour the markets for miles around to find rare delicacies—like the time they paid $8 for a watermelon in February so that they could serve melon balls in fruit salad.

If brook trout isn't your choice for a main course, you may enjoy such treats as broiled tenderloin with fresh mushrooms, rare roast beef or Southern fried chicken—all done to a king's taste.

Pecan pie leads all other desserts in popularity—perhaps because you won't, in my opinion, find better pie anywhere in America. But other Lowell desserts have won applause, including fresh strawberry parfait, imperial cream pie and the toothsome lemon schaum torte.

Small wonder, then, that Lowell Inn plays to full houses. The Palmers, who know how to stage a culinary show, have never failed to give good food top billing.

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This is the story of Chesco, a little man with a great heart, who took pride in his lifelong service to others; his epitaph is one that few men, rich or poor, ever earn

The Eternal Servant

by WALT ANDERSON

IT LOOKED LIKE my luck was out. I had come to Provincetown in search of "interesting people" to write about, but the morning had been wasted in futile questing. On the town pier, artists stoically daubed on canvas and fishermen stoically cleaned mackerel.

The tangy New England sea rolled over the tiny beach, and in my ears rang the constant crying of the great white gulls. All this, however, was not what I had come to find in Provincetown.

At lunch I said as much to old Mrs. Gonzales, my landlady. Keenly she eyed me, then snorted: "Huh! Interesting people? . . . Now if I was a writer, there is one person in Provincetown I would want to meet even if I didn't meet anyone else. That's Chesco. Fact is, if you wander down Commercial Street and poke your nose into the A. & P. and the paper store, you're bound to find him. He's a little fellow but he always carries two market bags, full up."

I took her advice and found him, and he was worth finding indeed. He carried two bulging bags that threatened to split their seams and shower groceries upon the noisy excursionists who flitted like a horde of locusts over the little fishing town. Soon the Boston boat would start toot-tooting madly and they would scramble back on board, leaving the pier once more to the painters, the fishermen and the great white gulls.

Chesco set his bags down against a salt-stained bulkhead and idly rolled a cigarette. His deep-set eyes stared out over the fishing weirs that rose between the water and the sky, but it was ghosts he actually saw, the shadows of many yester-

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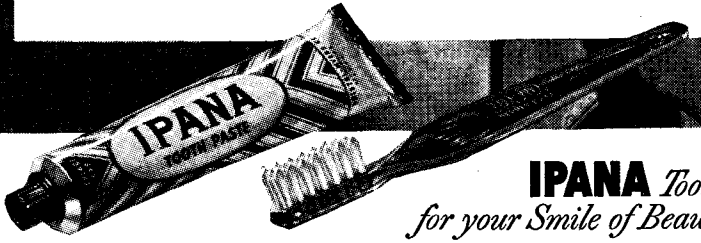

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days. Suddenly words spilled from him in a staccato pattern, moving and picturesque.

"My name, signor, is Francesco Ronga, but everybody here they call me Chesco. I have almost forgotten my real name. I come from Napoli, Bella Napoli says everyone, but to me it was never bella. A man with an empty belly does not have beauty in his eyes, and you will understand when I tell you I am the youngest of 24 children.

"Twenty-four mouths to feed, that is too much, signor, and Napoli is very poor. So when I have 12 years, they sell me to an Italian prince, of the family name Marchese, who lives in the palazzo and owns much land.

"No, signor, you do not understand. I do not mean I work for pay, like Joe Silva work here for the fisheries. I mean my family they sell me, like you sell a cow. I am a servant, and all I get is my spaghetti. Now I see it is little enough, but when I have 12 years it seems like—how shall I say—like Paradise, to have enough to eat, and every day. But the hunger it is too long, too long, and I swear some day I will have money and a palazzo like the family Marchese.

"What happens to me next is not so clear, for it is long ago and I have 70 years next Tuesday. But suddenly everything changes. The Marchese family they have trouble and they must sell the palazzo. I am not sorry. The Marchese family they live without love in their hearts, they are not good people.

"Then comes an American, very good man of the family Marvin, you have heard of him? He is the half brother of Mary Heaton Vorse, who lives in the big house over there and writes many books.

"Signor Marvin, he buy many old things from the palazzo, and he buy me also. Signor Marvin, always he makes the joke about buying me; but he pays me good money for my work and I am satisfied. He is an artist and he paints many pictures. It is wonderful to make things with the hands, like Signor Marvin's pictures. Me, I have never gone to school, but the signor he teach me to read and write.

"My boss he is a very rich man, and always he travels in the yacht, and everywhere he goes, he takes me with him. It would surprise you, signor, to know the many places I have seen with these very eyes. I am a cook, I can do many things. And Signor Marvin he is like a father to me.

"Always I think that soon no more will I be a servant. I save my money, for I think one day to buy a little house and an automobile and so many things.

"Thirty-seven years ago we come to Provincetown, and Signor Marvin he say it is good, we stay here. I open a little restaurant, Chesco's Restaurant. I am a good cook and everybody comes, so many artists, Signor Hawthorne, Signor Bicknell, Signor Webster and so many others. And in my restaurant they organize the club of the artists. They call it the Beachcombers, you have heard of it?

"Always I want a little house. Now I have one. You would like perhaps to see it? . . . No, signor, I will carry the market bags myself. I do this every day for the neighbors. I live alone, I need nothing . . . ."

Down at the East End we rang

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bells and delivered groceries to the Enoses, the Silvas, the Fernandeses, and were thanked in harsh Portuguese-English that rang out like a curse and a blessing.

"Fine day. Will you pick up a package at the post office later?"

"Don't give Joey no candy, Chesco. Spoils his appetite."

"Take a look at the roses, Chesco. They just don't seem to grow for anybody but you."

But the last place to which we came was not a little house. It was a very large house, elegant within and without. There was a carefully tended flower garden and above it swollen bunches of grapes weighted down the vine. Chesco fingered the flowers tenderly.

"This is my garden, Signor. I work here every day. Come in the house, please, and look around. I must go feed the chickens."

FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR I roamed about. It was a treasure-house of antiques from every quarter of the globe. Labels spoke magic names: Casablanca, Samoa, Fiji. The great glass demijohns comprised the most complete collection I had ever seen. On the tables were scattered drawings, as if the master had just been showing them. More drawings hung on the walls. There were books in fine bindings and collections of prints.

In the room beyond were many closets. An elegant man's wardrobe was laid out, as if the owner had stepped out for a moment and would soon return. But who lived here? There was something about the place that didn't quite add up. Chickens in an elegant modern studio and . . . .

A door creaked and I waited expectantly to see who was coming. It was Chesco. I made polite conversation, inquired about the price of chickens. Chesco roared.

"Signor, you do not understand! But it is not your fault, for I did not finish the story. Signor Marvin, he is tired of always to travel. So he built the house and the studio where he paints. Like always I come with him. I am the servant. I live in the little room downstairs and I cook and I make the garden.

"But the good signor he die. Then the lawyer comes and he tells me everything is mine . . . the money, the house, the garden . . . . It is funny, is it not, signor? All my life I think, if I am ever rich I will have servants and a car and a boat and a radio and . . . and now I do not even have a watch."

He laughed—and his laugh was rich and hearty.

"You see, signor, nothing has changed. Only one thing. I have four boys and I send them to college. They are not really my sons, you understand, but the boys of fishermen here in Provincetown. The parish priest he say to me: 'These are good boys and very bright. But their families are very poor. Would it not be good if they had the chance to go to college?'

"I go away and I think about it for a while and then I come back. 'It would be a good thing,' I say to the priest, 'and I will pay for it.' So now I have four sons who go to college in Boston.

"You understand how it is, signor? For me everything is the same like before. I still live in the little room downstairs and I cook and feed the chickens and make the

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garden. And every morning I go to shop for the neighbors. I am a servant, signor. Always I have been a servant. . . ."

NOT LONG AFTERWARD, when I returned to Provincetown for a visit, it was old Mrs. Gonzales who told me the news. Chesco was dead. He had died peacefully, even as he had lived.

He should have a big tombstone, she said. No, maybe not a big one. Chesco wouldn't care for that. But it should say what we all think of him. Isn't that right? . . .

I asked old Mrs. Gonzales what she would write on the tombstone, and the question troubled her. She visited with the neighbors far into the night. Next morning she had a challenge in her eyes as she handed me a piece of paper. On it she had painstakingly printed:

To the memory of
Francesco Ronga

THE ETERNAL SERVANT

Born: Naples, 1876
Departed this life 1947

Everyone Loved Him

Conversation Stoppers

"YOUR DOG," said the man in the barber's chair, "seems to enjoy watching you cut hair."

"It isn't that," said the barber. "Sometimes I snip off a piece of ear." —RICHARD KALISH

•

THE LADS AT the corner drugstore were exchanging stories about their experiences with the opposite sex.

"Aw!" sniffed one. "Girls are a dime a dozen!"

"Gee," sighed a younger lad who had remained silent until now, "and all this time I've been buying jelly beans!"

—MONK SORRELL

•

AN ENSIGN HAD been giving a certain blonde the once-over about a dozen times at a party. Finally, he moved over close to her.

"Pardon me," he said, "I'm with the United States Navy, whom are you with?" —*Quonset Scout*

•

AN UNIDENTIFIED ALTADENA woman rushed into the Sheriff's substation when she heard sirens wailing to touch off the Community Chest drive. Informed there was no emergency, she gasped in relief: "I thought maybe the Russians were here."

—*Fortnight*

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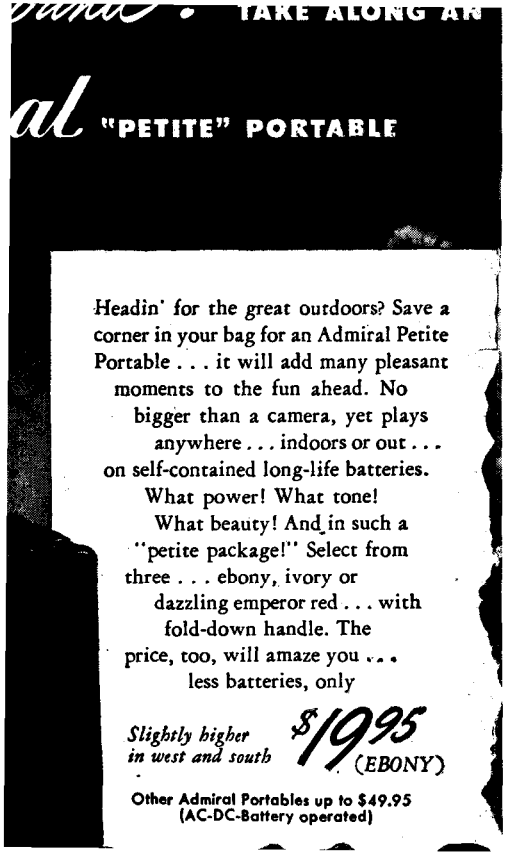
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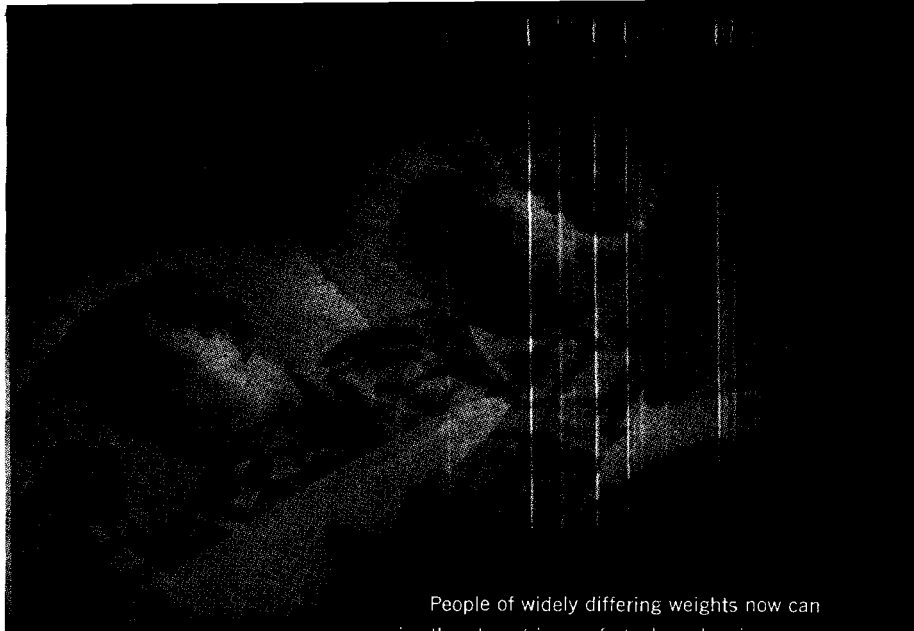

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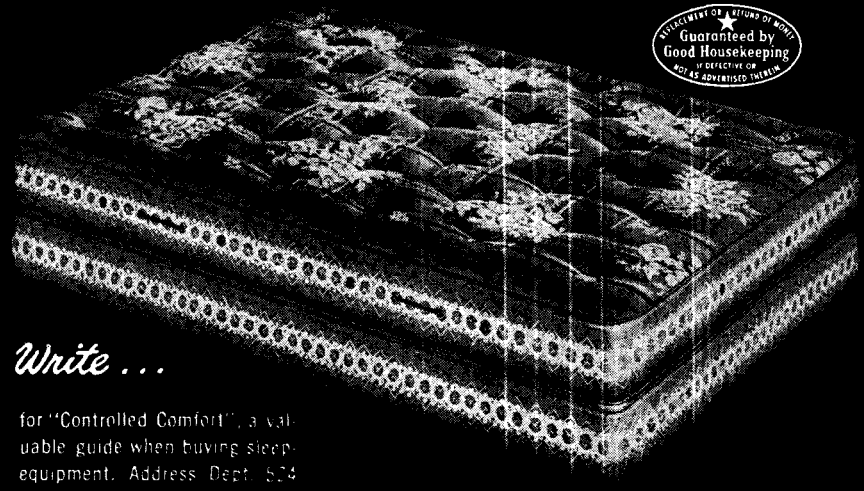

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The Miracle That Grew in Brooklyn

by EMILY LAWRENCE

This real-life story proves that true brotherhood knows no barriers of race or creed

THIS IS THE story of a Jewish storekeeper, a Catholic priest, a pair of shoelaces and a $500 loan. It is also a story of a brotherhood that knows no barriers of race or creed.

In 1905, Solomon Ueberall, a young immigrant from Austria, and his bride, Esther, opened a dry-goods shop in a poor Brooklyn, New York, neighborhood. That first morning they looked over their meager stock of thread, needles, notions and cheesecloth, and nervously awaited their first customer.

They didn't have to wait long. Father Caruana, young priest from St. Lucy's Catholic Church around the corner, stopped in to buy shoelaces. The Ueberalls noticed that he seemed gloomy and preoccupied. As he turned to leave they asked him about it.

Father Caruana confessed that his little parish was poor; bills were mounting. He needed $500 at once, yet the workingmen's families in his parish could not possibly contribute that much in so short a time.

The Ueberalls were devoutly Jewish. But they were shocked that any church of God should need money. Solomon and Esther held a hurried conference. Then Solomon told the priest, "We can loan you $500, Father. Come back tomorrow. We'll have the money then."

From that very first day, the little shop prospered. Today, Ueberall's Brooklyn store covers half a block. Branch stores and Ueberall departments in other shops have grown throughout the country—in Seattle, Detroit, Scranton, Allentown.

Meanwhile, St. Lucy's has flourished, too. The $500 loan saw the church through its crisis. The money was paid back, bit by bit. From a basement room, St. Lucy's has grown to include a handsome stone church, a rectory, a parish covering many city blocks.

Other changes have come, too. Solomon Ueberall is dead now, and years ago Father Caruana was sent to far countries to do the bidding of the Church. But the bond of

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friendship that links Ueberall's and St. Lucy's is still strong. In the new St. Lucy's are five golden candelabra and several plaques dedicated to Solomon Ueberall. Esther Ueberall still gives time and money to St. Lucy's, working with the ladies' auxiliary of the church. Meanwhile, she faithfully attends her own synagogue.

But the real sequel to the story of the Jewish storekeeper's loan came a few years ago when the Nazis moved into Solomon Ueberall's native Austria, and Esther sought to bring some of her husband's relatives to safety in America. It seemed hopeless; immigration quotas were filled. Then she found the refugees could be admitted to Cuba, to await their turn on quota lists, if only she could arrange for guarantees from someone there.

The parish priest at St. Lucy's gave Esther Ueberall a letter to the Archbishop in Cuba, asking him to help. Esther flew to Havana, talked with the Archbishop. As a result, a haven of safety was established, not only for Solomon's relatives but for hundreds of other Austrian refugees.

Esther Ueberall had no difficulty in winning the Archbishop's help, for when she arrived in Cuba she found to her surprise that he was an old friend. Once upon a time he had been known to her simply as Father Caruana, priest of St. Lucy's in Brooklyn.

The American Scene

AN AMERICAN WOMAN returning from Europe with some newly purchased bottles of perfume went to a good deal of trouble in packing them into her luggage so that they would not be detected by Customs officials. When she arrived at Customs, an official went through her luggage carefully. He had nearly finished searching the last case when her small daughter clapped her hands and cried excitedly:

"Oh-h, Mummy, he's getting warm, isn't he?"

* * *

A BOY WENT INTO the neighborhood grocery store and asked the proprietor if he could use the phone.

"Sure, Jim," the kindly grocer replied. "Go right ahead." He could not help overhearing Jim's part of the conversation.

"Hello," said Jim. "Is this Dr. Brown? Well, say, doctor, do you need a boy to take care of your lawn this summer? . . . Oh, you already have a boy? . . . Well, is he any good? Are you satisfied with his work? . . . Oh, he's all right? . . . You're sure, doctor? . . . Well, okay. Thanks, anyway."

The grocer said: "So you didn't get the job, Jim? That's too bad."

"Oh, I already got the job," the boy replied. "I was just checkin' up on myself."

—*Tales of Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter*

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WHY INSURANCE CHISELERS CAN'T WIN

The skilled adjusters of accident claims are wise to all the fraudulent tricks of "disabled" victims, and they can generally spot a phony before you can say "please remit"

by CAROLINE BIRD

MIKE O'BRIEN SAID he was making a routine credit check on Edward Jonathan.

"The loan company doesn't have to worry about him," the lady next door confided, happy to do a neighbor a favor. "He has a fine job as a waiter at the 'Madagascar.' He's earning more right now than he did before he broke his arm on that construction job."

When good-looking Mike O'Brien went night-clubbing that night, he signaled the camera girl. In a few minutes she brought him a photograph which showed waiter Jonathan supporting a tray with his "crippled" right arm.

O'Brien was neither blackmailer nor G-man. He was simply an insurance inspector trying to prove that a "totally disabled" claimant was well enough to work.

In 1946, insurance companies paid almost a billion dollars on casualty policies. More than 90 per cent of it went to people legally entitled to the money, yet claimants like Jonathan cost the carriers nearly $100,000,000 each year.

A few are organized racketeers. But most are ordinarily honest citizens who feel that a big insurance company can well afford to pay them a few hundred dollars more than their injuries are worth.

Claims investigators, however, know that it is not the company that pays but the premium-buying public. And it is their job to weed out borderline cases without delaying relief to legitimate claimants. To do it, they need the imagination of a novelist, the cunning of a con man, a diplomat's flair for disagreeing agreeably, and a saint's ability to resist the advances of lonely housewives likely to claim that the discreet investigator "got fresh."

A heavy day may bring 50 reports across O'Brien's desk, but like a fireman he is always on call. "Auto accident at 23rd and Fourth," his supervisor may phone after the day's work is done. "Our assured is B. T. Murphy, Policy Number A-348632. Better get going."

At the scene of the accident,

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Mike finds that a car has run down a woman on a crosswalk. The ambulance is receding, siren wailing.

"I had the light, officer, and that woman loomed up right in the middle of the street," Murphy is shouting to a red-faced policeman.

A few women are asking how the accident happened. Disregarding these doubtful witnesses, Mike steps into a drugstore which commands a view of the intersection.

"Sure," the man behind the counter says, "I saw it. Mrs. Brown tried to cross against the light."

Mike stops long enough to sketch the intersection with crosswalk, traffic light and drugstore, then he hops to the hospital. The victim, a motherly looking woman in her sixties, is suffering from abrasions, shock and a violent headache.

"That light changed just as I started to cross," she insists.

The adjuster, who knows that the jury will give her the benefit of the doubt, inquires after her headache and orders X rays. The next day, he brings the best get-well present in the world—a check for $1,000 and an assurance that the company is taking care of the woman's hospital bill.

"How did you ever put it through so fast?" Mrs. Brown gasps, pleased at this proof of her honesty.

Mike modestly admits that his company likes to pay its just claims quickly. What he does not tell her is that his trained mind has been checking off danger signals with the deft speed of a calculating machine.

If the accident had been "blind" or without witnesses . . . if the injury had been a sacroiliac disorder not readily checkable by medical examination . . . if the policy had been unusually heavy, or dated a few days before the accident . . . but especially if the claimant or any witness were in the doomsday book of the insurance company . . .

To make real money from an insurance company, you have to be a repeater—and repeaters leave a trail. The index of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies has been working long enough to eliminate most of these gentry. As soon as a claim is paid by any one of the 66 leading casualty companies, a set of cards is filed under claimant's name, address, physical appearance and nature of accident.

This means that an oil-field worker who receives $1,500 for an operation to remove a hernia acquired carrying heavy pipe can't sell his injury on the next job. It also eliminates people who try to collect twice on the same imagined accident.

A professional called McCarthy started out with two profitable banana-peel falls on trains. Then he greased the running boards of taxis for four damage claims. After that, five trucks knocked him down in rapid succession. Insurance sleuths were ready for him on the sixth. But they found that their man had slipped better than he knew and lost a foot. This time the hospital bills were high—and on McCarthy.

MOST REPEATERS BEGIN with a legitimate first claim. A respectable housewife trips in a crowded store and rips her stockings. Next day an adjuster hands her $50. She tells neighbors how she got "all that money for nothing," and soon the whole block becomes "claims conscious."

The best way to hold down claims

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consciousness is to help people across the uncertain border between "my fault" and "the other fellow's fault." One hysterical woman called a dairy distributor to report that her daughter had become violently ill after discovering a key in a dish of ice cream. While leading the adjuster into the dining room, she pressed the offending bit of hardware into his hand. He asked to see the plate on which the ice cream had been served.

"Can't find the key to the china closet," she muttered while ferreting in a drawer.

"Why don't you try this one?" the adjuster suggested.

The housewife, basically an honest woman, pounced on it with a flash of memory. "Of course! When I went to get the plates, I must have laid it on top of the pile."

Adjusters who interview the victims of mice, flies, toads and snakes emanating from cans and bottles spend a great deal of time explaining how the containers are sealed. They can usually make it clear that the distressing interlopers appeared after the containers were opened.

The adjuster comes away from his first interview with a good idea of the claimant's honesty. Experience has taught him to watch out for people who are quick to change wives, jobs and homes. A man who declaims about his legal rights is as suspect as the man who wants to settle the case quickly because he is "just passing through town."

Moreover, it is a rare person whose private life is not an absorbing topic to other people. Not only do associates know most of the skeletons in your closet, but they are delighted to haul them out for an interested stranger. It was the elevator boy, for instance, who told the adjuster that Mrs. Smith wouldn't discuss her burglary claim because her fur coat hadn't really been stolen. She had given it in settlement of a gambling debt that she hoped to conceal from her husband.

It was neighborly gossip that upset the plans of a doctor's wife to pawn off his suicide as accidental death. With an eye on his accident policy, she insisted her husband had taken an overdose of sleeping tablets "by mistake." The grand jury closed the case, but not the insurance adjuster.

Neighbors talked gladly about the widow, a flashily dressed young woman who had had several affairs. Names and addresses were eagerly supplied, and the adjuster soon bought a dozen love letters in the widow's hand from a rejected suitor.

A check with police revealed a pending charge against the doctor for criminal abortion. From the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, the adjuster learned that three days before his death the doctor had transferred title to his car to his son by a former marriage. And a medical colleague admitted he had spent the night before the doctor's death trying to talk him out of suicide.

The evidence of suicide was so strong that a jury denied the young widow the $30,000 she claimed under the accident policy.

Although an adjuster has no more "official" status on a crime hunt than an amateur detective, he may assume any character which he thinks will provide information. One ingenious investigator equipped himself with a pack of razor blades and set to work as a

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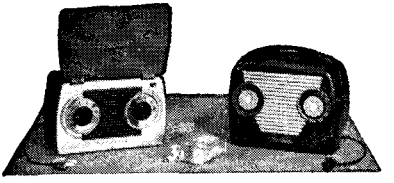

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peddler. When he knocked on the claimant's door, the lady of the house said her husband was at work. "Can you tell me where he works so I can give him a free sample?" the salesman demanded.

Despite the best efforts of parents, children sometimes turn out to be star witnesses. An adjuster up against the denials of a hit-run driver was balked until the woman's 12-year-old daughter innocently inquired: "What was it you hit, Mommy, when you said we'd better get out of here?" Bursting into tears, the mother admitted she had rammed another car and then lost her nerve.

One suit was reversed in favor of the company's assured by a wholesale recruitment of small fry. Two cars had crashed at an intersection. Both drivers were seriously injured, and each blamed the other.

From the position of the wrecks, it appeared that the car which had been driving the fastest was at fault. But the only person with a view of the scene, a storekeeper, had been too busy making luncheon sandwiches for children from a near-by school to notice the accident.

The principal refused to allow the adjuster to interview the children, but he convinced a seventh-grade teacher that the accident would be a good subject for English composition. Eighteen themes mentioned the faster speed of the claimant's car, and the assured's lawyer collected $75,000 damages.

Cases like these make adjusting so interesting that even in today's labor market, insurance companies can get ambitious young men to start at $2,000 a year. Young law graduates find it a useful apprenticeship, and the companies are glad to have them because their honesty has already been investigated. However, low-paid adjusters have been known to "go wrong."

One adjuster, authorized to pay $250 in spot-cash settlements, loaded up every auto wreck with five hypothetical people—the maximum the car could have carried. He was caught when a statistician noticed the unusually high number of claimants per car in his area.

Always, the insurance industry operates in a goldfish bowl of publicity. A company may employ salesmen at big salaries to make larger promises, but it knows that, in the last analysis, the precarious balance of its dual responsibility depends on the tact, wit and fairness of the men who settle its claims.

Philosophy Footnotes

If you make people think they think they will love you. If you really make them think, they will hate you.
—Don Marquis

Make it a rule never to regret and never to look back. Regret is an appalling waste of energy. You can't build on it; it's only good for wallowing in.
—Katherine Mansfield

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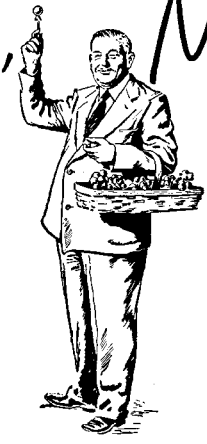
"Morning, Mr. Pop"

by TIM TAYLOR



His "calling card" is the kind the kids at Bellevue like best

TWO NURSES, standing at the doorway of New York's Bellevue Hospital, smiled as the short, chubby old man trudged down the hall, a battered canvas satchel in hand. A doctor looked up, grinned broadly and said, "Morning, Mr. Pop." The little man nodded cheerfully and walked by.

These hospital workers, as well as thousands of New York's children, will never forget Mr. Pop. For 14 years he has been coming to the hospital regularly. For a long time he spent one morning or afternoon a week visiting the nine wards populated by boys and girls, stopping to talk with, or smile at, each bed's occupant, and moving on after leaving his calling card—a cellophane-wrapped lollipop. He still visits Bellevue at least once every two or three weeks.

Mr. Pop—or 77-year-old Hyman Kullick, a retired house painter—has distributed thousands of lollipops at Bellevue, although exact numbers are of no consequence in affairs of the heart. Children look forward to his visits with the feeling usually reserved for the news that they are to leave the hospital, while newcomers who have never seen Mr. Pop anxiously await the Santa Claus-like figure they have heard so much about.

If he is making his tour around lunch time, he asks, "Have you had your lunch?" If the answer is yes, a work-worn hand goes into the satchel and emerges with a candy-stick. But if the child hasn't eaten, Mr. Pop says he will return or exacts a promise that the candy won't be eaten until after the noon meal.

"Lollipops are good for children," he says. "They have a stick, so even the youngest kid is safe with one. And they don't hurt sore throats 'cause they can be licked."

Then he adds: "I've worked hard all of my life, but always I thought about children and how to help them enjoy themselves. Then I thought of lollipops and the hospital. The look on the kids' faces is something to see."

Mr. Pop will not even calculate how much his candy-giving has cost. "I worked years as a painter and saved a few dollars," he says. "You know how it is."

Mr. Pop himself has often been confined to Bellevue, for he needs treatments for arthritis. But whether he is a patient or a visitor, Mr. Pop is known and loved by thousands who don't know his real name or anything about him except that he is good, and cheerful, and a spreader of happiness.

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by WILLIAM KEY

HERO Forged in Fire

When disaster struck in Atlanta, Ga., Patrolman White was too busy saving lives to think of his own injuries

THERE WAS NO HEROISM in the thoughts of Patrolman Bruce B. White as he walked his uneventful beat around the Greyhound Bus Terminal in Atlanta, Georgia, at 3:30 A.M. on December 7, 1946. But a block and a half away there was curling upward a deadly wisp of flame which within seconds roared into the most terrible disaster of its kind ever recorded.

Bruce White, 36, a big burly man who wrestled professionally in his off-time, paid scant attention to the first clangor of bells. It was only when a taxi driver yelled that the 16-story Winecoff Hotel was on fire that White left his beat to go to the scene.

As he approached, the tall hotel was a ghastly sandwich of flame. Fire licked from every window between the fifth and tenth floors. Below and above those floors, windows were crammed with screaming, terror-stricken guests.

Running into the smoke-filled lobby, Officer White stumbled up the marble stairway that entwined the lone elevator shaft. Coughing and half-blinded, he made his way to the fourth floor and hammered on doors, kicking in one here and there where a heavy sleeper lay unaware of danger, or where a man or woman crouched paralyzed in terror. White herded the panic-stricken on the fourth, third and second floors to safety.

But that was mere routine. Later occurred the incident that caused the red badge of courage to mingle with White's silver shield of authority. . . .

Firemen called the bluecoat to help them with a safety net. Bodies were plummeting down from window ledges with horrifying regu-

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larity. Seizing the rim of the safety net, White helped the firemen to catch what victims they could, while others crashed with nauseating impact all around.

Thousands of spectators wept unashamedly as mothers, framed momentarily in high windows, caught up children for a farewell embrace, then tossed the little ones to the street far below.

Up high — high — somewhere near the twelfth story — a long length of knotted sheets was flung from a window. A man in pajamas clambered out on the ghostly white shroud and started sliding downward. Spectators screamed when they saw two other men and a woman, on the floor below, catch hold of the sheet-rope and cling, swaying above certain death.

The makeshift rope parted and down hurtled the three men and the woman. White's safety-net crew caught one. Two others crashed on the pavement at their feet. But the fourth caught White squarely on the shoulders.

Across the street a reporter phoned his newspaper: "Patrolman Bruce B. White was killed when a falling body struck him. . . . "

But he was not dead. Refusing aid from an ambulance crew, he crawled across the street and sat on a curbstone, his body twisted with pain. Then again, dimly, he heard firemen calling for assistance. They needed more men to drag heavy hose into a department store across the narrow side street from the blazing hotel. From the roof of the store, water could be directed toward the burning structure from a higher level. Perhaps more lives could be saved that way.

Bruce White took his place in line and helped tug that heavy hose up seven flights, helped connect it to the water outlet there, then collapsed. At Grady Hospital, doctors who examined him were astounded. His spine had been broken cleanly. Only the vital cord had not been severed. They reported that he was dying.

But White is alive today. He is no longer, however, a policeman. Instead, he wears a heavy, uncomfortable brace as he assists his wife in their tiny florist's shop. He shies at mention of heroism. His blue uniform and shield hang in a closet. And never again will he hear the crowd roar as he pins a strong adversary to the wrestling mat.

In his ears, however, is the echo of the roar from a different crowd— a crowd that stood in Atlanta's streets and sobbed as bodies shot downward from a tall, blazing hotel.

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NEW! "Electric-Fast" Cooking . . . a mammoth oven . . . controlled-heat warmer drawer . . . extra storage space! See this wonder range of the year at your Kelvinator Dealer's *now!*

Kelvinator—of Course!

KELVINATOR, DIVISION OF NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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ANY TIME is coffee time with NESCAFÉ*

One reason you like Coronet is its *convenience*. And convenience is a big reason why you'll love Nescafé. Now, it's *so easy* to make delicious coffee, instantly! Put a teaspoonful of Nescafé in a cup and add piping hot water. Make the exact amount you want—there's never any waste!

NESCAFÉ
makes delicious coffee
QUICK AS A WINK!
EASY... DELICIOUS...
ANY TIME ... EVERY TIME!

That's why more people drink NESCAFÉ than any other instant coffee!

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of Nestlé's Milk Products, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

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